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MY YEARS OF EXILE

REMINISCENCES OF A SOCIALIST

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REMINISCENCES OF A SOCIALIST

BY

EDUARD BERNSTEIN

TRANSLATED BY

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NEW YORK
HARCOURT, BRACE AND HOWE
1921

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
596775 A
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

AT the request of the editor of the *Weisse Blätter*, René Schickele, I decided, in the late autumn of 1915, to place on record a few reminiscences of my years of wandering and exile. These reminiscences made their first appearance in the above periodical, and now, with the kind permission of the editor, for which I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks, I offer them in volume form to the reading public, with a few supplementary remarks and editorial revisions. My principal thought, in writing these chapters, as I remarked at the time of their first appearance, and repeat to-day, was to record my impressions of the peoples whose countries have given me a temporary refuge. At the same time I have also made passing allusion to the circumstances which caused me to make the acquaintance of these peoples and countries. And, further, it seemed to me not amiss to add, from time to time, and by the way, a few touches of self-portraiture. For I have made no attempt to produce a learned or instructive volume which should possess an objective value, but have only sought to give utterance to personal impressions and experiences, and, for good or ill, to tell something of the character of the writer. Reminiscences are fragments of our lives, and it is not easy to relate incidents which are closely connected with the development of one's own character without reference to the latter.

These reminiscences begin with the journey which in 1878 led to my leaving my country for over twenty years. The first pages tell of a journey made by many, which was not accompanied by any events that could of themselves excite the reader's interest. My justification for speaking of it resides, I think, in the fact that the most important part of this journey to the South was made in a fashion unknown to the present generation. It made a very deep impression on me, which lives in my memory even to-day, and I can only hope that I have succeeded in conveying something of this impression to my reader.

NOTE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

I must ask my English and American readers to remember that the chapters of this book were written and first published, as was the book itself, during the war, when the military censorship was in force and national prejudices and worse were running very high.

ED. B.

BERLIN SCHÖNEBERG, *September* 1920.

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MY YEARS OF EXILE

CHAPTER I

ACROSS THE ST. GOTTHARD IN 1878

IN the late summer of 1878 Karl Höchberg—since deceased—inquired whether I should care to accompany him on his travels as secretary on the staff of the Socialist periodical, *Die Zukunft*, of which he was then the publisher. It was an enticing offer for one who, like myself, had done very little travelling, and except for a visit to Vienna, in the summer of 1872, had so far seen nothing of foreign countries. So I set aside the material considerations which might have deterred me: the danger of giving up a safe, and—in respect of my requirements—a sufficiently well-paid post in a bank in exchange for a position which would probably be only a temporary one; and I accepted. Höchberg, who was compelled, owing to a chronic affection of the lungs, to seek a warmer climate, wrote to me saying that he was going in the first place to Lugano, and that he would expect me there. My knowledge of the beautiful city on the banks of the Ceresio was at that time extremely slight. But the mere sound of the word had a magical effect upon me, and I joyfully set forth, on the 12th October 1878, on the journey which was to take me for the first time into Switzerland. But I had no foreboding that this journey was also to exile me from my native country, and the city of my birth, Berlin, for more than twenty years.

The journey to Basle occupied two nights and a day; the day I spent in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in order to visit, at Höchberg's wish, his family and two of his friends. One of these friends—who died only recently—was well known, as a sociologist and politician, to the people's party; this was Dr. Karl Flesch, a town councillor, a deputy to the Landtag, and a newly fledged barrister: the other was G. Schnapper-Arndt, a man of letters, whose knowledge of social politics was the fruit of a mass of valuable research work. My visit to Frankfort was made as pleasant as could be by these two gentlemen, as well as by Höchberg's family—which did not prevent my passing the second night of my journey, as well as the first, absolutely without sleep. But I slept on the third night.

On the morning of the 14th October we came to Basle, and thence we proceeded by way of Olten to Lucerne. From Lucerne we had to take the boat to Flüelen, and thence we set forth by diligence over the St. Gotthard Pass, for the St. Gotthard Railway was then only in course of construction. Fortunately so, I may say, for I had to thank this circumstance for one of the most beautiful memories of my life.

My first impression of Switzerland, obtained through the window of the railway carriage, and later from the deck of the steamer, was something of a disillusion. The morning was cold, wet, and misty, and the lower slopes of the Alps, through which we were then travelling,—and which since then, with their wealth of alluring and constantly changing landscapes, have become, for me, an ever-renewed source of rapturous delight,—by no means came up to the conceptions of the Swiss mountains which my imagination had painted for me. So far my eye was completely unable to form an estimate of mountain and valley, and because the apparent height of the mountains did not correspond with my anticipa-

tions, the beauties of their wooded slopes, and the charm of their surrounding plains and meadows, escaped me. Consequently the Rigi and even Pilatus fell short of my expectations, and my disillusion was of course increased by the fact that the highest peaks of these mountains were hidden in cloud. Owing to the dullness of the day even the Lake of the Four Cantons was not seen all at once in its full beauty. But when we had left Beckenried and Gersau behind us the weather suddenly cleared, and near Brunnen, as the steamer entered the last limb of the lake—the Urner section—the lake was suddenly unrolled before me, shining with the most wonderful blue, and surrounded by the ever-aspiring mountains, with the mighty Uri-Rotstock and the Bristenstock in the background. So enchanting was the picture that only one thing was lacking to raise the exaltation that took possession of me to the highest conceivable degree: the sympathetic human soul beside me, to whom I could have expressed all that filled my mind and struggled for release. Although the vessel was well filled with passengers I had not made any close acquaintance among them, which was less their fault than mine, and on my part it was assuredly due less to any lack of goodwill than to a lack of social dexterity. To strike up a conversation with a fellow-traveller, or for that matter with any stranger, is to me almost always a matter of insuperable difficulty. And in those days especially I belonged to that category of travellers which I am to-day in the habit of calling the passive category.

I am not aware whether any one has anticipated me in making this division, but at the risk of repeating what has already been said I should like here in passing to remark that of all the many classes of travellers two in particular may be sharply distinguished: they are, the active travellers and the passive travellers. The

first are the true artists of travel: they know everything worth knowing about the journey they are about to make, and they see everything that repays a glance. They find their way about everywhere and at all times, as easily as possible, and they contrive to manage their fellow-travellers as it suits their wishes or their needs. Very different is the class of those whom I call the passive travellers, because they allow themselves to be dispatched rather than travel in the true sense of the word. At best they know only the most necessary things, which one must know if one isn't to get completely lost, and they see only that which pushes itself, so to speak, right in front of them. In such matters as securing seats, in carriage or coach, choosing the right hotel, getting the right room, etc., they rely more or less upon hazard, and if it comes to a question of give and take between them and their fellow-travellers, they are the givers.

When Mother Nature so created me that I belong to the second category of travellers rather than to the first, she also gave me, in compensation, a higher degree of susceptibility than that which the average person is blessed with, and as makeweight the cognate disposition to reconcile myself readily with any situation. This last is an attribute which from the general point of view cannot be called a virtue. For if it were innate in all of us it would go ill with social and cultural progress. The gift of susceptibility, however, is a gift that hurts no one, but helps one over many a blunder.

As I had applied in Flüelen for a voucher for the journey over the St. Gotthard Pass, and had left it to the mail contractor to allot me a place, Fate had been very kind to me. Like most of the mountain diligences, the old Gotthard diligence had three sorts or classes of sitting accommodation. The dearest of these was the "Imperial," a seat above or behind the coach

proper, which allowed the traveller a full view of the landscape through which he was travelling. Next in rank and price was the "coupé," three seats under the driver, with a limited but still extensive outlook forwards. The cheapest or "interior" places were the seats inside the coach, from which the traveller could at best see a portion of the landscape, but never a full view of it. In order to save money I had taken an "interior," but was given a place in the "extra coach," which was nothing more than an open carriage with four seats, which were perhaps not quite so soft as the seats of the "Imperial," but if possible afforded an even better view. So I was able to enjoy the journey across the St. Gotthard to the full.

And what a journey it was! First of all came the wonderful Reussthal with its luxuriant vegetation. As on the Lake of the Four Cantons memories of Schiller's *Tell* had been awakened by the Rütli and the Tellsplatte, so here, as we passed, behind Flüelen, the old market-town of Altdorf, the place of the legendary shooting of the apple, it was impossible not to think of the great poet, who had sung of this neighbourhood to such wonderful effect, although he had never seen it. What a power over the emotions had the legend to which he had given enduring life, and how completely the heart failed to respond to the historical truth, established by careful research! We ought sorely to lament this victory of the glorified legend over the unveiled truth, were it not at the same time a victory of the struggle to preserve the ideals which uplift us above the littleness and the doubts of every day. The men of the Four Cantons who revolted against the government of the Hapsburgs may in reality have been ignorant stock-farmers, who, historically considered, in comparison with that Government, were reactionaries; yet their fight was none the less a fight for right, and, as such, is worthy of

commemoration. Men see in Wilhelm Tell the ideal avenger of an oppressed people, and it is well for them that they refuse to allow him to be taken from them.

Such reflections thronged into my mind at the sight of the pictures on the house-fronts which one sees on driving through Altdorf, many of which depict incidents of the struggle of the Four Cantons. The inscriptions on the shops and inns, on the other hand, told us that it was the proletarian children of Italy who were building the St. Gotthard Railway, which was then under construction. There was hardly one of these inscriptions that had not the Italian version under the German. From the main highway the coach road climbed upwards in innumerable windings, continually crossing the Reuss on stone bridges, so that the traveller had the river now on his right hand, now on his left, but always deep below him, where it made its way onward, foaming and roaring, over a bed full of blocks of stone of every size. The weather was glorious; it was a clear autumn day, the air cool but not cold, so that all the men of the party (for women such behaviour was not at that time considered seemly) left their seats and proceeded to climb upwards by the short cuts or connecting paths, which shortened the distance so greatly that one could keep well ahead of the diligence without making any extraordinary effort. When the road became more level and the post-horses were in consequence able to gallop we resumed our seats, only to leave them again when we came to a fresh rise, to repeat the former process. These intervals of actual climbing were the best parts of the journey.

On either side, continually assuming fresh forms, were the mighty, upward-shouldering mountains, still wooded here and there; above was the cloudless vault of heaven; by the wayside was the lovely Alpine vegetation; and below us, framed in luxuriously over-

grown banks, was the roaring Reuss. The buoyant air was faintly aromatic. All this together worked like magic on the emotions. The fairy-tales which one reads in childhood rose to one's mind; one found one's self in the world which they described; the stillness all around—for I kept, for the most part, at a respectful distance from the other travellers—gave rise to a mood which realised the words of the poet, false as a matter of natural history, yet containing so much truth from the standpoint of human history:

> "The world is perfect everywhere
> Where man is not with his pain and care."

The evening fell much too early, compelling us to travel uninterruptedly by coach. As we drove through Göschenen we saw at a short distance above us what looked like moving glow-worms. The Italian workmen employed on the construction of the tunnel were seeking their quarters with their little hand-lanterns. In other ways too we realised, although our eyes, strain them as we would, could make out very little of it, that here one of the marvels of human achievement was in process of construction. A young Swiss engineer, employed by the Gotthard Railway Company, who had hitherto travelled with us, told us that difficult as were the problems which the building of the great tunnel set the engineering experts, those which had to be solved in the construction of the track leading thither surpassed them in the demands which they made upon the staff, and indeed to-day the mysterious corkscrew tunnels and loops impress the initiated more deeply than the long stretch of line leading under the old giant. In this connection we must not forget the splendid performances of the instruments of precision, and their utilisation, thanks to which the boring gangs, progressing simultaneously from the north and the

south, in strict conformity with the plans, met accurately in the middle of the tunnel at the appointed time.

In complete darkness we drove through the most magnificent portion of the St. Gotthard road, known as the Schöllenen, where the highway narrows to a narrow pass enclosed by gigantic and precipitous cliffs of granite. Here the Reuss roars with a deeper, fiercer voice, and only a few isolated trees still struggle up the massive rock. Here, as at the Devil's Bridge and the Urner Loch, we drove past without seeing anything more than a dim outline which scarcely enabled us to divine what it concealed, and at last, at ten o'clock, arrived in Andermatt, where, after supper, I soon retired to my bedroom, for I now felt thoroughly tired out.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and somewhere below me a terrific uproar was going on. But the noise had no human origin. When I looked into the question of its cause I found that close to the inn and just under my window the Reuss tumbled over the rocks in quite a respectable waterfall. As it was then nine o'clock I had slept eleven hours without in the least noticing this noise. My nerves had demanded tribute for two sleepless nights on the railway, for I was already past the age at which one enjoys a good thing under any circumstances. But I have noticed that, even at my age, unless bodily suffering, chronic neurasthenia, or tormenting anxieties rob us of sleep, one need not be greatly excited to induce Morpheus to take a night off. But he gives in on the second or third night, although not always under such pleasant circumstances as on this day in Andermatt.

Downstairs in the dining-room I found I had missed nothing. The diligence started at one o'clock, and the passengers had gone for a walk in the meantime.

I myself followed suit as soon as I had breakfasted, and turned back along the road by which we had

travelled in the darkness, whereby I unfortunately but unavoidably had to take in the unfolding of the pass, as described by Schiller, backwards. First came the "smiling regions" of the Ursenertal, here spreading to a width of two-thirds of a mile :

"The smiling land where spring and autumn wed."

Smiling indeed it lay before me in the freshness of morning, surrounded by the last heights of the giant mountains, watered by the hurrying, green, foaming Reuss, overgrown with the grasses and flowers of the Alpine world, and inhabited by grazing cattle, the sound of whose bells, unmusical as it is, yet acquires a charm of its own from the circumstances and surroundings. The Urner Loch was disappointing. Even for the untravelled it had nothing of the black rocky gateway which

"No day has yet illumed."

And rather than "in the kingdom of the shadows," one might have thought oneself in the Saxon Switzerland, whose rocky gateway, known as the "Cowshed," will well bear comparison with this old tunnel. But the Devil's Bridge and the Schöllenen, on the contrary, more than justified their reputation ; they were beyond description. Seen inland from the wide and magnificent St. Gotthard highway they awaken only wonder and a pleasant horror. But if one looked down from the old pack-horse track, the only road over the Gotthard in Schiller's time, and imagined the travellers with laden pack-mules passing along this ancient highway, one realised the accuracy of the lines :

"O'er the abyss goes the dizzy way,
It runs between life and death ;
For the giants bar it, the lonely way,
With a deadly threat in their breath.
If thou wouldst not the lioness vex in her sleep,
Thro' the pass of terror in silence creep."

On this narrow track the oppressive weight of the towering granite giants, and the fierce might of the Reuss, playfully casting aside all human opposition, and driving down, as though lashing onwards, the rugged masses of rock, must have thrust all other feelings into the background, leaving only the consciousness of danger, and we understand how this mountain pass lived in the memories of the men of former centuries only as the " road of terror."

In Goethe's *Travels in Switzerland, 1797*, we read, where he describes the road over the Gotthard, how often in those days part of the track had to be closed on account of landslips.[1]

[1] I cannot refrain from subjoining here a passage from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's *Letters of Travel*, which I first came upon since the above was penned. It is taken from the letter written at Flüelen, on the 10th August 1831, to Mendelssohn's sister, and describes the impression which the famous composer, who had hitherto travelled by the old pass, had received of the present pass, which was then new :

" You know the Gotthard Pass in its beauty ; one loses much if one travels hither from above instead of journeying upwards from this place ; for the great surprise of the Urner Loch is quite lost, and the new road, which is reckoned next to the Simplon route for splendour and convenience, has done away with the effect of the Devil's Bridge, while beside it another, newer, much bolder and larger span has been constructed, which makes the old bridge quite invisible ; and the old masonry looks much wilder and more romantic.

" But if one loses also the view of Andermatt, and if the new Devil's Bridge is less poetical, yet one travels all day joyfully downhill on the smoothest of highways, positively flying past the landscape, and instead of being sprinkled by the waterfall and imperilled by the wind on the bridge, as formerly, one now crosses safely, high above the stream and between strong masonry parapets."

That over a certain section of the pass the descent does not permit the charm of the journey to be realised so effectually as the ascent is undoubtedly correct, as every pedestrian will have discovered for himself. I had the same experience on the Via Mala as Mendelssohn on the St. Gotthard. When on a walking tour from Chiavenna across the Splügen I tramped through the Via Mala from above downwards, not only did it seem, when compared with the majesty of the Splügen Pass, like a miniature of the latter, but the beauties of the landscape, he waterfalls, etc., made only a faint impression on me. As for the

To-day people speak of avalanches (*Lawinen*) almost as they would of tamed lionesses (*Löwinnen*). The tracks above whose higher portions they lie in wait serve for traffic mostly in those seasons of the year when the avalanches caused by the breaking loose of masses of snow occur as seldom as the escape of lions from menageries. The terrors of nature are conquered; our so-called civilisation prides itself on the fact, and—altogether outdoes them. We must go back tens and tens of thousands of years before we come upon catastrophes in which the blindly raging elements have accomplished as much destruction and destroyed as much life as civilised humanity is doing in the catastrophe which we are witnessing as contemporaries.

Thoughts of another nature filled my mind when on the 15th October 1878 I wandered along the Schöllenen. Yet even there an inscription reminded one of war and the extermination of men by men. It told of the battle between the Russians and the French in September 1799, when Suvoroff carried out his devastating crossing of the St. Gotthard. But that lay three generations behind us. Who would dream nowadays of a battle between French and Russians? Yet in the spring of 1878 it had nearly come to a war between England and Austria-Hungary on the one side, and Russia on the other, for the first-named States had mobilised in order to annul the concessions which Russia had wrung from Turkey in concluding the Peace of San Stefano. The conflict was after all averted by the then recently held Congress of Berlin (June to July 1878), which is the only good thing that can be recorded of that Congress. But the summer of 1878

Devil's Bridge, it has in its present form lost only the one effect of a romantic ruin. But its principal effect, the impression of the tremendous fall of the Reuss beneath it, has in my opinion gained in beauty what it has lost in wildness.

had been marked, in Germany, by the attempts of two madmen—the semi-anarchist Max Hödel and the crazy Karl Nobiling—on the life of Wilhelm I., which brought to a head a terrible baiting of the Social Democrats, and the dissolution of the Reichstag, with the result of the numerical and moral weakening of the Left in the Reichstag; and one of the "exceptional laws" against Social Democracy, introduced by the Imperial Government, had already received a majority at its second reading and was now being read for the third time before acceptance. How far would the party suffer under the law? Before I left Berlin we had, in a secret conference, discussed this question, and had come to the conclusion that the circumstances would compel us to adopt, for the time being, an expectant attitude. The party's means of authority were still comparatively modest; its Press, with few exceptions, was not in anything like a position to compete with the bourgeois Press, and the extreme depression of trade, with the corresponding unemployment, had everywhere reduced the strength of the Labour opposition. The immediate future of the party depended on the form which the "exceptional law" would assume in the final statute, and the way in which it would be executed by the authorities. Although most of us by now had some suspicion of the height of interpretative skill which the Court of Appeal would display, we were yet prepared for severe blows; so that the party, to which I was devoted heart and soul, saw threatening weather ahead of it. As I wandered on beside the Schöllenen all this passed once again through my mind, and I was oppressed by distressing thoughts.

Fortunately I was considerably younger than my years in the matter of temperament, as I was in experience of life. These melancholy reflections vanished as I stood once more, on the way back, before the Devil's

Bridge, where, lit by the sun, now fairly high in the heavens, the rising particles of spray came boiling up from the gorge of the downward-tumbling Reuss, glittering like innumerable diamonds, and in their midst, according to the position of the onlooker, rainbows appeared in the most beautiful blaze of colour. A picture of frantic, irresistible movement, which momentarily completed itself, and by this ever-unremitting completion achieved at the same time permanence. Always the same river, stormily plunging hitherward, shattering itself into dust in its ponderous fall, but never precisely the same combination of the countless particles of water, which one will never grow weary of watching. Although Schiller sang of the old Devil's Bridge :

> " There sways a bridge in the mountain land
> O'er the terrible gorge outsweeping ;
> It was not built by human hand,
> No man such arch could e'er have planned . . ."

it was not long before events gave the poet the lie. Even the old bridge was built by human hands, and here, in 1830, human hands constructed, at a still greater height, a much wider and more massive bridge. More accurately do the poet's words depict the mutable permanence of the picture :

> " Beneath it the raging stream for ever
> Leaps at it foaming, but shatters it never."

At last, as it was time to make ready for the continuation of the journey, I tore myself away from this spectacle. People left the inn rather earlier than the coach in order to travel the whole of the way through the Ursenertal and a goodly portion of the upper Gotthard Pass on foot. Nevertheless the charm of the pass was soon greatly diminished. The vegetation became ever scanty, the road more monotonous, and only the very poor and sordid-looking houses of refuge by the

roadside—they were known as cantonments—provided landmarks for the traveller; taking the place of the villages—Erstfeld, Wasen, Göschenen—which we passed between Altdorf and Andermatt. Accordingly we drove through the greater part of this section of the pass in the coach, nor did our interest revive to any great extent until we reached the summit of the pass, whence we were able to get a view of the Tomasee, which is no other than "the home of the Rhine." It was not a very inspiring view—a silent lake with flat, unattractive banks, on which nothing was happening. But a little of the magic which the name of the stream that flowed out of it possessed for us fell upon the lake itself, and we regarded it with that respect which is owing to the grandparent of a famous personality. At the hospice on the summit is the halting-place of the post. We got out, obtained some food, and proceeded to begin the descent on the south side.

I now had a seat in the coupé given me. My neighbour was a young Frenchman, who soon proved to be a profitable companion, since he put an end to a feeling that otherwise might easily have spoiled the pleasure of the downward journey for me. Wherever the road downwards turned upon itself one had the impression that any farther advance must be perilous. The track ran down the steep slopes in great loops, but the horses, of which the driver controlled only the two leaders, by means of a slender bridle, pressed downwards with restless haste, so that in spite of the width of the roadway it seemed that only a trifling mistake at one of the turns would hurl us all into the depths. In reality the position was not so dangerous as it appeared from the window of the coupé. But there it seemed as if every turn must throw us over the precipice. I must confess that at first I felt rather uncomfortable. But then I noticed that my neighbour had the same

feeling in a very much greater degree than I. Again and again he seized hold of me, and emitted, in a somewhat husky voice, a flood of words which were intended to express admiration, but betrayed anxiety, and, curiously enough, instead of proving contagious, these outbursts had a contrary effect upon me. I was sorry for the fellow, but it suddenly flashed upon my mind: "Since he is worrying himself enough for two you can save your share of anxiety." With a greater inward calm than I had previously felt, I allowed my eyes to wander over the surrounding landscape and the road lying before us. The granite walls of the mountains seemed to me to fall even more precipitously than on the northern side, and the ravines beside us were visibly deeper. At moderate intervals stones of something less than a yard in height bordered the mountain road; at best they might, if the coach were really driven to the edge of the road, delay the fall a little, but they would hardly prevent it. Moreover, such a weight as that of our coach would have needed a thoroughly strong wall to support it. But were we then really in danger? We were certainly moving forward at a rapid pace, but we had the mental illusion that the pace was greater than it really was, and the turns of the road were sufficiently far apart to give the driver time to wheel the horses quietly. Even so, it was a long while before we reached the next stage of our journey, Airolo. But, alas! afternoon gave way to evening, and the darkness fell, and even before we reached Airolo, which we were able to see in the distance long before we got there, we saw from the coach that the lamps were being lighted beneath us.

They lit the place only very dimly, for as yet we knew nothing of electric light. Once we had reached the town we could make out very little of it. Working men were still moving about—evidently going home from

work—through the street in which the posting-station was situated, in the middle of which various goods were displayed on roughly-made tables. Despite the vague outlines—or perhaps precisely on that account—this was a picture that made a great impression on the mind.

The beauties of the journey from Airolo over Faido to Biasca were, to my great regret, as it was now quite dark, completely lost to us. From Biasca it was possible to travel to Bellinzona by rail, as this section of the Gotthard Railway was already completed; and at Bellinzona we had again to spend the night. Here I noted that we were in a district where the speech was Italian. The landlord of the inn at which I put up spoke, in addition to Italian, only a very little French, and that little was very ungrammatical, so that we understood one another very imperfectly indeed. However, he showed me to a good room with an irreproachable French bed, to which indeed I was not immediately able to accommodate myself, but it had the art of keeping me safely fettered for quite a long time. Once again the clock showed a late hour of the morning when I awoke.

Of this curious city, which with Locarno and Lugano has alternately shared the honour of being the headquarters of the Government of the Canton Ticino, I could not manage to see much. On account of the linguistic difficulties already alluded to, my host was unable to give me any good advice, and as the post for Lugano started before ten o'clock I could not abandon myself to the hazards of an improvised voyage of discovery, gladly as I would have obtained a nearer view of Bellinzona's Lombard's Tower.

The last part of the journey was favoured by the finest weather. The road ran over the chestnut-covered Monte Cenere, which is pierced to-day by a fairly long

tunnel, so that those travelling by the Gotthard Railway have but a faint conception of its charm and beauty. I was able to enjoy them in the fullest measure. I had only two travelling companions, natives of the district, to whom I could hardly make myself understood. But they served me unconsciously as guides. As a matter of course we went ahead of the posting-carriage when the highway became a mountain road, and before it reached the summit we could no longer see the carriage. It was impossible not to profit by every moment of the stroll—for the ascent was nothing more. The leaves were as yet only partly fallen ; the trees were still arrayed in all their beauty ; the foliage of the walnut trees was as glossy as that of the Spanish chestnut ; but from the ground rose the characteristic odour which proceeds from the fallen leaves in autumn, and is so familiar to every lover of the woods.

When we turned our gaze backwards we had a view which stretched from Bellinzona, which we now saw beneath us, to the northern shore of Lago Maggiore, whose beauty, in the light of the sun, shining from a bright blue sky, showed to peculiar advantage. A feeling of indescribable well-being filled me all day long. At that time, and later, I always noticed that it was pleasantest to travel in the early autumn, even if the world was not then at its most beautiful.

On the summit of Monte Cenere the carriage halted awhile at the posting-station, so that the travellers might have time for lunch. Then we had to take our places, for we should now proceed at a gallop, first along a splendid stretch of level road, and then down-hill to the Lago di Lugano.

Beautiful indeed as was this part of the journey, it could not compare with the ascent. I never experience the full enjoyment of travelling when I am driving ; for in a carriage I can never throw off a feeling of imprison-

ment. Only the man who goes wandering afoot, without being obliged to cover excessive distances in a short space of time, or he who makes his journey alone, without being hampered in respect of fellow-travellers, can feel free upon his travels. Only when I was travelling afoot did Geibel's line rise to my lips :

" To wander, O to wander with the free foot of youth ! "

At the same time, I cannot claim to be a particularly good walker. It is purely a matter of psychology. It is no mere figure of speech if I speak of this feeling as denoting a tendency to vagrancy or the nomadic life.

Something of the sort may remain in every man, but with me it is so big a share that among the vocations which I have missed—and they are, of course, many, as in the case of most men—I have given the vocation of vagrant a fairly prominent place. Even at an age when in others it has long been laid aside, the longing still used to plague me, so that I might in all truth have sung :

" So be there's no tavern
By night will I sleep
Safe under blue heavens,
Where stars their watch keep."

But even the journey northward down from Monte Cenere had always a great charm.

It was now afternoon ; the autumn sun shone hot in the sky ; the landscape became animated ; we drove past men and beasts and hamlets, and incessantly above the trampling of the horses and the rumbling of the wheels sounded the jingling of the bells hung upon the horses' harness. Far in the distance rose the peaks of the mountains which enclose the Ceresio, higher and higher above the horizon, until at last the lake of many windings itself became visible, a little at a time. Faster and faster the driver urged the horses ; faster and faster they thundered onwards, until we drove into

Lugano, between four and five o'clock, to draw up at the posting-house, then in the Via Canova. The goal of my journey was attained.

My party comrade and henceforth my "chief," Karl Höchberg, was waiting for me at the stopping-place, and took me, after we had greeted one another, to the Hotel Washington, which was built right upon the lake in the centre of the bay of Lugano. There he had engaged for us, facing the lake, in the uppermost storey, three adjoining rooms—one for himself, one for me, and the third as a sitting-room. When, after the renewal of my outer man, I went out into the trellis-enclosed balcony upon which my window opened, the Lago di Lugano lay outspread beneath me in all its splendour. The bay was enclosed by a beautiful shore-line; the surface of the lake, smooth as a mirror, was of a wonderful blue-green; and opposite me on the right, as though emerging suddenly from the depths, there rose, so close that it seemed that I could shout across to it, the towering, conical height of San Salvatore, with its lovely wooded slopes; while on the left, running hitherwards from the farther side of the westerly arm of the lake, were the precipitous Caprini Mountains, their dark green flanks solemnly reflected in the water. Only a few vessels were to be seen on the lake; and below me in the harbour all was very quiet. It was a wonderful picture; one could scarcely hope to see it to-day in quite the same mood. The landscape and the colours are indeed the same, but the magical peace which lay over it all is a thing of the past.

CHAPTER II

IN AND ABOUT LUGANO THIRTY YEARS AGO

WHEN I paid Lugano a short visit, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, in the fateful month of July 1914, my first impression was almost one of disillusion. I was fully prepared to find the city, which in 1878, the date of my first sojourn there, had numbered only a couple of thousand inhabitants, very considerably increased in size and more of a resort for foreigners; and I took it as a matter of course that a much longer stretch of houses surrounded the bay, that an electric tramway ran through the town, connecting it with suburbs on either side, and that the shops and *osterie* were much smarter than of old; and I was able thoroughly to appreciate a great deal that was new—in particular, the shady promenade by the lake, with its tasteful pleasure-grounds. These gave Lugano the look of a miniature Lucerne.

But there is another sense in which one could and can compare Lugano to a miniature Lucerne. The vast numbers of palatial new hotels and *pensions* which line the shores of the lake might well, in their magnificence, belong to Lucerne, or any other resort of foreign fashion. As the town has grown in extent it has lost in character. The individual quality of its original character, although it has not completely disappeared, has nevertheless been wantonly diminished, and is overshadowed by a growth which offers everything except the things that corresponded with this individuality.

In 1878 the town of Lugano was still thoroughly Italian, both in its architecture and in the character of its population. As long as the Gotthard Railway was still uncompleted, almost all the visitors from the north were of a "select" nature, and they were not very numerous. Four or five hotels, the number of whose rooms was by no means excessive, were enough to provide for the more well-to-do visitors; the rest found accommodation in the *alberghi*—inns of the Italian type—for working men and others of modest means. Italian in type, too, were the streets, the dwelling-houses, the shops, and the *osterie*. The servants and the shop-assistants also were with few exceptions pure Italians. The exceptions in case of the shops were indicated by inscriptions to the effect that French or English was spoken, or both; German, as yet, was rarely heard. Even in the only café of the better class, the Café Tereni, at the north-west corner of the Government building, the present town hall, only one of the two waiters spoke, besides Italian, a few mangled sentences of French and English. If one wished to be clearly understood one had to address even him in his native language.

Quite Italian, too, was the little theatre, standing to the east of the Government building. Not a stone is left standing to-day to remind one of its existence. Since a company was performing there at the time, I went there on one of the first evenings after my arrival. For a very modest sum I was admitted to the *parterre*. Had there not been three roughly-made benches right in front, which afforded a certain amount of sitting room, the whole floor would have offered standing accommodation only. A slight increase of price was charged for the use of the benches, and what use was made of the standing room! That evening the theatre was only moderately full, and the public stood about the floor in irregular and by no means very silent groups. To my

amazement I saw that one of the audience had brought his dog with him, to whom, from time to time, he threw a scrap of food in order to drive away boredom. Almost completely ignorant of Italian, I could not make out whether a serious drama or a comedy was being presented. Experience taught me later that this was all one, as far as the behaviour of the public went.

The lower part of the auditorium was intended only for the poorer classes of the population. Those who considered themselves to belong to middle-class society regarded the boxes alone as respectable. These ran right across the theatre; I could see no open rows of seats such as we have in Germany. The boxes were hired by middle-class families for the whole of the company's visit. People went to their box in the evening in order to talk to one another, so that the performance on the stage often played quite a subsidiary part. Families visited one another, I was told, going from box to box, and gossiping to their hearts' content. Only if or while the actors succeeded in reducing the public to a state of something approaching suspense was there that absolute stillness in the auditorium to which we are accustomed during the performance of a play. Some years later, when I accompanied an acquaintance made at Lugano to an operatic performance in the Zürich theatre, he was almost beside himself, because as long as the curtain was up the audience kept "as quiet as if they were listening to a sermon." This acquaintance was none other than the French socialist, Benoît Malon, who in 1871 had been a member of the Paris Commune, and was now on the way to becoming one of the founders of the French Labour Party.

Meanwhile, let us linger a moment over the town of Lugano, and its inhabitants, as I found them in 1878. Although many of the customs of the place were interestingly Italian, the general racial type bore little re-

semblance to the Italian. On Saturdays and Sundays many of the working folk used to collect in the great square before the Government offices, which to-day is known as the Piazza della Riforma; not in order to demonstrate, but merely to see what was going on, and to hear the news, or just for the sake of a change. The first thing that struck me was, how quietly every one behaved; and the second, how little the great majority of these workers differed in complexion and physiognomy from the average German working man. Not for nothing was this the province which from the first century before Christ flooded Lombardy with Germanic and other Northern races. Apart from this, the quiet behaviour of the masses may be ascribed to their moderation in drinking.

It is a general experience, which is partly explicable by climatic reasons, that in the true wine countries the people are far more moderate in their drinking than in the countries where wine is replaced by beer and brandy. And in the southern Ticino wine was then, at all events, the only drink of the people.

This was exhibited in a striking manner some days before my departure from Lugano in 1879. In order to get our rather extensive luggage—several trunks and half a dozen fairly big boxes of books—forwarded to the goods dépôt, I secured the services of a skipper and his mate, and after they had done their job, and I had paid them for it, I invited them in a becoming manner to accompany me to an inn. Faithful to my national beverage, I chose one of the three inns (which I had in the meantime reconnoitred) where one could obtain, in addition to wine, a beer brewed in Bellinzona. I ordered myself a glass, and asked my companions whether they would take beer or wine. Both declared for wine. But as we were drinking, I noticed that the eyes of both kept turning towards my beer. "Would you rather

have had beer, perhaps?" I inquired. "Oh no," came simultaneously from both mouths; "wine is good enough for us—*basta per noi il vino*." Although not precisely immoderately dear (it cost threepence a glass), the beer was evidently, to their thinking, the more distinguished drink—a luxury only suitable for the upper classes.

Lugano was not warm enough for a fashionable winter resort; in October 1878 the hotels boasted only individual guests, and the streets of the town and the drive beside the lake were emptier than they can have been in the autumn season proper. Yet I was assured that even during the season the foreign element was not very prominent, so that the general features of the life of the town remained unchanged. But now everything is quite different. There is a restless rushing to and fro in all directions, and an inundation of foreigners of every nationality, Germans above all, which has quite deprived the place of its individuality. The peaceful Via Nassa, with the beautiful old Convent Church of Santa Maria degli Angioli and its frescoes by Luini, is now a modern avenue, with trams running through it, whose huge hotels and boarding-houses completely overshadow the church. Equally changed is the Via Canova, running eastwards, and the great square into which it opens, and which used to form the most easterly portion of the town. Larger in those days than it is to-day, but unpaved, it was bounded by workshops on its western side, most of the work being done outside in the open air, while opposite the workshops unfinished lengths of stuff stretched on frames spoke of the existence of a little weaving-shed or bleachery. From the other side of the square a narrow, sunken lane ran along the walls of the Villa Ciani Gardens to the wide expanse of the Campo Marzio, and an alley overhung by trees intersecting the Campo led to the hamlet of Cassarate, lying at the

foot of Monte Bré, which boasted then of only a few working-men's houses. Nowadays the Via Canova is only a business street; but the old ingenuous shops of the Italian type have made way for modern shops of a metropolitan character, and the primitive workshops have been transformed into the carefully tended Piazza dell' Independenza, while the sunken lane has become the Viale Carlo Cattaneo. Here, as in Cassarate, the villa type of residence is preponderant; all is trim and pleasant, but colourless.

However, one must accept these and the other changes as the consequence of growth, and the enormous increase in the number of foreign visitors, and try to look on the best side of the matter. But a thing I absolutely could not and cannot get over is the change in the beautifully wooded heights about Lugano. The beautiful and harmonious picture which was formerly presented by the surrounding hills is horribly disfigured by the giant hotels, boarding-houses, and private villas that have shot up in wild confusion. A glance at the heights from the lake or the shore reveals a chaos that offends every conception of beauty. Taken singly, and considered closely, each of these buildings may possess its own beauty, but the general aspect which they lend to the heights which they have occupied can only be described as abominable. It is a real piece of good fortune that farther to the east the spell ceases, and it has so far spared Monte Caprino, which lies facing the town to the south-west, and also the adjacent heights.

About the middle of the nineteenth century Lugano was a regular nest of fugitives. Those who rebelled against the Austrian rule in Lombardy found it a central point from which they could readily send their propagandist literature, and, when circumstances were favourable, weapons, into the subjugated province. The Viale Carlo Cattaneo is named after one of the most famous

of the Italian rebels. It was from Lugano that the Mazzinist insurrection in Milan was arranged in 1853. Not only Italians, however, but revolutionists of other nationalities also gladly chose the quiet town of Lugano, so romantically situated on the banks of the Ceresio, for their temporary place of refuge. In a little place called Besso, in the upper part of Lugano, there stood in my time a one-storeyed house which the Italian Giuseppe Mazzini, the Hungarian Lajos Kossuth, the Pole Langiewicz, and the Russian Michael Bakunin had inhabited, if not immediately one after another, at least in succession. It goes without saying that I gladly profited by an opportunity which was offered me when a friend of the Bakunin family showed me over the place, sacred as it was to the cause of Revolution.

Nevertheless, there were but few fugitives to be seen when I arrived in Lugano. The days of the Italian Nationalist conspiracies were over. Those of the Mazzinists who were still living in Lugano had remained there because they had found a convenient livelihood there, and there they dwelt in quiet retirement. I became acquainted with one example of this species in the person of a man—he was, I believe, a bookseller—who seemed to take no interest in anything but the game of bowls known as *alle bocce*, in the dialect of Lugano *alle bötsch*, to which the inhabitants were passionately addicted. At the same time I made the acquaintance of a representative of quite another type of Italian revolutionist: I was fortunate enough to find the great Ippolito P——i still in Lugano.

This was a type worth studying. He had the seeming of a man born to be first, if not in Rome, then—elsewhere. His face, like his stature, was magnificent; he was tall, splendidly built, with dark hair and beard and sparkling eyes. "Professor" Ippolito P——i, as far as his outward man was concerned, fully

came up to all the requirements which one is entitled to expect in a solid, reliable *basso* in Italian opera. But he was not an opera-singer, and as for solid — no, Ippolito P——i was not solid, much as he wished to be thought so. By vocation a classical schoolmaster, he kept a little school, and also published a Radical bi-weekly paper, *Il Republicano*, whose speciality was fulminating articles abusing the Catholic Conservative Party, which was then in office in the Canton Ticino. And certainly in vehemence and energy of expression these articles could hardly be surpassed. "The Viper does not lose its Venom," "Clerical Infamies," "The Abject Creatures at their Work"—these titles give some idea of the substance of his articles. Why he was forced to leave Italy I do not know. That he was no orthodox Mazzinist was betrayed by his ostentatious display of antagonism towards *Iddio*. Ostentation was for him the breath of life: his appearance was theatrical in the extreme. When he entered the Café Terení, with his high-stepping gait, from the market-place, he at once, in his noisy way, set the tone of the conversation. Not a guest escaped his eyes; none could evade the announcement of his atheism and materialism and political radicalism. In November 1878 the seventy-eight Social Democrats of Berlin, who, on the grounds of the minor state of siege[1] just declared, had without cause been suddenly banished from Berlin by the police, addressed an appeal to their comrades who were left in the capital, in which they required them to remain unshaken in their support of the common cause, but not to allow themselves to be incited to any rash and unconsidered action. I submitted a copy of this manifesto which had been forwarded to me to our P——i, who could not, as a matter of fact, speak German,

[1] A "minor state of siege" was declared in political centres where there were many Socialists.—(*Trans.*)

but could read it fairly well. With an inimitable gesture he returned it to me: "Troppo moderato, caro amico, troppo moderato!" He was by no means satisfied with our German Social Democrats.

I had an opportunity of returning the compliment. Although I too adhered to the materialistic conception of the universe, he had a way of manifesting his beliefs which was not at all to my liking. He was fond of declaring in front of the Café Tereni, in a voice that one could hear all over the market-place: "Io sono una bestia, non riconosco che il mangiare, il bevere e le donne." (I am an animal: I know of nothing but eating, drinking, and women.) As for some time I was only able to converse with him in French, I told him bluntly one day, in that language, that reading his paper enabled me to understand why the Clerical Party was winning adherents even in Lugano (as was then the case). He was determined to catechise me on this point.

"Eh bien, citoyen Berenstein," he cried, "vous socialiste allemand, vous n'êtes peut-être même pas athée?" (Well, citizen Bernstein, you, a German Socialist, is it possible that you are not even an atheist?)

For the sake of puzzling him I replied that this was indeed the case.

At this he was indeed astonished. "Et vous croyez en Dieu?" (And you believe in God?)

"Non plus" (Neither do I believe in God), was my rejoinder.

"Comment donc? Vous pretendez n'être pas athée, et en même temps vous declarez ne pas croire en Dieu. Que veut dire cela?" (Come, come! You claim that you are not an atheist, and at the same time you assert that you don't believe in God. What do you mean?)

I was not then acquainted with the classic rejoinder which the famous Laplace once made to Napoleon, when

asked what part God played in his system of the universe, and my conceptions were largely innocent of the scientific foundations which the great astronomer and natural philosopher had at his disposal. But an idea similar to that expressed in the words: "Sire, je n'avais pas besoin de cette hypothèse" (Sire, I did not find that I required that hypothesis), none the less dictated my reply; so I retorted dryly, "Cela veut dire que cette question métaphysique ne m'occupe pas" (I mean that that metaphysical question does not interest me).

P——i had to be content with this positivist reply; but it can hardly have satisfied him. The campaign against the monarchy, in republican Switzerland, was only metaphysical; there was no popular movement of any profound importance in the Ticino; so that in this Catholic canton, where the adherents of the Clerical Party really had matters all their own way, the anti-Clerical campaign in favour of philosophical radicalism was the only real conflict. There was certainly no lack of pretext for the vigorous criticism of the Clerical office-holders. Meanwhile the bullying ostentation of a somewhat superficial atheism and materialism was but ill adapted to alienate the popular element, whose assistance it was counting upon, from the Clericals.

Very unlike the worthy P——i in his mode of action was an Italian anarchist who at that time was unwillingly making his home in Lugano. Since he, I trust, like the former, may yet be counted among the living, the reader will perhaps allow me to mention him only by a pseudonym. Filippo Marzotti, as we will call him, was not such a striking apparition as P——i, but he was, none the less, of goodly stature, and his features were finely chiselled, and since he was younger and slenderer than the other, he by far excelled the bourgeois politician in elegance, although he was only a mere hairdresser's assistant. But there was nothing affected about him;

his manner was as natural and unassuming as possible. His wife, Marietta, too, if not of a dazzling beauty, was considered extremely pretty. They had two children, aged five and seven years respectively. They lived in proletarian surroundings, and increased their income, the husband's wages being very modest, by letting one of their rooms, among other expedients. For a time, before I came to Lugano, the Russian Socialist, Vera Sassulitsch, who achieved European fame through her trial for the attempted assassination of the Chief of Police, Trepoff, and her highly-gifted countrywoman, Anna Kulischov, who was only just becoming known in the inner circles of the Russian, French, and Italian Socialists, had lodged with the young couple.

Quiet though Filippo Marziotti might be in his general behaviour, his political feelings were vehement enough. He was body and soul devoted to the Anarchist cause; but in this connection we must not forget that Anarchism, or rather what was called Anarchism, was in Italy the original form of Socialism, and was rooted in the traditions of the whole people. Meanwhile the Anarchist movement, thanks to the failure of various attempts at insurrection, was already in the throes of a crisis which was to cause it serious prejudice.

If one had asked, in the mid-seventies, who were the most prominent protagonists of Anarchism in Italy, the first names to be mentioned would assuredly have been those of Andrea Costa, Carlo Cafiero, and Enrico Malatesta. Only the last of these is still living, is still faithful to the old flag. Cafiero, who, after a most self-sacrificing life, died amid the clouds of a darkened intellect, had become a critic of Anarchism before he lapsed into insanity, without, however, becoming the propagandist of any other movement. It was otherwise with Andrea Costa. In 1879 he turned his back on the Anarchist movement, and declared himself in favour of the Social

Democratic policy of participation in elections, entering Parliament, etc. And at a later date, as Mayor of his native town of Imola, and as a member of the Italian Parliament, he was for years a prominent figure in the political life of Italy. Before this change in his political ideas occurred he had contracted a "free" marriage with the Russian Socialist, Anna Kulischov, and the influence of this intellectually-gifted woman, who was thoroughly familiar with the literature of German Socialism, must have contributed in no small degree to the conversion of Costa, the audacious Anarchist, into Costa, the circumspect Socialist politician. At all events, our worthy Marzotti attributed his desertion of the Anarchist cause entirely to the influence of Mme Kulischov. When he first heard the news that Costa was lost to the Anarchist cause, he excitedly raised his hands above his head, and cried repeatedly, almost in desperation: "Anna! Anna! Anna!"

However, the hour of *his* conversion was to strike a few years later. As early as 1880, when he came to Zürich for a few days, where we, in the meantime, had settled down, he admitted that an immediate change from a capitalist bourgeois society to an Anarchist-Communist society was not to be thought of, and that the period of transformation would probably last for some generations. It was not a very long step from this conception to agreement with the basic ideas of Social Democracy.

On the occasion of this visit Marzotti gave me a glimpse of what was with him, and probably with other of his countrymen, a ruling passion, of which I had hitherto never heard. One Tuesday morning we were walking along the Bahnhofstrasse, where the weekly market was being held. The market folk had their wares exposed for sale on the edge of the pavement. Our conversation had until then been extremely

vivacious, but now it kept on falling flat, as Marzotti made no rejoinder to my remarks; which naturally damped my eloquence. It was threatening to cease altogether, when my companion suddenly exclaimed: "You must excuse me if I was rather distracted just now, but my attention was captured by a spectacle whose charm I can never resist."

"And may I ask what this spectacle was?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "only you mustn't laugh."

And he explained that what had captured his attention was the sight of the bundles of garlic which are rarely lacking among the outspread wares of the vegetable-sellers. His passion for garlic was almost uncontrollable. It was so great that in his earlier years he had often eaten garlic until his face was all sticky with it, and he himself almost intoxicated.

I was quite familiar with garlic as a condiment, although at that time I despised it even in that capacity. But that one could devour garlic without any other ingredients and even become intoxicated by it was a thing which I had never suspected.

Two Italian Socialists came from Italy during the winter of 1877–78 to pay a short visit to Lugano. Professor Osvaldo Gnocchi-Viani, then editor of the Milanese Socialist newspaper, *La Plèbe*, was on his honeymoon, and he and his young bride made the first break in their journey at Lugano. This small, delicately-built man, I discovered, was a quiet thinker of very impartial judgment. Of quite a different calibre was our other visitor, Paolo Valera, who came to Lugano as a fugitive from Varenna. He was a vehement, florid young man, and one saw that conflict was the breath of life to him. In the nineties, when I had pitched my tent in London, I met Valera once more, he having in the meantime become the London correspondent of one of the great Milanese newspapers—I think it

was the *Secolo*. We met repeatedly at the house of a mutual friend, and it there occurred to me how greatly Valera's judgment was affected by his frame of mind. About the time of my departure from London he was returning to Italy, where he founded, in Milan, a newspaper entitled *La Folla* (The Multitude), which, I believe, is still appearing to-day. His frequently intractable Radicalism often brought him into conflict with the leading representatives of Milanese Social Democracy, and earned his paper the malicious nickname so easily created by the change of a letter—*Il Follo* (The Madman). In Lugano both Gnocchi-Viani and Valera were made known to me by Benoît Malon, whom they had both sought out. And with him I come to that member of the colony of foreign Socialists with whom we had most to do during the winter of 1878–79, and to whom the greatest general interest attaches.

First, a few words as to the personality of the man. Benoît Malon, as the author of a comprehensive *History of Socialism*, and various other Socialistic and ethical volumes, as well as the founder and editor of the *Revue Socialiste*, was for many years one of the most respected representatives of contemporary Socialism in France—where amongst other things he did a great deal towards winning Jaurès for the Socialist Party. He belonged to the category of successful self-educated men. Born in the neighbourhood of Lyons, and reared as a true child of the proletariat, he came to Paris towards the end of the Empire, and then joined the organisation of the International Labour Association. He was one of the defendants in the great prosecution of the members of the Internationale, which took place at the beginning of the year 1870, and was confined, with his fellow-prisoners, in the Prison of St. Pélagie, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. The fall of the Empire after Sedan brought him his liberty. During the siege of

Paris he was busily occupied in organising the defence of the capital, and became an assessor in the Batignolles quarter of the city. At the elections of the National Convention in the beginning of 1871 he was elected as one of the deputies for Paris, but with Rochefort and others he withdrew from the "Chamber of Rustics," as it acquiesced in the cession of Alsace-Lorraine. Despite this fact, he was, with Thiess, E. Varlin and others, one of those trusted representatives of the Parisian workers who in March 1871 did their utmost to prevent hostilities between Paris and the Versailles Government. When his efforts came to nothing, and the Commune was proclaimed in Paris, he was elected one of its members. He belonged to the Social Democratic minority on the Council, and at the time of the suppression of the Commune in the bloody days of May 1871 he was among the defenders of one of the last barricades. Some friends of his concealed him, and he escaped to Geneva, and there, during the conflict between the Autonomist Party of West Switzerland and the General Council of the Internationale in London, he took the part of the former. He was a member of the Social Democratic League founded by Michael Bakunin, and one of the trusted followers of the Russian revolutionist; but some time later he withdrew from the Bakunist movement, lived for many years in different parts of Italy, and finally settled in the Ticino, where he had his very modest home in the village of Castagnola, near Lugano.

Even in Paris Malon had worked hard to increase his intellectual accomplishments, and while he was in exile certain cultivated women who took an interest in him encouraged him in his efforts in all sorts of ways, so that his political friends began to regard him almost as a *savant*. For many years he lived with the writer of Socialistic novels who was known under the name of

André Léo. She was a contributor to some of the more prominent Parisian newspapers; and he still maintained a literary correspondence with her when their personal relations had been dissolved, and he had found his true companion for life in a cultured Russian lady, Katerina Katkov, who was both a provident housewife and an indefatigable assistant in his literary labours. His alliance with this excellent woman was in a literary sense quite peculiarly advantageous, as she had a very fair mastery of the German language, and made him acquainted with productions of German literature which would otherwise have escaped his attention. Under her direction he himself spent some time in the study of German.

It is a curious fact that Benoît Malon had nothing attractive in his appearance. In his build and his movements there was much of the peasant, and his features were quite expressionless. Nothing about him betrayed the Frenchman of the South. A man of medium height, rather broadly built, circumspect by nature, he might equally well have come from any part of Germany. His face was broad, and his rather thick nose downright ugly. Yet he was always successful with women, had he wished to captivate them; even with those who had no lack of other adorers. This success earned him in some quarters the reputation of a woman-hunter, which he certainly was not. The women with whom he formed intimate relations were cultivated Socialists, and were older than he was. What they seemed to find attractive in him was apparently the earnest striving of the proletarian for knowledge, and his profound devotion to the Socialist movement. It was Malon the Socialist in particular who won the self-sacrificing sympathy of Katerina Katkov.

About 1878 Malon started a fortnightly publication, *Le Socialisme Progresif*. In this he published

his *History of Socialism* in its first and as yet rather sketchy state. The Socialist movement in France was only just beginning to recover strength, so that the enterprise offered no hope of any financial results worth mention. Malon earned his living chiefly as book-keeper and correspondent to a wealthy French silk-grower, who lived in Castagnola, in a villa magnificently situated on the lake. It was for this reason that Malon himself lived in the village. And, as the quiet town of Lugano did not afford Karl Höchberg, who was highly nervous and subject to severe insomnia, a sufficient security against disturbing noises, Malon found a refuge for us too in Castagnola. This was a quietly situated cottage between the upper and lower portions of the village, which was still only sparsely built over. It was known as Casa in Valle. From the end of October 1878 to the beginning of April 1879, Höchberg and I were its only human inhabitants; so that, strictly speaking, our winter in Lugano was a winter in Castagnola.

From the village of Cassarate a fairly level road ran to the lower part of Castagnola, which consisted of a modest number of villas, situated on the lake, and a very narrow village street, into which the sun never shone whether in summer or winter, which ran past the backs of these villas. Another road proceeding from Cassarate, at first at a moderate gradient, but which soon became steeper, with various twists and turns, led upwards to the village of Bré, and then to the summit of Monte Bré. At a height of about 600 ft. above the lake a road turned off which led to the local church. On either side of it was a small, one-storeyed house, devoid of all adornment. One of these was inhabited by a working-class family; the other was our Casa in Valle. It belonged to the sister of the village priest, a spinster of some fifty years, by name Prudenza Prati. She

lived with her brother in the presbytery by the church, and we shared with her, morning, noon, and evening, the indispensable services of her aged maid-servant. Apart from this we had no human housemates, day or night; but under the ground floor proper, on the actual level of the soil, was a stall wherein a ewe, which one day gave birth to a very short-lived lamb, led a still more lonely existence. Fortunately, the stall lay right under the kitchen, or the bleating of the sheep would have disgusted poor Höchberg with this refuge also. He would not have lost much if it had done so; the house was equipped as simply as possible, the furniture being limited to absolute necessaries. A roomy kitchen on one side of the entrance passage, and a fairly large living-room on the other side, constituted the whole of the ground floor, while upstairs were two or three bedrooms. Only the sitting-room had a practicable fireplace, and even this was in such an unfinished state that we really should have needed the experience of Prudenza and her maid to light a decent fire with the fuel at our disposal—faggots of oak, which were either insufficiently dried, or had got damp again. Höchberg accordingly suffered much from the want of external warmth, which he needed all the more as the winter was quite exceptionally cold, and in his case it was as good as useless to speak of obtaining inward warmth by means of special nourishment. Why he, who, as the eldest son of a very wealthy Frankfurt merchant, was reared in the lap of bourgeois comfort, and had the means to arrange his life as he pleased, should have endured these conditions for months at a time, only those could understand who were familiar with the unusual character and career of this peculiar man.

Karl Höchberg lost his mother very early, and was still young when his father died. His father was a man

of broad intellectual views, whose villa on the Borkenheim high road was visited by all sorts of scholars and men of letters; among them the famous naturalist and Arctic explorer Payer. When in 1866 Frankfurt was forcibly Prussianised—and during the occupation General Manteuffel, who was in command, lived in the Höchbergs' villa—Höchberg's father obtained for his son the rights of a Swiss citizen, in order that the latter need not serve in the Prussian Army; thus following the example of many of the Democrats of Frankfurt. The Prussian Government countered this expedient by promptly expelling the youthful newly-made Swiss from Prussia. In order to have his son as near him as possible, Höchberg's father sent him to Darmstadt, as a boarder in the house of the well-known Democrat and philosophical materialist, Dr. Ludwig Büchner, the author of *Kraft und Stoff* and similar works—an act significant of his way of thinking. Under this intellectual influence Karl Höchberg spent the last few years of his life at the gymnasium, and by the radicalism of the opinions developed in his school essays he not infrequently provoked the disapproval of his teachers, even though he usually obtained the highest marks for construction and subject-matter. He matriculated brilliantly, his diligence and his unusual talents being expressly recognised. In the meantime he had lost his father, and as a student was absolutely his own master. Unfortunately, for he paid no attention to his naturally delicate health, and undermined it by overwork and under-nourishment. He had chosen philosophy as his chief subject of study, but did not confine his labours to the departments of science included in his course, but extended them to as many other subjects as possible, since for him philosophy embraced sociology in its various ramifications. While under the influence of Friedrich Albert Lange and others he

shook off his materialistic philosophy, turning to an idealism based upon theoretical perception, and left the sociology of Büchner and his fellows behind him in favour of a definite Socialism, which was of course conditioned above all by ethical factors. Ethical and philosophical motives led him to embrace vegetarianism, which was all the more disastrous in his case, inasmuch as owing to the neurasthenia caused by overwork he refrained from all concentrated or nourishing vegetarian foods because he believed that such gave rise to cardialgia. The amount of food which he consumed during the months of our life together was incredibly small. I might lecture him, or resort to stratagem, in order to wean him from this pernicious way of life, but all in vain; until finally, early in 1879, by means of a *coup d'état*, I brought about a change which could no longer be deferred. Meanwhile, as a result of Höchberg's self-imposed starvation-cure,—for one could hardly call it anything else,—his bodily strength and his resistance to cold continually diminished.

Serious as the problem was, our situation was not without its entertaining aspects and incidents. It was impossible to get our landlady to understand what Höchberg's vegetarianism meant. That any one should refrain from indulgence in the flesh of beasts and birds was a thing which the pious Catholic was able to understand, even though as strict an abstinence was observed on ordinary days as on the fast-days which the Church enjoined upon the faithful. But that this abstinence should extend even to refraining from fish was a thing which she was absolutely incapable of realising. Whenever we had occasion to discuss Höchberg's meagre diet she would always inquire whether she might not at least get some fish for "Signor Carlo." And when I replied that she absolutely must not do so, as Höchberg abstained from fish no less than from meat, on principle,

the worthy Prudenza Prati would be horrorstruck, shaking her head and exclaiming, over and over again: "O che penitenza! O che penitenza!" The good Signor Carlo, who seemed such a gentle creature, must apparently, in her opinion, have had something horrible on his conscience before he could impose such a penance upon himself!

To me personally the worthy Prudenza Prati was of the greatest service. For a long time she was the only person on whom I ventured to try my broken Italian; so that she was, so to speak, my unconscious tutor. I had come to Lugano with just a few words of Italian, but no further knowledge of the language. I found it too much trouble to engage a teacher, so I provided myself with a phrase-book and a grammar, made myself familiar with the verbs, etc.; and every evening, before the lights were put out, I learned a number of words by heart, and when I had mastered one hundred and fifty to two hundred words I courageously began to engage Signora Prudenza in conversation. Little by little we got to understand one another quite well; but unhappily for my progress in the Italian tongue her visits to us were infrequent; she usually sent us our food, etc., by the old maid-servant, and it was quite impracticable to converse with any readiness with this poor creature, who suffered from every possible defect and malady of age.

In Malon's circle, which constituted our only society, the prevailing language was French. This circle consisted, on the one hand, of Malon and his wife, with a sister and a cousin of the latter, and, on the other hand, of M. d'Arcès and his wife, and some members of their household. At the villa of Malon's employer we spent many a social evening, at which the guests were as varied in social standing as they were in nationality.

M. d'Arcès made an unfavourable impression upon me at the outset, and what I learned of him in later years justified my first opinion of him. In his young days he had been a *viveur* of the approved type, and was said to have revealed himself as a reckless man of business. In his home, however, he was extremely hospitable, and even patriarchal—perhaps owing to the influence of Mme d'Arcès, who was by birth Hungarian, and of a confiding, unpretentious nature. Her maid-servants and her cook nearly always participated in our evenings, and often enough there were also two workwomen, whom M. d'Arcès employed in his house to sort the silkworm eggs. One of these women had been employed for some years in Lyons, so that she spoke French, as did the cook, a native of Champagne, who was known in our circle as the Marchioness, on account of her majestic figure and her really almost elegant manners. Tall, but not too heavily built, this woman of the people behaved in such a quiet, distinguished manner in every situation that when she and her homely little mistress went marketing any one who encountered them would certainly have taken the cook for the mistress, and Mme d'Arcès for her servant.

An elderly roué is usually good company, and M. d'Arcès would have been no Frenchman if he had not known how to play the part of an affable host. So these assemblies were jovial affairs; our host was quite exceptionally proficient in casting off the cares of business, and as a good Frenchman he knew how to say something neat to everybody, as when, at the beginning of Carnival, in 1879, we surprised him, at the instigation of one of the ladies of our circle, with a little masquerade.

But it must not be supposed that our life in Castagnola consisted only of social intercourse and entertainment. The evenings in the Villa Riva were, on the con-

trary, merely oases in an existence which from some points of view was melancholy enough, altogether too full of serious thought and serious work.

Of this I will say more in another connection. But here is something further that partakes of the nature of an oasis.

One day I learned from Prudenza Prati that a marionette performance would be given in the village that evening. I at once made up my mind to see this; firstly, because I was interested in the life of the people, and secondly, because my Italian might profit if I kept my ears open. I obtained a description of the house where the performance was to be held, and in the evening groped my way through the unlighted village to the "theatre." This consisted of a stage not more than a yard square, which was put up in the living-room of an ordinary farmhouse; and the performance took place by the light of a moderately large oil-lamp. Programme: *Una Traggedia*, followed by *Una Farsa*, after which there would be dancing. From the point of view of one eager for learning I got nothing for my money, despite the very low price of admittance. Of the tragedy I understood terribly little; the dialogue was to my ears so indistinctly delivered that only certain outcries, such as "O traditrice, traditrice!" and the like, and the inevitable murder at the end, enabled me to guess at the nature of the play; and the farce, which was played in dialect, was comprehensible to me only when the comic character—Menegino—gave somebody or other a cudgelling, which, to the edification of the public, happened at almost every moment. For the dance, a boy played a small barrel-organ. Each dance cost ten centimes—not for each couple, but for the whole party. It was the rule that whoever paid for the dance secured a monopoly for that occasion for himself and his friends. Infringements of this rule were strongly

reprobated. This I was one day given very plainly to understand, although with notable tact.

Primitive as these "Performances with Dance" were, yet they meant, at all events, an interruption in "the eternal sameness of the days." Moreover, I ventured to hope that my ear would become accustomed to the pronunciation of the marionette director. So I visited these shows repeatedly, and induced our friends to do the same. Those who were young, or felt so, would even foot it at the dance. Unacquainted with the before-mentioned rule, I myself was dancing, without thinking whether one of us had paid for the dance, or one of the villagers; now and again, indeed, I invited a village belle to be my partner. Then, as I was once more laying my ten centimes on the barrel-organ, a voice cried in an explanatory manner: "I Francesi!" and not a single villager rose to dance. Even when we foreigners were resting for a moment, the villagers still refrained from dancing, as though to inform us: "Now it is your turn; afterwards you must let us have ours." "The Frenchmen," in allusion to Malon and d'Arcès, was the collective name for us.

A little later on we used sometimes to visit a performance of a higher quality at the village of Gandria, beautifully situated on the lake. In Carnival time the daughters of the local upper ten thousand gave a theatrical performance which the Catholic parish priest had rehearsed with them. A serious drama was played in a sort of warehouse, followed by a farce, in which matters went gaily enough without the presence of Menegino and Arlequino. The priest revealed himself as an excellent prompter. The girls wore pretty costumes, and acquitted themselves with no little natural grace.

On day we paid a visit to the regular theatre at Lugano, when we saw, from the benches of the pit, some

CHAPTER III

A BITTER WINTER IN LUGANO

THE winter of 1878–79 was unusually hard in Lugano and the neighbourhood. "Tanta neve! Tanta neve!" cried Prudenza Prati not infrequently, when she brought us our food; and she assured us every time, as though apologising, that it was a long while since Castagnola had seen such a deep fall of snow as there was that winter. But it not only snowed most effectually in Castagnola; for a time there was also a great deal of frost and ice. By the side of our mountain road the little pools were frozen which were made here and there by the water that ran down from the higher parts of the mountain beneath the snow. By midday the water was flowing over the ice and on to the road, so that at night it froze to a glassy surface and made walking downhill a pretty neck-breaking business. It was unpleasant enough for us, since we had abundant reasons for going down into the town as often as possible. This was due to the fact that the winter of 1878–79 promised to be a very hard winter for us from another point of view as well. Only a few days had elapsed since Karl Höchberg and I had settled down in the Casa in Valle when the news reached us that the anti-Socialist Bill,[1] accepted by the Reichstag at the third reading, had received the assent of the Federal Council,[2] and would immediately be promul-

[1] Literally, "Exceptional legislation against Social Democracy." —(*Trans.*)

[2] *Bundesrat.*—(*Trans.*)

gated. On the following day we heard of an application of the Act which exceeded our worst fears. Not only were all pamphlets, etc., published by the Social Democratic publishing-houses prohibited without more ado, no matter how moderate their contents might be; not only were the Social Democratic newspapers mercilessly suspended, although they had endeavoured to conduct themselves in conformity with the Act; but even those broad-sheets were suppressed which, issued from the Social Democratic printing-presses in place of the prohibited newspapers, had been run on non-party lines, and had restricted themselves to the mere reproduction of news. Well might Count Eulenburg declare, from the Government benches, on the occasion of the debate on the Bill, on the 14th of October 1878:

"If the Socialist leaders and journalists, Messrs. Liebknecht, Most, and whatever their names may be, are really desirous in future of expounding their aims in a peaceful manner, why do they need the same periodicals as hitherto? It will be a much safer and much more intelligible symptom if they found other organs with peaceful tendencies, *and there is nothing to prevent this.*"

But these words were so much empty sound. Now the Act was law, and there was no appeal against it. The Minister's declaration had been noted only in a few quarters outside Prussia, and the decisive authorities did not trouble themselves in the least about it. At the same time, certain juridical guarantees which had been introduced into the Bill by the left wing of the National Liberals, supported by the Centre and the Progressive Party, proved to be ineffectual on account of the actions of the police. In accordance with the original proposal of the Government, for example, all associations, periodicals, etc., which should give evidence of activities directed toward the undermining of the existing order

of the State and Society " in a manner endangering the public peace " were to be prohibited. Lasker and his followers had sought to prevent the arbitrary interpretation of this proposal by replacing the elastic phrase " directed toward the undermining " by the more definite expression " directed toward the overthrow." But what to their juridical logic appeared to be a rampart against the prohibition of the spread of Socialistic reform was to the logic of the police authorities a mere cobweb, easily swept away. As regards the non-party newspapers published by the Social Democratic Press, the police simply declared that they considered them to be mere continuations of the prohibited journals, for which reason they suspended them.

In this manner the persecuted party was deprived not only of its literature and its Press, but even the co-operative printing-houses, established by arduous efforts, with the aid of the workers' savings, were suddenly ruined, and those employed in them were left without a crust. The material damage was greatly augmented when suddenly, in November 1878, without the slightest incident having occurred indicative of unrest, the so-called " minor state of siege " provided for by the Act was imposed upon Berlin and its surroundings, and a large number of the Social Democratic Party, most of them fathers of families, were expelled from Berlin and its vicinity.

It may readily be imagined what agitation the telegrams relating to these events caused us, who were members of the party, in our solitary corner of the world, and with what feverish excitement we looked for letters and newspapers from Germany, which might inform us more exactly as to what had happened. The newspapers appearing in Lugano itself left us completely in the lurch in this respect. Professor P——i's *Republicano* was devoted entirely to the local political conflict,

and the only daily paper published in Lugano, and, I think, in the canton,—the *Gazetta Ticinese*, a modest little sheet in small folio,—gave the little foreign news that appeared in a concentrated form, reduced to a few lines.

And the dispatch of news from Germany was now attended by peculiar difficulties. It was the season when the Gotthard Pass is for a time impracticable owing to the heavy snows. Many a time the letters and newspapers intended for us lay for days at some posting-station at the foot of the mountain, on the farther side, waiting until the navvies should have cut a road through the snow. At such times the postman, who came up to Casa in Valle only once daily, and was longingly awaited by us, would shout out his "Niente per voi, il Gottardo chiuso"; so that unless we were willing to wait in patience for what the next day should bring forth, there was nothing for it but to make our way down to Lugano in the afternoon, to inquire at the post office whether anything for us had arrived in the meantime, and then to look through the Milanese *Secolo* and the *Journal de Genève* for news from Germany. It was almost always bad news that we read there: fresh prohibitions, fresh expulsions, and even arrests. Not a few of those expelled, and those whose businesses had been seriously damaged, or who had been actually left without a livelihood, were people with whom we had been particularly intimate. What was to become of those who had been so harshly treated? and what about the printing-presses? A periodical printing business which is suddenly forbidden to print newspapers is rendered almost completely valueless; its heavy machinery has suddenly become only so much old iron. This was explained in the letters which we so anxiously awaited. From all sides one heard nothing but descriptions of the disasters of one kind or another which had fallen upon the members of our party.

It was only natural that under such circumstances a man like Höchberg, who was well known to the initiated members of the party as a wealthy sympathiser, should receive all sorts of appeals for help. It should be added, to the honour of the party, that such appeals were not altogether too numerous. For the victims of expulsion considerable sums were collected on the spot in working-class circles. These were sufficient to meet the most urgent cases of need, and with few exceptions the excluded persons themselves did their best to relieve the party as promptly as possible of the necessity of providing for them, or at least to facilitate such provision, in which their comrades in the localities to which they had now repaired assisted them to the utmost of their ability. The appeals which reached Höchberg were mostly in respect of business undertakings conducted either by the party itself or by members of the party who were in an exposed position. This meant, as a rule, that large amounts of money were needed, but that, for Höchberg, was no reason for refusing his help.

One might even say: Quite the contrary. It soon struck me that Höchberg's readiness to help increased in proportion to the sum required. If any one applied to him for a small loan—say from fifty to one hundred marks—he ran a considerable risk of refusal. But if any one requested or suggested that he should make a contribution or a loan of £250 to £500, the probability was just as great that the sum would be forthcoming without much delay. When I questioned Höchberg one day as to this apparent contradiction, he replied, not illogically: "People who want to borrow small sums usually come to me when they could obtain help in other ways, but the large sums are applied for in cases of serious necessity, and I do not care to be responsible for refusing them." In general, he was certainly doing the right thing in so behaving. His refusals of loans to

individuals were also due to the fact that he was fairly pessimistic in his opinions of the human race. Although four years younger than I, a difference which is usually an important factor at the age we had then attained, he was decidedly my superior in knowledge of the world. It is true that I was born and reared in the capital, but of what we call "the world" I knew nothing except in theory. My father's trade—he was a railway engine-driver—was responsible for the fact that we had always lived on the outer edge of the city, and since his income was very small, while he was blessed with many children, we could only manage to live in houses built for the poorer classes—for "small people," as we call them. For this reason I was closely in touch with the poorer classes of society, but my knowledge of humanity remained extremely defective. My judgment was purely sentimental, while Höchberg judged his fellows almost entirely by intellectual criteria. This was one of the reasons why for a long time we did not get into closer spiritual communion, although we never actually lapsed into conflict. Another reason was the fact that our conceptions of the universe were discordant. I adhered to the materialistic conception, and would not hear of any sort of religion; but Höchberg, who was a philosophical idealist, conceded more than a merely historical justification to the metaphysical religions and conceptions of the universe. We should perhaps have succeeded in understanding one another in this connection had not Höchberg, greatly to my chagrin, always declined my repeated challenge to develop his views for once in strict continuity, on the grounds that I should need a philosophical training to understand him; and this I had not received. I was not willing to admit this, for in my opinion at least the basic ideas of a philosophic conception must be capable of representation, so that a non-philosophical person of tolerable education could

comprehend them. In the meantime, Höchberg abode by his refusal, so that whenever our conversation turned upon this subject, it always ended in discord.

Later on I had an opportunity of reading a letter of Höchberg's to Richard Avenarius, with whom he was on terms of friendship, and I saw by this that at that time Höchberg, proceeding from Berkeley and Kant, had arrived at a philosophy which represented the world as a sum of sensations. The argument employed was such as Avenarius, the critic of pure experience, raised strong objections to.

The fact that we were almost the reverse of one another in our opinions of mundane matters, as in the theoretical conception of the universe, caused Höchberg, one day, as I was unpacking a parcel of books, and expressing my enthusiasm for Freiligrath's poems, to make the remark, which was illuminating in respect of our contradictory opinions: "You are much more religious than I am."

It is certainly true that one may sometimes discover a religious impulse at the back of hostility towards the ecclesiastical religions. In my case this hostility had hitherto been so extreme that for years no human being, and no consideration for those I loved, could have induced me to sit through a religious service. To me it would have seemed a double falsehood: I should have been untrue to myself, and have given the faithful a false impression. So that once, when some one who was about to be married in church, for whom I ought to have acted as best man, tried to put an acceptable face on the matter by saying, "You may just as well do it: we too"—his bride and his family—"are unbelievers," my rejoinder was, "Then I am all the less likely to do it." The result was a pretty catastrophe. It was in Castagnola that I at last went to church again, after many, many years. And this is how it happened.

One day we were invited to have midday dinner with the village priest, the brother of our Prudenza Prati. Prudenza had enlarged upon the coming event weeks before it came. Four or five other priests would be visiting her brother—but in speaking of her brother Prudenza never used the words "my brother"; she always said, respectfully, "il prete" (the priest). For good or evil we had to accept the invitation, but at the last moment Höchberg made some excuse and begged me to go alone. I did so, not without a great deal of pressure. To dine with half a dozen Catholic priests—what was the sense of that? For example, how should I behave during the almost inevitable prayers? Byron's words about dissembling with the power of forty parsons kept on going through my head. But my fears proved to be unfounded. Things were not in the least ecclesiastical at the house of the "prete." Prayer was not mentioned at table; they talked of everything imaginable, but not of heavenly affairs. To my right sat an old patrician lady from the Grison, who was living with her daughter and son-in-law in a villa situated on the mountain not far from Casa in Valle. Below the garden of their villa was a ravine, concerning which this lady told me, when I spoke of the picturesque situation of the villa, that it was a perfect nest of snakes. Her daughter's children, if they played in the garden, were always in danger of being bitten by vipers, so that they had always to keep an antidote to snake-venom in the house. A priest sitting on my left now joined in the conversation, and related how as a young man he used often to kill snakes—which after a fall of rain would creep out of the walls to sun themselves—with a good blow on the head from a stick, in order to take them home and skin them and have them roasted. They had always provided him with a good savoury supper. This man, who evidently sprang from the poorer classes, told us

also all sorts of things about the way in which he had obtained inexpensive titbits for himself in his youth. He spoke fairly good German, which he was learning because he intended, when he had settled down, to go sometime or other to that much-visited place of pilgrimage in the Canton Schwyz, which is honoured by the faithful on account of the monastery of St. Meinrad, and the statue of the Black Virgin, and by unbelievers as the birthplace of that mystical philosopher and pioneer in medical science, Theophrastus Paracelsus vom Hohenheim.

Directly after the meal was ended we were informed that the afternoon service was about to begin in the little church beside the presbytery, and that every one was free to attend it or not. I decided to attend it, since as a foreigner and a non-Catholic no one could doubt that the object of my attendance was merely to witness the service as a guest; meanwhile *aliquid hærebat.* In the mountain village, with its scattered houses, and a population to whom any intellectual stimulus was as good as unknown, it seemed to me that the church was less repugnant to common sense than in the capital, with its abundant possibilities of rationalistic intellectual improvement, and its churchgoers who attended worship out of sheer conventionality.

But let us return to Casa in Valle. The fortnightly review, *Die Zukunft,* edited by Karl Höchberg, was very soon prohibited under the anti-Socialist laws, although it was devoted merely to the statement and development of Socialistic doctrines, and endeavoured above all to base these doctrines upon ethical principles, avoiding all discussions of the political events and questions of the day. With the disappearance of this periodical, the greater part of the activities for which Höchberg had engaged me were abolished; meanwhile the editorial correspondence was replaced by correspondence with

comrades in the centre of the movement relating to the mitigation of the distress which the anti-Socialist laws had inflicted and were still inflicting upon individuals, and the damage they had done and were still doing to business. Apart from this, Höchberg was not inclined to accept the suppression of *Die Zukunft* without protest. Of course, it was useless to expect a removal of the prohibition from the so-called Imperial Commission, which was appointed as a court of appeal against the enactments of the police authorities under the Act. The members of this Commission, drawn from the higher magistracy, appeared to have been appointed merely for the purpose of finding arguments to uphold the prohibitions imposed by the police. Only when an overzealous police official suppressed the volume on *Die Quintessenz des Socialismus*, by the Swabian Professor and sometime Austrian Cabinet Minister, A. E. Schäffle, did the Imperial Commission undo this stroke of genius and remove the prohibition.

This volume of Schäffle's, published in 1874, for the benefit of the educated public, was impartially written, if it was not an absolutely correct representation of the Socialist doctrine as then understood. It was no excuse nor apology, yet in spite of a few incidentally critical remarks it was not a hostile criticism of Socialism. Höchberg, who was particularly anxious to gain adherents for the cause in academic and cultivated circles, now decided to endeavour to do this by the wholesale distribution of Schäffle's treatise; for he was persuaded that people with a fully developed sense of justice had only to learn more of Socialism in order to become warmly interested in it. Having obtained Schäffle's consent, he therefore ordered no less than 10,000 copies of the *Quintessence of Socialism* from the publisher, which we had forwarded, with the help of all sorts of directories, lists of addresses, etc., to budding and

officiating lawyers, doctors, professors, etc., all over Germany.

These volumes cannot have made an excessive number of converts, but as regards some of those who received them, the seed may have fallen on good soil, and in any case this was a first step towards the revival of Socialist propaganda under the ban of the "exceptional laws." Not contented with distributing Schäffle's little book in Germany, Höchberg also got Benoît Malon to translate it into French, with the assistance of Mme Malon, at his expense.

For the German public he now founded a scientific periodical, which was published by a Zürich publishing house under the title of *Jahrbuch der Social wissenschaft und Sozialpolitik*, and edited by Dr. Ludwig Richter. The first half-volume was scarcely published when this too fell under the ban of the anti-Socialist laws. If the authorities who decreed the prohibition had read the book a little more closely and with a little intelligence they would have thought twice before putting it on the Index, for it contained concessions to the critics of Social Democracy which evoked a great deal of ill-feeling in the Socialist camp.

All this was still in embryo when Höchberg paid a visit to Germany in January 1879, in order to investigate the new conditions on the spot. This journey was to teach him a lesson for which he was not prepared. He remained for a few days in Berlin; and on the second, or, at latest, the third day of his visit, he received an order from the prefecture of police to the effect that he was expelled from Berlin under § 28 of the anti-Socialist laws, and must leave the city within so many hours. The paragraph referred to provided for the expulsion of "Persons from whom danger to the public order or security is to be feared."

The quiet scholar, whose ideology was based wholly

upon ethics, was a danger to the public "order or security" of the capital!

Now Höchberg had made the acquaintance of the prefect of the Berlin police, Herr von Madai, as he had formerly been prefect in Frankfurt, and had not disdained to avail himself of frequent invitations to dinner at the houses of the Frankfurt bankers. It was in such society that Höchberg had met him. He now called upon him, and requested to be told how it was that he was threatened with expulsion; what he was supposed to have done in Berlin that was contrary to law and order, that such a measure should be evoked against him. "Oh," was the reply, "of course you haven't done anything directly inimical to order. But you have been in the company of Messrs. A, B, and C, and they are people whom we know to be Socialists, who used to belong to the 'Mohren Club,' and possibly still belong to it." The "Mohren Club" was the name adopted by a group of Socialists, most of them present or past students, who in the winter of 1877 and the spring of 1878 used to meet weekly in the Mohren-Strasse (Street of the Moors), for purposes of social entertainment, and for the discussion of theoretical questions; and some of them continued their meetings, which were not in any way culpable, even after the promulgation of the anti-Socialist laws. Because Höchberg, who had repeatedly been a guest of the Club, had called upon some of its individual members, who had not themselves been regarded as sufficiently dangerous to merit expulsion, he had suddenly been ordered to leave the city, without examination or trial, and his expulsion had been announced in the Press. This exploit on the part of the police was probably undertaken with the idea of punishing a wealthy Socialist for the support which he had obtained for the outlawed party; but the reports as to Höchberg's intercourse

with the Socialists had undoubtedly been furnished by a student who turned out, later on, to have been bought by the police.

After Höchberg's return from Germany it soon became obvious that we should not be able to continue living in Casa in Valle. His health was becoming visibly worse, and his energies were diminishing more and more as a result of his starvation diet. Since no amount of preaching could avail to wean him from it, I tried finally to do so by a *coup d'état*. One day Höchberg came to me with a telegram in his hand, and said excitedly: "Good God, my brother is coming to Lugano! I must do everything I can to recover strength; I can't receive him in this condition." I appeared to be as surprised as I could, but in reality my only feeling was one of satisfaction. A letter from myself to Dr. Karl Flesch, in which I explained the state of affairs, and declared that assistance was urgently necessary, had not remained without effect. Flesch had put me into communication with Höchberg's younger brother, and the latter had forthwith decided to come to Lugano himself, on the ingenious pretext of a necessary business visit to Milan. As one result of his visit Höchberg at once made some alteration in his manner of living; and he then began seriously to consider the question of removing to some other locality. The climate of Lugano had not turned out to be so mild as he had anticipated; but the delays in the postal service were even more disturbing. We ought at once to settle down in some part of Switzerland where there was a better postal connection with Germany.

To me this was not particularly welcome. I had gradually advanced so far in the Italian language that a few months longer in an Italian-speaking country would have enabled me to speak Italian with a fair degree of facility. To discontinue the use of the

language suddenly at this stage would mean that I should be in danger of forgetting the little I had picked up; and this apprehension proved to be only too well founded.

Moreover, the spring was returning, and the luxurious vegetation of Lugano was breaking forth with increasing vigour. Even by the end of March the camellias were beginning to bloom in the open air; in the terraced hillside garden of the Villa Riva camellia bushes of prodigious dimensions were now a splendour of blossoms. At the same time the fruit trees of the lower slopes of Monte Bré were beginning to blossom, which greatly increased the charm of the view over mountain and lake from Casa in Valle. Some fifty yards below our house they were beginning to build a villa; lighters brought lime and stone from various parts to the beach, and working women carried the material in baskets up the winding paths of the mountain-side. Coming up they naturally walked slowly, step by step, bent in silence beneath their heavy loads; but going down with empty baskets most of them sang verses of one of their folk-songs, in the long-drawn minor tones peculiar thereto; and it was a most fascinating sight to see them wandering light-footed down the winding track. All these things combined to make it difficult for me to tear myself away from Castagnola.

It was a consolation that we were going to Geneva. But I was not thinking of the beauty of the country-side surrounding Geneva, and even its more stirring political life seemed to me at first of secondary importance; I was thinking chiefly, in a wholly crude and utilitarian fashion, of the possibilities of perfecting myself in another foreign language—namely, the French. But this was not to be. Höchberg did indeed go to Geneva in order to look for lodgings there, while I

stayed at home packing trunks and boxes against our removal. Then suddenly a telegram arrived: "We are going to Zürich, come on there as quickly as possible." I was flabbergasted; my hopes were dashed to the ground. I had conceived an absurd prejudice against Zürich as the result of a passing remark made by an acquaintance of mine; I had no suspicion that the friendly city on the Limmat would grow so dear to my heart that it seems to me even to-day like another home. However, there was no choice, and since the Gotthard Pass was once more blocked—this time by a spring snowfall—I travelled by way of Milan, Turin, and Geneva to the Swiss Athens, which was to be my dwelling-place for nine years. I entered Zürich with much the same feelings as those which the patriarch Jacob must have experienced when he sought Rachel for his wife and was given Leah.

CHAPTER IV

IN ZÜRICH

ZÜRICH, in the year when I first arrived there—in 1879—was almost as different from the Zürich of to-day as the Lugano of that period from Lugano as it is to-day. It contained, with its eight or nine still independent suburbs, little more than half the number of inhabitants which Greater Zürich, now united with the suburbs, can boast of at the present time. It lacked as yet a considerable proportion of the splendid buildings and tasteful pleasure-grounds which adorn it to-day, and the great majority of its dwelling-houses and business quarters still displayed a sort of local colour. In the southern portion of the city, it is true, there were already, in the Bahnhofstrasse, and a few small side streets which stood in architectural relationship to it, many fine buildings in the modern or the pseudo-classic style. And in the suburbs, as well as on the adjacent heights, there was no lack of villas, some of which were even palatial; but the great majority of dwelling-houses and business houses alike were to be found either in the narrow, crooked streets of the old hilly town, where, indefensible as they might be from the hygienic point of view, they were of the greatest interest as memorials of a past civilisation, or in the new streets, which were then only partially built, in which case they were mostly a sort of cross between a modern city dwelling-house and the type of house to be met with in a country town. The Zürich of those days was, to a great extent, a com-

bination of village, market-town, and capital. In some places the meadows and vineyards extended into Greater Zürich, almost reaching the bounds of the old city, and any one visiting the tomb of the gifted Georg Büchner, which was situated on the Germaniahügel on the Zürichberg, past the suburb of Fluntern, still came upon genuine farmhouses of the well-known Swiss type. Now that part of the hill which lies about Büchner's grave, and which was in those days a wilderness, is covered with villas, between which a road leads past their beautiful gardens, affording a most delightful walk in summer. But if one escapes from this confusion of villas and seeks out the grave, it is difficult to recover the mood which the latter once evoked, in its lonely situation, in the wanderer who reached it from Fluntern or Oberstrass, over the heather-clad slopes. For him it was a place of repose; for the wanderer of to-day it is scarcely an occasion for a moment's halt, and of the many thousands who vouchsafe it a glance only a very few know anything definite of the poet who wrote the tragedy *Dantons Tod*, as well as the revolutionary *Landbote Hessische*, and to whom Georg Herwegh dedicated the noble poem beginning with the words:

> "So once again a splendour is laid low,
> Again thou robb'st us of a halo'd head;
> The viper 'twixt thy feet may scathless go;
> The nestling eagle dies beneath thy tread."[1]

From this poem, too, were borrowed the lines engraved on the tombstone:

> "An uncompleted song the grave receives:
> His noblest poems are not those he leaves."[2]

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[1] "So hat ein Purpur wieder fallen müssen,
Hast eine Krone wieder uns geraubt,
Du schonst die Schlange zwischen deinen Füssen,
Und trittst dem jungen Adler auf das Haupt."

[2] "Ein unvollendet Lied sinkt er ins Grab,
Der Verse schönsten nimmt er mit hinab."

Herwegh also had found a second home in Zürich. The house which he finally inhabited stood on the upper edge of a green slope opposite the Canton school, and in my time it was as open there as in the lifetime of the "great Swabian child." To-day it is surrounded by University buildings.

A similar fate has overtaken many houses which, when I knew them, were beyond the precincts of the city, and were surrounded by gardens or uncultivated land. Again, many houses and groups of houses which were still standing in my time have been fated to disappear in order that the streets might be widened, and all sorts of interesting corners and houses with a history went to join the kingdom of the Past during the years when Zürich was in process of being transformed into Greater Zürich, growing in all directions and in all sorts of ways, and becoming, in a greater degree than before, a centre of industry and a resort of foreigners.

In every respect the Zürich of 1879 was a different city from the Zürich of to-day. To take only the outer aspect of the city, there was then no trace of the splendid quay which now extends to such a length along the shore of the Lake of Zürich. The shore then offered a very chaotic picture; in one place the wall of a garden met the eye, in another a stretch of uncultivated land, and here and there stood houses built directly upon the edge of the lake. The garden of the old Concert Hall also ran right down to the lake. The hall itself, a very much plainer building than its successor on the Alpenkai, stood where now the Utokai branches off from the Bellevueplatz. But one heard good music even in those days in the old Concert Hall, and with the simplicity many of the charms have disappeared. On summer evenings, when concerts were held in the garden, a number of pleasure boats always collected inshore. The people in the boats enjoyed the music

on the water, and in the intervals paddled up to the balustrade of the garden, so that a waiter could reach drinks down to them; or sometimes they chatted with members of the audience who stood by the balustrade. It was all very cheerful. When I first became closely acquainted with the lake—and I became very intimate with it in the course of time—the summer evenings upon the water provided one of my favourite recreations. They were glorious. One rowed quickly out over the wide-spreading waters, and surrendered oneself to the magic of the night, which was only enhanced by the snatches of music wafted from the distance; and, presently, rowing back again, one listened, at a suitable distance, to one or two items of the programme, finally rowing so close to the garden that one's attention was once more diverted from the music by all that was going on around one. The new Concert Hall is a handsomer building than the old, and affords a still more captivating outlook upon the Alps, but homeliness and comfort have been sacrificed in the change of locality.

One might say the same thing of various alterations which distinguish the new Zürich from the old. It is painful for the nature-loving wanderer to find that large tracts of the beautiful wooded portions of the Zürichberg are to-day private property, surrounded by wire fencing; and there are certainly many who would be willing to forgo the larger and more smartly appointed inns of the present time for the very much simpler establishments of the old days, where one sat upon a roughly-made bench at a rough wooden table, and where one could obtain little more than plain wine, bread, and cheese, could one only do away with the aforesaid fences. There are those who would make the exchange even without this negative addition. How exhilarating it used to be to rest on the summit, when as yet no cog-wheel railway ran up to it; where one could commune

in thought, over a simple glass of wine, with our princes of poetry, in whose days the outlook was essentially the same as then!

In this respect, indeed, social life underwent less alteration during the first eight decades of the nineteenth century than in the following lustrum.

Other times, other contrivances. Now one not only rides to the summit on the cog-wheel railway, but from another part one can take the train for some distance up the Zürichberg, nearly as far as the garden hostelry now known as Beau Séjour. In my time the natives called it the "Rinderknecht"; not because of any prejudice against the French language, but with reference to the proprietor. To-day, perhaps, the train goes even farther up the hill, and for people to whom climbing is difficult this would certainly be a great advantage. And no architectural changes can rob of its beauty the wonderful view from the Zürichberg, across the lake, of the peaks of the Alpine chain that runs through central Switzerland and over the Albis range to Rigi, Pilatus, and the Berner Alps. But the nearer surroundings have to my eyes lost much of their charm.

It is as well that human beings die. Every man becomes a romantic when he has passed his fiftieth year. However closely the intellect keeps step with the times, the emotions are more and more concerned with the past. But in the meantime a new generation has arisen which knows nothing of this past, and which can find no place for the things that have endeared themselves to the old.

The Zürich of 1879 had no more thought of a railway up the Zürichberg than of tram-lines through the city and the more or less level suburbs. But the people of Zürich did not seem to feel the lack of them very seriously. The traffic between the city and the suburbs was not particularly heavy; apparently a certain commercial decentralisation went with the communal decentralisa-

[illegible] I did not greatly trouble the native of Zürich [illegible] a great part of its city was built on hilly ground, [illegible] many of its streets were always climbing up or down hill.

It was otherwise with the natives of Berlin, accustomed to convenience of communication, when they came to Zürich. "Zürich would be a very nice town," said a countryman of mine one day, who had come from the Athens on the Spree to the Athens on the Limmat, and with whom I was walking through the city, "if only it had not so many hills." I, in the meantime, had already become so acclimatised to Zürich that I might have reminded my reminder, with a slight variation, in the words of the poet: "Was euch es widrig macht, macht mir es wert" (That which mislikes you makes me like it).

At my hotel in Zürich I put up at the Sign of the Stork, which is in the Weinplatz, opposite the Sign of the Storch, which we Germans know from the biographies of Lessing and Fichte. My quarters in the little-known Stork Street were to afford me an unexpected benefit.

As I was going out on the day after my arrival to look [illegible] it occurred to me that although it was a [illegible] the streets were full of children disporting [illegible] some of them in hetero- [illegible] groups, while many of the boys were carrying [illegible] in their hands. Evidently something unusual was [illegible] In order to learn what it was I turned to one [illegible] I had to repeat my question several [illegible] before he understood what I wanted to know, and [illegible] he rewarded me a reply of which I could make [illegible] "'s isch Sachzelüte." He was not [illegible] what he meant by that; he stuck firmly [illegible] "'s isch Sachzelüte." And every child to whom I addressed the same question during my wanderings

always gave me the stereotyped reply: "'s isch Sachzelüte." I felt almost like the man in Hebel's tale of "Kannitverstan" (Can't understand). At last I asked an adult in the neighbourhood of my hotel, and was informed that it was "Sechseläuten," and that a "Bög" would be burned in the evening on the Limmat. The Sechseläuten, or rather the Sechstührläutenfest (festival of the six-o'clock bell), is a festival dating from the days of the guilds, which is held on the first Monday in spring, when the close of the working day is announced by pealing the bells at six o'clock in the evening. The guilds which are still extant in Zürich have long ago lost all economic and political significance, but every year they hold their festival on the evening of the appointed day by a feast, accompanied—in my time, at least—by festive drinking. It is a whole holiday for the school children, who dress themselves up and wear masks, sometimes forming processions in characteristic costume, while every fourth or fifth year all Zürich takes part in a procession, of great and small, all in costume, which always expresses some definite idea, and in which the wealthier participators often display the greatest luxury in their appointments. For the people, the conclusion of the festival is the solemn burning of the "Bög," a dummy stuffed with inflammable materials and fireworks, which represents some generally unpopular person, tendency, or power. On this occasion the burning of the "Bög" was intended as a demonstration against the old Zürich theatre, which certainly looked, from the outside, more like a stables than a theatre, and whose capacity and internal appointments no longer sufficed to satisfy the requirements of the people. Without wishing to dissent from this opinion, I may nevertheless mention that I have witnessed many performances in this old building which have given me the greatest satisfaction. Precisely because the theatre

was only of moderate size, it was possible, for instance, in dialogue, to develop a feeling of intimacy between the stage and the auditorium which made for delicacy of acting, and in opera again the beauty of many voices was realised to much greater advantage in a small space than in the large opera-houses. The performances of opera in Zürich, under the management of Lothar Kempter, were often admirable, as regards both orchestra and soloists. The chorus, to be sure, not infrequently observed a great deal too closely the rule of the great Aristotle, in that it excited terror and compassion. But that had nothing to do with the cubic capacity of the theatre.

Still, the theatre was to be symbolically destroyed, so that the "Bög" of 1879 was made in the likeness of Winter, an old man with white hair and beard, who sat on a shallow lighter holding a model of the theatre in his lap. The lighter was anchored in the Limmat opposite the Stork Hotel, and towards evening enormous crowds collected on either bank, in order to witness the *auto-da-fé*, which was to take place, according to programme, on the approach of darkness. Since my room in the hotel overlooked the river, I was able to enjoy the spectacle admirably from my window. Fireworks had been provided with no niggardly hand, and when old Winter, spouting fire, cast a brilliant illumination on the thousands thronging upon the banks, and the surrounding buildings, or revealed them only in outline, the spectacle was really a fine one. I had not imagined that I should be favoured with such an entertainment so soon after my arrival.

When I proceeded to look for lodgings, my experience in respect of the language of the country was much the same as when I was inquiring as to the meaning of the "Sachzelüte." I had not as yet the least notion of Zürich German, and as I had never learned any

middle High German at school, I often had some difficulty in understanding the Zürich landladies. "Ach, sie verstahe kei Züritütsch, ich kann auch hochdütsch zu Ihne rede" (Ah, you don't understand Zürich German; but I can talk High German as well), replied one of these ladies, when I asked her if she would kindly speak a little more slowly, since I could not follow her very well. And she inundated me with an explanation in the idiom which she called "hochdütsch," but which was not much more comprehensible than her native speech. In connection with another landlady, I had the following experience: I found her at her front door, and began to negotiate with her as to the monthly rent of the three rooms that Höchberg and I required. She named a sum which I understood as eighty francs, which I declared satisfactory if we could come to an understanding in respect of other points. But scarcely had I repeated the amount when a man, who was likewise standing in the doorway, began to make repeated signs to me as I discussed the other points under consideration. Was the house verminous, or had some one hanged himself in it? I thought; but I did not allow myself to be influenced by those signs, as apart from them I found that the rooms were not what I was looking for. I told the woman that I should have to talk the matter over with my friend, and went my way. A glance behind me informed me that the gentleman of the doorway was following me; and as I thereupon diminished my pace, the unknown plucked up courage and addressed me: "Sie!" "What can I do for you?" I inquired. "Sie," he replied, "sie hett ja nit gesagt, achtzig franke, sie hett gesagt *sachzig* Franke" (She didn't say eighty francs, she said sixty francs). The worthy fellow had been disturbed by the idea that I might be sacrificed to a misunderstanding. I thanked him, of course, for his benevolent forethought.

To the German, and particularly to the North German, who comes to Zürich knowing nothing of the Zürich dialect, it is not easy to understand the latter. That it is, apart from a few peculiarities of expression, not merely a sort of jargon, but an historical national speech, with regular inflections, is a thing that very few people realise. To these it sounds ugly, and seems merely the language of careless or uneducated people. And undoubtedly the Swiss-German as it is spoken in Zürich and other cantons of Switzerland has many unbeautiful characteristics. No one will regard the pronunciation of *ch* as a guttural, the flattening of *i* into *u*, and *e* or *ä* into *ö* as an embellishment of the German language. But any one who refuses to be deterred by these and other externalities from entering into the spirit of the Swiss-German dialect will find much that is estimable in its forms of expression and its syntax, a combination of strength and sincerity which is wanting in literary German, and which enables one to understand why *Schweizerdeutsch* is spoken not only by the lower classes of society, but also by its cultivated elements in private intercourse. I had the good fortune while in Switzerland to mix with people who had proved themselves to be truly masters of the German language in the literary sense—and also, if it comes to that, as speakers. But even these—for example, the late regretted Theodor Curti, sometime editor and afterwards director of our *Frankfürter Zeitung*, who could hold his own as a prose-writer and as a poet, in respect of style and wealth of expression, with any true German —used to speak Swiss-German, or what we understand as Low German, in his intercourse with his fellow-countrymen. On the other hand, with many Germans it has happened as with me. It was only in the land of the Alps that I first acquired an understanding of and a feeling for the dialect.

If I had time I should much like to draw a philological comparison between the relation of Swiss-German to German and that of the *dialetto milanese* spoken in the Ticino to the literary *lingua Toscana*. To the novice many points of similarity occur. In both cases we have the modification of the vowels into flattened diphthongs and the tendency to contract words by the elision of vowels or final syllables. In Casa in Valle I once heard a youth who was climbing the hillside call out to a friend who was sitting at the window of the neighbouring house: "'ndemm." I pondered for a long time over this, wondering what he could possibly have meant, until I concluded by analogy that I had heard a contracted form of "andiamo." The name Bernstein, with its conjunction of the four consonants *r*, *n*, *s*, *t*, presents an insuperable difficulty to any Italian tongue. Some people get over it by inserting an *e* between the *r* and the *n*; others simplify matters by simply omitting the *n* following the *r*. I was not a little surprised one day when I heard some one before our house repeatedly calling out "Besténg," and realised that this was intended for my name. One of M. d'Arcès' workwomen, who had a message for me, had made short work of my name in the spirit of the popular etymology of the Milanese dialect.

How do the people remodel such foreign words as they absorb into their language? Any one who will follow this process attentively—and it is always going on, despite all efforts to purify the language—will discover, without being a philologist, that it proceeds according to definite rules, which the man of the people follows without being conscious of them. When the worthy Stefanina dropped the *r* as well as the *n* from the middle of my name and pronounced the *ei* as *e*, she merely gave it the form adapted to the spirit of the Italian language. But the final *n* is always given a

nasal pronunciation wherever the Milanese dialect is spoken. Thus, for example, since in this dialect the *u* is modified and the final vowel elided, Lugano, on the lips of its inhabitants, becomes Lügang. The Bernese dialect of Swiss-German turns the Italian *fazzoletto* (pocket-handkerchief) into *fazinetli*, while in the Zürich dialect the French *pois verts* becomes *Bouverli*.

To the native of Zürich High German is a foreign tongue which he has to learn. When a German friend of mine, in the house of a Genevan lady, from whom she was taking lessons in French, addressed an eight-year-old native of Zürich, who brought her some message or other, in High German, the child answered, in a bewildered fashion: "Ich verstah kei Französisch nüt."

. . . . . .

The political life of Zürich was at a low ebb in the eighties of the nineteenth century. The Democratic Party of the Canton, which at the time of the revision of the Constitution in 1869 had won for Zürich the most democratic form of Constitution then conceivable, and which, when it came into power, under the leadership of a succession of distinguished politicians, pursued a truly enlightened policy of reform, was, about the middle of the seventies, as the result of a concatenation of deserved and undeserved reverses, overthrown by a coalition of its opponents, and deprived of its powers of recovery. It was not responsible for the reaction upon the business life of Zürich of the commercial crisis which had supervened in Germany and Austria; yet its fate was not wholly undeserved by reason of the circumstance that the collapse of its fundamentally mistaken railway enterprise, hastened by this business crisis, might be placed to its account. On a small scale the same amalgamation of railway interests with political and party interests took place in the Zürich of the seventies that we have seen accomplished in various

greater States. In order to make it possible to work against the party control of the Swiss North-Eastern Railway, which was controlled by the Liberal-Conservatives, a competing line was founded known as the National Railway. Its main line was to run from the Bodensee past Winterthur and Baden in the Aargau, avoiding the city of Zürich, into Central and Western Switzerland. Avoiding the city of Zürich: for the idea of being able to reject the Liberal-Conservative capital of the canton in favour of Winterthur, which was at that time the headquarters of the Democratic Party, had been the intellectual Hamartia of the latter, the great strategical blunder, thanks to which the financial ruin of the National Railway might lead to their political ruin. Hence the opposition existing between the National Railway and the North-Eastern Railway had to the popular mind become synonymous with that of the Democratic Party and the Liberal-Conservative Party. And the North-Eastern Railway had proved to be the stronger; its shares maintained themselves at a moderate height, while fortunes were lost by the shareholders of the National Railway.

Almost simultaneously with the Democratic Party the Social Democratic Labour movement of the Canton of Zürich, which in the political conflict leant upon the Democratic Party, found itself very scant of breath. At first it was hampered, as was the Democratic Party, by the commercial depression then extending all over Europe; but from 1878 onwards its difficulties were greatly aggravated by the German anti-Socialist legislation. But there was not as yet such a thing as a genuine Swiss Social Democratic Party. The Grütliverein was a specifically Swiss political organisation, which recruited its members almost exclusively from the working classes and the lower middle class; but it was in the meantime leading a very passive existence In the Swiss Workers'

League (Arbeiterbund), founded in 1874, which included all sections of the working classes—political societies, trade unions, educational societies; benevolent societies —and was intended to be a militant alliance, the German element was preponderant, with the German-Austrian element, which was completely assimilated thereto. It was not that the Germans and Austrians constituted the majority of the workers employed in the canton; but for various reasons, which, among other things, were connected with the arrangement for relief in their home districts, most of the Swiss workers lacked the inducement to join an avowedly militant organisation, and those who did so felt themselves in a minority even when they were not so in reality.

And here the difference of language already described played a decisive part. In all organisations not specifically national literary German was, if not statutorily prescribed, at least, in the nature of things, the language required for purposes of debate, and the result of this was that the Swiss, although they could perfectly well understand literary German, and could also speak it quite readily, were very unwilling to take part in any discussion. For a long time I could not quite understand this, until one day a Swiss of great literary culture, and quite free from prejudice, explained that he always felt disconcerted in the society of Germans, even when they were friends of his, because he could not get rid of the idea that he would make some linguistic blunder as soon as he opened his mouth. If this is true of a man who has formed himself upon the best German stylists, and writes the most exquisite German, we can imagine how a working man, innocent of literary culture, would be affected. It was only now that I began to understand the true significance of the many bitter complaints of the German workers' "gift of the gab." Even if the Swiss workers who joined organisations of mixed

nationality were treated with the greatest consideration, this would not alter the fact that they—a few individuals excepted—would not feel properly at home in such surroundings, but rather oppressed and ill at ease. And such a feeling is not conducive to correct judgment.

However, the difficulties of language alone would scarcely have been enough to produce this feeling had not the Swiss people in general regarded the Germans with fear or suspicion. Germany and the Germans were not only disliked by the Swiss people; by many they were actually hated. This aversion is to a great extent an historical inheritance, and may be explained by the relations which so long existed between Switzerland and the old Empire. The Swiss, while independent of the Empire, have always felt themselves threatened or oppressed, and have regarded the Empire with fear, which always gives rise to a feeling of hatred. They knew little that was good of the Empire, which they regarded as the ally of their domestic oppressors, while France, under the Bourbons, offered them commercial advantages, and, in the great Revolution, became their liberator. This historical relation between the two adjacent countries, as Theodor Curti once pointed out to me, has even found expression in the speech of the people. If the young Switzer wants to go abroad, he says, if France is his destination, "I am going *into* France"; but if he elects to go to Germany, he says, "I am going *out* to Germany." This differentiation, quite unconscious to-day, betrays a difference of feeling which needs very little encouragement to transform itself into a conscious aversion. It revealed itself in elemental fashion at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. When in January 1871 the Germans of the Empire celebrated their victory over France in the Zürich Concert Hall, there was a hostile demonstration

on the part of the populace which almost amounted to a veritable riot.

This incident was not yet ten years old when I arrived in Zürich, and the prejudice against the "Swabians" (Schwaben), as the Germans were called collectively, was still fairly strong. But in the practical relations of everyday life its expression was not more disagreeable than that of the similar feeling then entertained in the "great Württemberg canton" in respect of the North Germans. Yet, in spite of this, Germans of truly liberal sentiments felt quite at home in Switzerland. A German aristocrat of liberal opinions who was living in Zürich, who published a newspaper in which he revealed himself as a pitiless critic of all that displeased him in the manners, institutions, and politics of the Swiss, replied, when some one once asked him what he would do if he was suddenly transported to Germany: "I should crawl back into Switzerland on all fours." This original gentleman ended his life upon Swiss soil. He was a scion of the noble Silesian house of Rotkirch, but as a writer he was known by the name of von Taur, which was a secondary family title. His journal, the *Schweizerische Handelszeitung*, had only a small circulation and a moderate range, but was read with attention, as the carefully considered judgments of such matters as came within the editor's competence were greatly valued, and he was known to be incorruptible. There can scarcely have been a second editor of a commercial newspaper so inaccessible to his clients as von Taur. Every attempt on the part of bank directors or the managers of business establishments to obtain personal interviews with him was regarded by him as an insult, and decisively repulsed. In the newspaper published by this peculiar character a Swiss journalist, a Democrat, with whom I was soon to become acquainted, and who is still an

intimate friend of mine, first revealed his remarkable talents as a political humorist. Reinhold Ruegg was the son of a schoolmaster and was educated for the same profession, but in the days of the struggle for Zürich's democratic Constitution he played an active part in the campaign, and afterwards applied himself to political journalism. For a long time he was a contributor to the Winterthur *Landbote*, which was then the chief organ of the Zürich, indeed one might say of the Swiss Democratic Party. Among the editors of this paper was the admirable Friedrich Albert Lange, the author of *Labour Problems* and the *History of Materialism*. To the conception of democracy which was then defended in the *Landbote*, and which was not differentiated from Social Democracy by any sharp dividing line, Ruegg has remained faithful all his life. His ardent sympathy for all honourable movements of liberation has prevented the sceptical flavour which pervades his humorous work from degenerating into the cynicism of the professional jester.

In company with Theodor Curti, who held similar opinions, Ruegg started a newspaper in Zürich at the beginning of the year 1879. This was the *Züricher Post*, which represented the cause of democracy as he understood it. Under the editorship of these two, it soon won a considerable position in the world of Swiss journalism. It is true that the *Züricher Post* was too much the organ of definite opinions to achieve a wide circulation, but it created too great an impression to be ignored. The active politician on the staff was Curti, who, before long, was elected to the Swiss National Council. He was much tied by parliamentary activities, which possessed no more than a moderate interest for Ruegg. At one in their way of thinking, in temperament the two editors of the *Post* were as different as can be imagined. This was sometimes exemplified in an

amusing fashion in their newspaper. Ruegg, in his "turnover," would now and again rebel, in a witty and ironical manner, against the over-estimation of the guerilla warfare of Parliament in Curti's political articles and letters, whereupon Curti would make a somewhat learned rejoinder, the point of which would pass unperceived by the uninitiated. Curti had the foundations of a great parliamentary style, which impelled him to devote himself to creative legislative work, and by his activities in this direction he had won the right to claim election to the Federal Council; but the Liberal-Radical Party, who disposed of the majority in the National Council, felt that he was too turbulent a spirit to make it possible for them to place him on their list of candidates, and the Labour Party, which would willingly have elected him, although he was not a member of it, had as yet sufficient strength to enforce its choice.

Of all the Swiss whom I met in Zürich only a few seemed to me to be men who gained upon closer acquaintance in the same degree as the editors of the *Züricher Post*. They were both men of real culture, with a broad outlook, and each, in his own fashion, was an acceptable neighbour to a Socialist. Curti, later on, at the desire of Leopold Sonnemann, resigned his mandate as delegate to the National Council and his position as member of the Government of his native canton, St. Gallen, in order to become director of the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, and to uphold the traditions of this newspaper as they existed at its best period. On the eve of the Great War he resigned this position just in time, for it would have been difficult for him to avoid conflict with the present owners of the paper. As a Swiss he was free from any bias with regard to Germany, and was often a severe critic of French policy. But he was a Democrat to the backbone, and could never, amongst other things,

overlook what was done in Belgium. With surprising swiftness, and all too early for those who knew him, he died last year of a weakness of the heart.

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I had only been a short time in Zürich when I first heard Theodor Curti as a speaker at a great popular demonstration. This was a manifestation against the reintroduction of the death penalty. The Conservatives had taken advantage of the occurrence of certain murders in order to set the popular initiative [1] in operation, with a view to cancelling the paragraph in the Federal Constitution which made it impossible for the individual cantons to introduce the death penalty within their jurisdiction. They had obtained sufficient signatures to enforce the Referendum; hence the demonstration. Besides Curti, the poet Gottfried Kinkel was speaking; he was then living in Zürich, where he occupied the chair of the History of Art in the Federal Polytechnic. To the present generation Kinkel is almost unknown. But in those days it was not yet forgotten that he had taken part in the rising in Baden and the Palatinate when those countries demanded the Constitution of the Empire; that he was taken prisoner, and condemned to imprisonment for life by the Rastatt court-martial. This sentence was commuted by a rescript of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia to a term of penal servitude, and it was only a bold *coup de main* on the part of Karl Schürz that saved him from years of a convict's life in Spandau until the promulgation of a possible amnesty. Of course, in Radical circles they knew all manner of things concerning his infirmities, and Karl Marx had overwhelmed him with derision on this account; in *Herr Vögt*, which appeared in 1860, he called him "the passion-flower of German Philistinism,"

[1] In most of the Swiss cantons the rights of democracy are safeguarded by the Popular Initiative and the Referendum.—(*Trans.*)

and even Freiligrath speaks ironically enough of him in his letters. So I was all agog to hear the poet of *Otto der Schütz* as a popular speaker.

His voice and appearance qualified him for the post. A tall, broad-shouldered man, he took up his position rather to the front of the platform, and his voice was clear and powerful. But an exaggerated theatrical emotionalism betrayed the speaker of 1848. This was not to the taste of his Swiss audience, neither could it win the approval of Social Democrats of the Lassalle-Marxian school. Even a well-meaning pamphlet which Kinkel wrote against the death sentence failed of effect because of the unfortunate tone in which it was conceived. The reactionary initiative obtained the majority in the Referendum, because the Radical cantons of West Switzerland, although they had no desire to restore the death penalty at home, voted for it out of hostility to the centralism of the Federal Constitution.

Shortly after this meeting I made Kinkel's personal acquaintance; and I must say, to his credit, that his demeanour in respect of our persecuted Social Democracy was extremely proper. But his manner in social intercourse made a comical impression on me whenever I met him. It confirmed what I read later on in a letter of Freiligrath's: "He must walk on stilts; he can't do otherwise." And that Kinkel, when he once had to give a lecture in German before the Workers' Union in Zürich, should have chosen as his subject Theodor Körner, a brave fellow, but without significance in respect of the problems of our times, and of no great importance as a poet, struck me as rather humorous.

At all events, Kinkel, after wavering somewhat in 1866, found his way back to the Democratic Party, while the majority of the departed "forty-niners" who settled in Zürich in his time strayed off into the camp of the National Liberals after the victories of 1866 and 1870.

Among the faithful, I became acquainted with the erstwhile Prussian artillery captain, Freiherr von Beust, who, in 1848, had played a prominent part in various popular insurrections, and had been three times sentenced to death *in contumacio*. As a fugitive, he worked for a long time in Zürich as teacher in one of the schools established by Frōbel, which he took over after Frōbel's death, introducing still further developments of the Frōbelian education by intuition, so that the school became widely known abroad, and was often visited by foreigners. Beust—he had laid aside his title—was helped in the school by his wife, a cousin of Friedrich Engels, in character and appearance a genuine Rheinlander, as described in the lines by Simrock :

> "Lo, the maids are so frank and the men are so free,
> 'Tis surely a noble race."

A characteristic remark of hers illustrates her manner of thinking. The Beusts had repeatedly given the German Socialists living in Zürich a highly acceptable proof of the fact that they regularly employed Socialist teachers in their school. One of these teachers, for whose appointment I was partly responsible, had not behaved very well to the Beusts. When Frau Beust told me of his dismissal, she added, "He was an unpolished customer, and that really prejudiced me in his favour, but I have been forced to realise that one can be a churl and yet, at the same time, very insidious."

The Beusts' school was attended almost exclusively by the children of well-to-do Germans living in Zürich. In very many cases, however, the choice of this school was due less to the preference evinced by the parents of these children for the Beust educational method, than to a rather strong dose of snobbishness. In Zürich the schools are of uniform type, and even quite wealthy Swiss people send their children without hesita-

tion from the very first to the ordinary *Volksschule*. But it does not suit the majority of the middle-class Germans to allow their children to receive their education side by side with the children of the proletariat, so they are sent to the Beusts' school. Whether this is still the case, I do not know. Freiherr von Beust and his wife have long ago departed this life, and a son, who was also a teacher in the school, and as such gave promise of great distinction, died in his early youth.

There were two other distinguished persons whose acquaintance I made in Zürich, but I had better speak of them when describing the rise of the Social Democratic colony, which from 1879 onwards made Zürich unsafe, and whose centre was the " Olympus " on the higher slopes of the Wolfbach at Hottingen.

CHAPTER V

LIFE AND WORK IN ZÜRICH

WHEN the memorial to Freiherr von Stein was uncovered in Berlin, in the year 1877, I heard an apprentice ask his companion, as the two were gazing at the memorial on the following day, "Du, wen soll denn der da vorstellen?" (Look here, who's that there meant for?) To which the other replied, "Det weeste nich? Det ist der Jeneral Stein." (Don't you know? That's General Stein.)

I was reminded of this conversation when I stood some eight years later before the memorial column on the Platzpromenade of Zürich, which exhibits a bas-relief of the poet Gessner, famed for his idyllic verse. Two boys about fourteen years of age came along. "Du," said one, "wer isch jetzt auch der da?" (Here, who's that?) "Oh," was the reply, "das isch so e Sängervater gsi!" (Oh, that's some choirmaster or other!)

Do not both these replies reveal a trait of popular psychology? In Berlin, the person commemorated must perforce be a general; in Zürich he must be "some choirmaster or other."

And indeed the North German who comes to Zürich is astonished that the statues of the city are mostly those of composers and conductors. Music plays a great part in the social life of Zürich. Both the great choirs of the city—the mixed choir and the "Harmony"—enjoy a reputation which has travelled far beyond

the frontiers of Switzerland, and the great musical festival of Zürich, which is for the city an event in which everybody is interested, and which is celebrated by decorating the streets with flags, by processions, etc., attracts many well-known foreign guests. A song festival held in Zürich during my residence there, at the beginning of the eighties, attracted the aged Franz Liszt, among others, to the shores of the Zürichsee. And everybody knows the part which Zürich played in the life of Richard Wagner.

Of soldiers, on the other hand, one saw few in Zürich at that time, and what one did see made it obvious that one was in a country where the militia system obtained. Except when on active service no one wore uniform. In the Kronenhalle restaurant, at one time, there was always to be found, towards evening, a little circle of intellectual notables, to whose table I was sometimes invited. One member of this circle was a professor of military science, who was also a colonel in the army. There was nothing in the least military about his bearing, although, as far as externals went, his great height fitted him to be a soldier, as well as his great knowledge of military matters (he was afterwards promoted to the rank of general). To-day militarism seems to have struck its roots deeper into Swiss soil. This little country, with its peace-loving population, which had no more ardent desire than to succeed in holding aloof from the political struggles of its great neighbour States, has not fully escaped the contagion of its surroundings. And to avoid being drawn into the dance for which the militarism of the Great Powers likes to call the tune it has had to pay all sorts of tribute. Yet another illustration of the words of the poet, that the most innocent cannot live in peace if his neighbours are not peaceful.

In the eighties of the last century little of all this

was visible, so that there was not as yet any anti-militarist element in the Swiss Labour movement. Only a few far-sighted persons beheld the treacherous clouds on the horizon. One of them was the Swiss Socialist, Karl Bürkli, who had a pretty fair understanding of military affairs—his essay on *Der Wahre Winkelried* was, in its day, very highly spoken of by Hans Delbrück in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*—and whose name was seldom mentioned without the addition of his military title, "Alt-Landwehr-Hauptmann" (Late Militia-Captain). In our days, now that the United States are on the point of being seriously involved in European politics, it is of interest to note that Bürkli repeatedly declared that the only means by which Switzerland could avoid being drawn into the stream of European politics was to shelter herself beneath the wing of the great Transatlantic Republic, and declare herself as a federated State.

(Since the above lines were written the unrestricted submarine campaign has had the result of causing the United States to join the Powers making war upon Germany. This, at all events, is a thing that old Bürkli would not have dreamed of, but we can imagine what he would have thought of it. He had no national prejudices, but his political sympathies were with the Western nations.)

Karl Bürkli was in many respects an original. A manual worker to begin with, he had, like so many Swiss, travelled widely in his youth. He was devoted to Socialism body and soul, and in Paris he became acquainted with the representatives of the old French Socialism: Étienne Cabet, Victor Considérant, and others; and he took part in a Socialistic colonial expedition to Texas. When he had returned to Zürich, and had thrown himself into the conflict of parties, a hostile pamphleteer bestowed upon him the appellation of

"Alt-Räuber-Hauptmann" (Old Robber-Captain, Old Brigand Chief); but his friends readily adopted this as a suitable nickname, for in spite of his realistic ideas, he was still something of a romantic. As a Socialist he was in essentials a pupil of Charles Fourrier, and shared with his master the attribute of a keen eye for the actual which was often combined with a bold imagination; and he resembled him also in this, that he lacked the capacity to make an orderly statement of his ideas. He had a very fine library, read a great deal, and often carefully pondered over what he had read. But when he wanted to explain his opinions, the brain of this apostle of the doctrine of the sovereignty of the instincts became the theatre of something like the sovereignty of ideas, and he soon came to grief by stumbling over his mutually encroaching conceptions. Like almost all Socialists of the older school, he concerned himself greatly with theories of money and credit, and an essay of his favouring an interest-bearing paper currency funded on the land brought him into violent conflict with us Socialists of the Marxian school. But one could not long be angry with the honest old fellow. He had at least one thing in his favour: he was able to give support to even the most abstruse ideas by means of striking images. If our old robber-captain was announced to speak before the Zürich section of the International, one might be sure that he would put some life into the debate.

Zürich, in the year 1879, still boasted of a section of the old International Workers' Association, which split in two at the Hague Congress of 1872, and two years later expired. It propagated itself like a last rose, because there was a certain need of it. Where would the Socialists of different nationalities who had taken refuge in Zürich come together for common discussion except in an international Society? So the Zürich

section still survived, years after the death of the mother organisation, holding its sessions in the " green Hüsli " on the lower Mühlensteg; when I came to Zürich it used to meet daily in an hotel on the Stüssi Hofstatt. It was there that I first made the acquaintance of the German-Swiss Socialists in their own homes, and heard them express themselves in a language which to me sounded a curious and heterogeneous mixture of literary German and Swiss *patois*.

Generally speaking, I was able to listen to it with pleasure. The language has something pithy about it, and the Swiss differ from German speakers principally by the greater conciseness and pregnancy of their conversation. They do not indulge greatly in rhetoric; one of them, a highly intelligent metal-worker, astonished me by invariably breaking off his discourse, when he had, in his opinion, said what was necessary, by a sort of croak: " Hab g'schlosse ! " (I've finished !)

The Slav element was more strongly represented in the Zürich International than the Swiss; the Russians, of course, being the most numerous. However, at the beginning of the eighties the Russian colony in Zürich boasted of only a few members of international interest. The days were over when Peter Lavroff gathered the young Socialist Russian students of Zürich about him. The learned author of *Historical Letters* was then living in Paris, where he gave lectures in his modest home in the Rue St. Jacques, thereby attracting many educated Russians during the vacations.

Since the International Section could not undertake any sort of practical action, it was, as an association, a mere debating society. All sorts of theoretical questions were discussed, and abstract speculations as to Socialist practice were indulged in. For example, we occupied ourselves for several evenings with the question put forward by Höchberg in the *Jahrbuch für*

Sozialwissenschaft: What would Social Democracy do, at the present stage of its development, if it suddenly had to assume the reins of government? On one of these evenings August Bebel was present; in those days he was travelling for his door-handle business, and combined these business journeys with visits whose object was of a political nature. He listened to us for a time, but did not appear to be much edified by what he heard; in particular, certain ideas unfolded by Karl Kautsky, whom Höchberg had invited to Zürich, and my humble self, relating to the possibilities of the existing state of affairs, did not by any means meet with his approval. They were much too moderate for him, and in his opinion, if we were to come forward in time of revolution with such tame proposals as these, we might possibly be strung up on the lamp-posts. Despite the anti-Socialist laws, Bebel was in those days extremely sanguine. The obstinate persistence of the commercial "slump" gave him reason to hope that capitalistic society would not succeed in recovering from the burden that was weighing upon it, but was hastening towards its dissolution. It was a false calculation, but it endowed this politician, then in the prime of life, with the wonderful driving force which enabled him at that time to perform inestimable services for his party in Germany. The Zürich International, which formed a section of the languishing Swiss Workers' League, was of course unable to breathe any life into the latter. This much-vaunted alliance could no longer be maintained in its traditional form. Not only the League, but its organ, the *Tagwacht*, published in Zürich, was suffering from anæmia. The circumstances of this newspaper were as proletarian as they could possibly be. It was set up on an old-fashioned, hand-worked printing-press, in a little house of almost antediluvian simplicity in the Zeltweg in Hottingen-Zürich. A fairly large room, to

which one gained access by a narrow staircase, served at one and the same time as composing-room, machine-room, and editorial office—as the latter, inasmuch as one corner contained a tall writing-desk of the simplest fashion, and a stool of the same kind for the editor. In the same room, of an evening, in a very indifferent light, the local branch of the Workers' League and other committees held their sessions. Since I took part in the Labour movement immediately after my arrival in Zürich, I participated in many of these branch meetings, which, on account of their general style, always struck me as resembling the meetings of the early Christians. The assemblies of the first Christian communities can scarcely have been much less luxurious than these gatherings.

There was a humorous incident at one of these meetings which must, in its native originality, have been almost unique. A delegate was complaining violently of a resolution passed at the previous session. He was reminded that he and no other was the person who had proposed the resolution. "Why, yes," replied the worthy fellow; "I moved the resolution, but you ought not to have accepted it!"

The editor of the *Tagwacht* was Hermann Greulich, a Silesian by birth, who had come to Zürich as a journeyman bookbinder, and had lived there for many years in thoroughly proletarian and even sub-proletarian surroundings. He married early, and was soon blessed with children. And since he had to feed his elderly relations as well as his children, things were uncommonly "tight" with the household of this unusually talented man; so that he was obliged, when his own calling did not provide him with sufficient employment, to look out for some sort of extra work; and he could not afford to be fastidious. Thus, for a time he roasted coffee for a daily wage. But even as editor of the *Tagwacht* his

...remained problematic. For this newspape...
...which appeared only two or three times a week, in...
...small format, had a limited circulation, and could the...
...low rate, only a very moderate salary. But the dema...
...with men the editor were as great as his salary...
...small, and in addition to producing the paper he ha...
...valuable advocacy of views in connection with agit...
...and organization. The working classes had as y...
...elected for estimating the value of literary...
...even the so-called educated classes entertaine...
...most erroneous opinions in this respect. In sho...
...enough for the men not made easy for our friend...
...he had wanted enough, and for the time be...
...Bright, who valued his intellectual talents at t...
...were, was standing beside him and giving him...
...hand.

Goodwin was in all respects a more lucid th...
...Bright, and he had what Bright lacked—the g...
...and orderly exposition. Some pamphlets th...
...are not notable in this respect, and he was a...
...leaflet is empty of Bright's emptiness; it...
...was responsible for their form. Some of...
...irresistible among the German "Songs of t...
...written by him; among them the haunti...
...in the air of The Watch on the Rhine: "E...
...was Land im Lieb," which has for its re...
...of the workers of Lyons who went on...
..."Schinkel hohn oder klimpend der...
...an irresistible on anvire on combatting...
...about a life full of activity, Greulich is...
...committees of Swiss Social Democracy...
...Council of the Swiss Confederacy, and...
...effectively despite his great age. He...
...whose ideas so only a few have done...

[1] There remains a rail from ha...
[2] Richter by week or in fight...

wandered into Switzerland from Eastern Germany. Not infrequently he will even break into the dialect when speaking " literary German " to his former countrymen.

This absolute assimilation of a foreign tongue is no mere intellectual process. It is also undoubtedly an expression of a psychical quality—I might even say of a temperament. According to my own observations, it is found mostly in people who feel a great need of dependence upon others. A strong-willed person can, of course, by means of study, master the principles of a foreign language, but in spite of this he usually remains cold in his feelings towards it. Improvement in a foreign language, which by no means always coincides with the absorption of its spirit, is in many cases a passive process, which is brought about by the effect of the environment; a sort of unconscious or half-conscious imitation, which is not the same thing as a thorough grasp of the language. Hence the phenomenon that people of scholarly education often prove to be much less adroit in the use of an acquired tongue than people who are only superficially cultured. But for the same reason such people exhibit a very different mastery over their own language to that displayed by half-educated folk.

I obtained some insight into the life and character of the Swiss people, owing to the fact that while I was in Zürich, until the time of my marriage, I always lived with Swiss people.

My very first landlady surprised me one day by the fact that she, a simple woman of the people, was able to express herself in French as well as in her Zürich German. But I did not stay with her long enough to discover how and where she learned French. Probably as a young girl she spent some time in situations in French Switzerland. A very large percentage of the German-Swiss think it advisable to spend some time in " Welsch " (French-speaking) Switzerland, and in the same way

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many young people from French Switzerland obtain situations for a time in German Switzerland, so that they can acquire a thorough knowledge of German. In middle-class families it is a widespread custom to exchange their children, whilst still of tender years, for children of the same social class from the other linguistic division of the Confederacy, so that they may acquire a practical knowledge of the other language. But when one of these children returns home, after an absence of four or five years, he has not infrequently quite forgotten his own language, and at first he is always trying to speak his adopted tongue. But he soon picks up his mother-tongue once more, and in the meantime, having attained to riper years, he retains as much of the other language as will always enable him to make himself understood. The effect of all this is that a great many Swiss are practically bi-lingual.

After lodging for a short time with the above-mentioned landlady, in one of the narrow streets that run upwards from the Limmatkai to the Niederdorfstrasse, I obtained a room in a massive structure in the handsome Bahnhofstrasse which was known as the Zentralhof. This room was on the fourth floor—I have always aimed high in the matter of lodgings—but it was spacious and very well furnished. The ceiling was so beautifully decorated that when Gottfried Kinkel once paid me a chance visit he stood still for quite a long time on entering the room, in order to admire my ceiling. My landlady had rented the whole of the third and fourth floors, and had furnished the rooms excellently, in order to sublet them. But it proved a very bad investment for her, as I learned later on.

This lady came of a patrician family of the Canton Bern, and was afflicted with all the prejudices of her class. She was an arch-Conservative; she was fond of speaking of the Neufchâtel Legitimists, of the Pourtalès,

the Rougemonts, and other aristocrats; she was highly indignant over the mobilisation of the civic property in her home district, and was horrorstruck when I one day explained to her that it would be much more sensible to give up her two big apartments, sell her furniture, set up a shop with the proceeds, and attend to the business with her daughter's help. "What are you thinking of? Keep a shop? Never!" was her indignant reply.

And this same woman performed the roughest and most exhausting household tasks, until she had literally worked herself to death. With her daughter, an innocently lively girl of eighteen years, with a roguish light in her brown eyes, she saw to all the work of the two flats, with no other help than that of a charwoman, who came twice a week for the heavier tasks. It did not, in her eyes, discredit her socially that she and her daughter should act as the lodgers' maid-servants so long as appearances were kept up outside the house. But she was honest to the bone, and was so far from overcharging her lodgers, as I once calculated when discussing her affairs with her, that even if all the rooms had been let and none of the tenants had fallen into arrears with their rent, she would still have been the loser to the amount of nearly thirty pounds a year.

But there were always one or two unlet rooms, and also tenants who fell into arrears—often to a very considerable extent, for they were given a great deal of latitude in the matter of payment. In those days a great deal of credit was given in Zürich. I came across all sorts of cases of incredible dealings on a credit basis. Very significant in this respect was the notice engraved upon a plate which a much-respected democratic scholar and politician, Professor Salomon Vögelin, had attached to his front door: "No surety will be granted here."

How often must he have been asked to go surety

for a loan before he decided to fix such a plate upon his door! Vögelin had originally been a pastor, and as such had subscribed to the radical Reformed Theology of the Zürich school; but he afterwards exchanged the pulpit for the professorial chair, lecturing on the historical criticism of religion. A brilliant speaker, who knew how to flavour his lectures with sarcasm, he was a valued fighter in the ranks of democracy, and was in close sympathy with the Labour movement, at whose congresses he had presented admirable reports on the subject of extending the Factory Acts. Pastors and ex-pastors, more especially apostles of the Reformed Theology, played a considerable part in the Democratic Party of Zürich. The chief organ of the party, the *Winterthur Landbote*, was edited by three ex-pastors, who were often spoken of as "the three worshipful pastors of Gemsberg." Gemsberg was the house in which the *Landbote* was set up. There was no lack either of practising pastors who frankly confessed themselves to be Social Democrats.

How matters had altered since the days of 1839, when a shower of petitions from the Conservatives and religious fanatics succeeded in making it impossible for David Friedrich Strauss, who had been called to the University of Zürich, to take up his appointment! It was a long time before the author of the *Life of Jesus* recovered from the injustice then inflicted upon him, and he held the Republic responsible for it. But when he came to Zürich in the sixties, as a guest, and his admirers made holiday in honour of his visit, the spirit moved him, as after the banquet he climbed the Künstlergasse to the Polytechnic in the company of his hosts, to pay his tribute to the Republic. Near the splendid building erected after the designs of Semper he suddenly stood still and said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you know that I am a strict Monarchist,

and I shall remain one. But when I here see the jewel of Zürich before me, and how upon its hill it lords it over Zürich, then I am forced to say that if we were in a monarchy no college would stand here, but a palace or a barracks."

There is certainly no lack of handsome school buildings in Zürich and the other Swiss cantons. Even in small Swiss market-towns I have seen splendid schoolhouses; but the schoolrooms in Switzerland are used much more frequently than is the case in Germany by societies of all kinds, for congresses, etc., and no exception is made in respect of Socialist conferences. However, in Switzerland the Socialists had already been granted the use even of church premises for their meetings, whereby, of course, such premises were only devoted to a purpose which they had served in an earlier age. And never has a church building served a worthier purpose than did the old Minster in the city of Basle, on the 25th of November 1912, when the best speakers of Social Democracy were enabled to raise their voices in favour of international peace. In the mid-eighties we were permitted to hold a Labour Congress in the sessions hall of the Zürich Assize Court, and the writer of these pages, who was one of the chairmen of the Congress, could not refrain from thinking: "Who knows but one day soon you will have to stand on the other side of that green table?" For I was at that time a wicked political malefactor.

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In the school buildings of the town of Olten the Congress was held in 1874 at which the Swiss Workers' League was created. No schoolroom was necessary when we, in 1880, in the same town of Olten, where the two chief railway lines of Switzerland cross one another, gathered to form a Congress which laid the League in its tomb. A big room in an inn sufficed to hold the

delegates assembled. Simultaneously with the resolution that the League be dissolved and the organisation of Swiss labour placed on a new foundation another resolution was accepted, to the effect that the *Tagwacht* should be discontinued and should be replaced by a paper for which the name *Arbeiterstimme* (the Workers' Voice) was adopted. The Swiss Socialist Herter was appointed editor; an honest, unassuming man, who took great pains to make the paper succeed, but was no better able than Greulich to overcome unpropitious circumstances.

As I have already mentioned, the treacherous blow of the German anti-Socialist laws was fatal to the League and its organ. Although the *Tagwacht* was especially the foreign organ of German Social Democracy, a sort of rival to it appeared at the end of September 1879, under the title of *Der Sozialdemokrat*, which attracted to itself the most intellectually active portion of the German workers living in Switzerland.

The story of the foundation of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*, enlivened by all manner of interesting details, has often been told already. August Bebel has devoted a long chapter to it, in the third volume of his *Recollections*,[1] so I will not dwell upon the subject here, largely as I myself was concerned in the matter. It was in the nature of things that after the creation of this newspaper the premises where it was set up and published would become a centre of German Social Democracy until the latter should develop a public party life of its own. A whole circle of politicians gathered about the editorial and publishing offices of the *Sozialdemokrat*, and at the suggestion of the Zürich party affiliated branches of the German Social Democratic Party were founded in the more important centres

[1] An abridged translation is published by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, under the title, *My Life*.

throughout Switzerland, where they made the affairs of the party their special concern. Georg von Vollmar was the first editor of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*. We need not waste more words over his distinguished personality and his significance: in the winter of 1880–81 he acted in alternation with my humble self, and as before Vollmar secured Wilhelm Liebknecht for me as an equally privileged contributor. The administration of the paper and its dispatch to subscribers was undertaken, soon after its foundation, by Julius Motteler, who was, in his day, with Bebel, Liebknecht, and others, one of the draughtsmen of the Eisenach programme of the Social Democratic Labour Party; a man of peculiar and variable mentality, who through his activities as a prominent man of business had obtained considerable experience of various co-operative societies, and had proved himself to be, from every point of view, a particularly trustworthy colleague. Since the distribution of the *Sozialdemokrat* in Germany was forbidden by virtue of the anti-Socialist laws, it had to be smuggled into the Empire, and a little smuggling was also necessary to forward the forbidden journal from certain centres to localities where it already had readers.

In the organisation and management of this smuggling, Motteler, supported by capable and devoted collaborators, performed such important services that the qualification of magnificent would involve no exaggeration. To send a weekly journal, with a circulation of over ten thousand, year out, year in, across the frontier, and then to forward it to its various destinations, with so much certainty that it reached the subscribers almost as regularly as a newspaper published in the neighbourhood, was a problem of whose magnitude the uninitiated could scarcely form a just idea. But it was solved, and the man who had preceded Motteler in

the conduct of the smuggling business, and who remained to the end his energetic co-operator, Joseph Belli, has told the story, rich in vicissitudes, grave and gay, of the smuggling of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat* into the German Empire, with lively intuition and much humour, in a booklet which will give even outsiders an idea of the difficulties encountered—difficulties overwhelming, yet overcome. The book was published by Dietz in Stuttgart in 1912, under the title of *Die rote Feldpost und anderes* (The Red Army Post and other matters). Motteler had given the name of *Feldpost* to the staff of the genuine smugglers, working principally under Belli's leadership, but they dubbed Motteler their postmaster, which later on developed into the nickname of "The Red Postmaster," by which Julius Motteler lives on in the memory of his colleagues and disciples. But Motteler's apartment on the ground floor of a corner house on the higher Wolfbach, in Hottingen, near Zürich, and in particular the dispatching-room belonging to it, was known as *Der Olymp* (Olympus). Here now were gathered together the threads of that part of the management of the Social Democratic Party which concerned itself with the *Sozialdemokrat*. Hither for the most part climbed Bebel and Liebknecht, and other leaders of the party who were working in Germany itself, when they came to Zürich on the business of the party, as was then fairly often the case. And here, too, was the centre for the surveillance, and perhaps the unmasking of those who were suspected of being police agents, or were otherwise dubious persons.

During the first year of the *Sozialdemokrat* one heard little of such fellows. But this period saw the gathering of a social assemblage which some one—I don't know who—called the Zürich Moorish Club, in memory of the Moorish Club of Berlin, which I mentioned in my third chapter; and a merry time we often had in the new

"club." An assembly-room of the inn at Thaleck in Hottingen (Thalegg, in the Zürich dialect) was sacred, on a certain evening in the week, to the staff of the *Sozialdemokrat*. This included, besides Motteler and Vollmar, a Socialist of Polish origin, Emil Schimanowski (who, with pathetic loyalty, was more devoted to the cause of his native land, yet furthered the cause of Germany with more effect), old Bürkli, Hermann Greulich, Karl Kautsky, my humble self, and certain of our most trusted comrades of German, Swiss, and Slav nationality, together with any guests of ours who were for the time being in Zürich. We indulged in unrestricted conversation, and since most of us were still young in those days, there was, as a rule, plenty of jesting, and all manner of songs were sung. Motteler was a capital fellow, very good, amongst other things, at acting as chairman at a "sing-song," when he would sometimes make the rule that any one who failed to obey certain precepts—such as the omission of certain syllables, or the like—had to pay a fine for the good of the party, which was always willingly done. Vollmar, who was musical, accompanied our singing on the piano, or sang to his own accompaniment on the zither. Karl Kautsky, a nimble and extremely inventive person, delighted us, when our mood was more than usually extravagant, by irresistibly amusing imitations of acrobats, or as a fantastic dancer. What I used to do I will let August Bebel tell you. Describing these lively evenings at the Moorish Club, when he and Liebknecht came to Zürich, he says, in his *Recollections*:

"Then, with peculiar devoutness, the famous 'Song of the Burgomeister Tschech' was sung. Burgomaster Tschech, in the eighteen-forties, attempted to assassinate Friedrich Wilhelm IV., with rather comical results. Eduard Bernstein was the soloist, and the refrain was

sung in chorus. This song was followed by the equally celebrated ' Petroleum Song,' and other similar satirical songs, relating to the conditions in Germany. Or Eduard Bernstein and Karl Kautsky—who were then the two inseparables—would sing a duet, in a manner which would break one's heart, or soften a stone."

Old Bürkli used to afford us a great treat, which he had to provide again and again ; he would tell us of a scene in the ecclesiastical life of Zürich in which he himself had taken part. It was in the old church of St. Peter, where Lavater used to teach. Here, about the middle of the nineteenth century, an elderly preacher used to officiate, who adhered faithfully to his Zürich German, and, what is more, spoke it with the broadest of Zürich accents. He was given as assistant a young clergyman who had been educated in Germany, and who was accustomed, in the pulpit, to employ the unctuous tone of the North German theologian. When the two of them, at the end of the service, read alternate sentences of the Evangelical Creed, the contrast between the two voices was comical in the extreme, and Bürkli reproduced it in a masterly manner. It is difficult to convey a true conception of this performance to the reader, but the following will give him some idea of it :

THE OLD PREACHER (*with a guttural accent, broad vowels, and yet broader diphthongs*) : Ah belaev 'n Gawd the Fēyther Ahlmoighty, Crrat'r av Hēhvn 'n airth ;

THE ASSISTANT (*in a high-pitched, unctuous voice, speaking the literary language, with an affected accent*) : And in Jesus Chraist his ōnly begotten Son ;

And so on to the conclusion :

THE OLD PREACHER : Ah belaev 'n th' Hawly Ghoost ;

THE ASSISTANT : One hōly Christian community ;

THE OLD PREACHER: The res'rection o' the flaish;
THE ASSISTANT: And the laife everlasting. Amen.

Among the Slav guests of the Moorish Club were a few Serbian Socialists who were studying in Zürich, and these sometimes brought with them two young compatriots who were still in the first class at the gymnasium. We were told *sub rosa* that they were the sons of a Serbian prince who had been executed for high treason. They were the brothers Nenadovich, cousins of Prince Peter Karageorgevich, then living in exile, and one of them, who afterwards practised as a doctor in Vienna, played a prominent part as intermediary in the events which set Peter on the throne of Serbia in 1903. Whether he had anything to do with the murder of King Alexander and his wife is more than I can say. One might expect as much from the son of a man who was beheaded by Alexander's father. But when I knew him and his brother they impressed me only by their reserved and unassuming demeanour.

It is said that Peter Karageorgevich himself one day appeared in the Moorish Club. It is possible, certainly, in view of the foregoing, but I heard nothing of it at the time; however, it would hardly have made any particular impression upon me. When in the year 1883 one of the Nenadovich brothers, whom I met in the street, informed me, his face beaming with delight, of the betrothal of his cousin Karageorgevich to one of the daughters of Nicolas of Montenegro, I did no more than make some conventional rejoinder; the hopes of the Karageorgevich were Hecuba to me. However objectionable the description which a Serbian Socialist had given me of Milan Obrenovich, who was then on the throne of Serbia, his dethronement would have been a matter of indifference to me had it only meant a change of dynasty; Serbia, in those days, played a very different

part in international politics to that which history thrust upon her later. But I was much more in sympathy with the national movement for the liberation of the Serbs, as of the Bulgarians, than were the majority of my German comrades.

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On the whole, the Moorish Club had few visitors of Slavish origin. In the early eighties, after the Zürich Section of the International had been dissolved, a society known as "Slavia" was founded by the students who spoke the Slav languages. This society, as its name indicates, embraced all Slavs without distinction of nationality; and although it was officially innocent of political tendencies, the Democratic and Socialistic element gave it a political complexion. I was present at the meeting convened for the purpose of founding the society, when the official language was German, and I was always glad to visit the Society subsequently. It interested me to observe the behaviour of the Slavs towards one another, and I must say that I received a thoroughly favourable impression. The Russians, of course, from the fact that they constituted the great majority, very tactfully avoided taking any advantage in the shape of outvoting the rest. They appeared to be the least "national" of all the various elements. But the other Slavs also gave the first place to the spirit of comradeship. When in the autumn of 1885 the Serbo-Bulgarian war was unloosed by King Milan and his henchmen, those Serbian and Bulgarian students who were called to the colours attended a special banquet, at which they fraternised in a very striking and demonstrative fashion. But the Society was not long-lived. The Russian Socialists held interminable meetings of their own, for the discussion of their internal political controversies, and a Russian library and a reading-room were established, so that more and more Russians

deserted the "Slavia." The non-Russian Slavs were as yet too weak in numbers to keep the Society alive by their own efforts.

The Slavish students whom I knew in those days were differentiated from the average German student by their great moderation in the consumption of alcohol and their interest in everything relating to democracy. Of course they were, in a way, to be regarded as a selection from the mass of the students of their native countries. But it was evident from what they told me of the conditions in their own high schools that their manner of life was not essentially different from what it was at home. Undoubtedly ideology had a greater influence on their academic youth than in the land of Kant and Schiller. Among the German students in Zürich almost everything that lay outside of their special faculty was pervaded by the spirit that expresses itself in the present utterances of German scholars, which one can scarcely call ideology.

But temperate as my Slav acquaintances were in the matter of beer, they—or at least the Russians—were correspondingly intemperate in their consumption of tea and cigarettes. But the tea which they drank was a very weak infusion, and the cigarettes they used to roll themselves. However, the quantity of this infusion consumed was enormous, and I was seldom in the company of Russians who were not occupied either in rolling or smoking *papyrossi*.

With a few Russians we became seriously intimate, politically speaking. Kautsky and I struck up a particular friendship with Paul Axelrod, who, together with Georg Plechanow and Vera Sassulitsch, was a founder of the avowedly Marxist faction of the Russian Socialists; and through Axelrod I came to know, in addition to the above-named, his countryman, Leo Deutsch, the author of *Sixteen Years in Siberia* (Dietz, Stuttgart), shortly

before he was arrested, thanks to some informer or other, at Freiburg in Breisgau, while travelling through Germany, when the Baden police handed him over to the Prussian authorities, who in turn surrendered him to Russia. Deutsch was then still a fairly young man, strong-willed and full of the joy of life. When I saw him again, twenty years later, after his return from Siberia, he was aged beyond his years, and sat most of the time withdrawn into himself. Who denounced him never became known, although Julius Motteler made every effort possible to discover the offender, and the discovery of police spies was Motteler's peculiar and assiduously practised art, one might almost say his favourite sport. Even before Deutsch's arrest our community had a great catch of this kind, the knowledge of which caused a good deal of noise at the time. The story takes us back to the premises where the Moorish Club used to meet, and a particular recollection in connection with it, which might well be mentioned here, but that August Bebel has already related it in his autobiography. In the house at Thaleck, at the corner of the Zeltweg and the Steinwiesgasse, where the Moorish Club used to meet in the tavern on the ground floor, Zürich's famous poet, Gottfried Keller, was lodging at the time of which we are speaking. Now one evening when Paul Heyse was visiting Keller, and heard the loud "sing-song" in the room on the ground floor, he asked who was making such a noise down there. "Those are the Social Democrats," answered Keller, in his semi-Zürich German. Whereupon the poet of the "Children of the World" struck an attitude and with comical pathos declaimed:

"Dort unter der Schwelle
Brodelt die Hölle."
(There beneath the threshold
Hell is seething.)

Although I could easily have made Keller's personal

acquaintance, since my friend Reinhold Ruegg was on very friendly terms with him, I allowed the opportunity to slip. This was not out of any lack of interest, but rather because of a characteristic which has often hampered me in other ways. A peculiar shyness kept me from allowing myself to be introduced to persons of importance if I had not political business with them. I could not get rid of the feeling that I personally was not of sufficient importance to justify the introduction. For this reason I avoided entering into relations with two scientists of great celebrity, who were then living in Zürich, and were closely connected with my family: the physiologist, Ludimar Hermann, and the chemist, Victor Meyer, although as regards the latter I had the greatest admiration for his genius and his fascinating personality. Perhaps this was why I avoided him.

But although I have never spoken to the poet of "der grünen Heinrich," I have seen him often enough. For a long while Gottfried Keller used occasionally, as he went homewards to his inn on the borders of Zürich and Hottingen, to turn into the Pfauen. There he would sit, all alone, drinking his mug of beer or wine. I, at some distance, was doing the same, for the tavern lay conveniently on my homeward route, so that we two might have given a representation of the famous epic of the Farmer and the Old Owl—"The Farmer stared at the Owl, the Owl at the Farmer stared"—if the interest had been mutual.

"His mug" must not be taken literally, for Keller, like the majority of Zürichers, was a courageous drinker. When I saw him turning homeward from the inn I often had the impression that he had a full cargo on board. There is an anecdote concerning him which has certainly appeared in print somewhere before this. Late in the evening Keller wanted to return to his lodgings, into which he had only just moved, and he was not sure of

the way ; so he called out to a passer-by : " Hö, chönnet Ihr mir nit sage, wo-n-ich wohn' ? " (Hi, can you tell me where I live ?) The passer-by gazed at him in astonishment. " Der Tuusig, Ihr seid ja der Gottfried Keller ! " (The deuce, you are surely Gottfried Keller !) Keller lost his temper : " Dummer chaib ! Han ich eu gefraget, wer ich bin ? Ich han eu gfragt, wo-n-ich wohn' ! " (Silly sheep, did I ask you who I am ? I asked you, where do I live ?)

This is not told in depreciation of the poet. Drinking and " treating " were regarded as perfectly righteous employments in Zürich. Thus, my Zürich doctor, when I was suffering from a really severe cold, advised me to take six strong glasses of grog before I went to sleep, and added drolly : " I often do so myself, as a prophylactic." My compatriots Beust and his sons were also heavy drinkers. The younger son once tried to drink our Wilhelm Liebknecht under the table ; but the old man was weather-proof and the contest remained undecided.

For me the Zürich thirst remained an unknown thing, although I sat for years by the fountain's edge. I was living with a friend of my own way of thinking, a traveller for a great Hungarian wine-grower, and as my relations with him and his family were uncommonly friendly I had plenty of wine offered me ; but I seldom took advantage of the offer.

The leading personalities of the Moorish Club were extremely temperate, which was not solely due to the fact that all of us, with the exception of Höchberg, who was merely a sojourner among us, had only very modest means at our disposal. Vollmar, who could carry a great deal, drank nothing at all at home, and only a little in the tavern. Motteler never touched a drop of alcohol ; Kautsky, by preference, followed his example ; so did Karl Höchberg ; and as for myself

any exploits of this kind worthy of mention were already things of the past. So, since Vollmar, Kautsky, and I were non-smokers into the bargain, Benoît Malon, who lived in Zürich through the summer and autumn of 1879, was, thanks to us, entirely confounded as to the opinion which he, as a Frenchman, had formed of the peculiarities of the Germans. His idea of a German had been a man who was a terrific smoker, and was for ever swilling beer.

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And now for the trapping of the police agents. One day in the year 1884 there came to the Thaleck tavern a merchant, Elias Schmidt, from Dresden, who represented himself to the Socialists who repaired thither as professing the same ideas. He had, he informed us, gone into bankruptcy, and had left his native country with the remnants of his property. In his opinions he was body and soul a Socialist, and he sought to confirm the impression he had made by radical turns of speech. He paid his bill regularly, and was generous in the matter of standing drinks. But we older hands noticed at once that he did not know much about Socialism, so that he did not manage to impress us. It was only on a number of the younger Socialists, among them the somewhat ingenuous host of the tavern, the Swiss Socialist, J. Obrist, that he made any real impression with his Radicalism and his geniality. With them our warnings to have no dealings with him fell upon unfruitful soil, and were even referred to by some of them as undue interference on our part. If my memory does not deceive me, it was then that the term Olympus was adopted as the name of our headquarters on the upper Wolfbach. At all events, it was first used by people who, without being Titans, had reason for feeling annoyed with headquarters. Angry words were spoken, and we began to avoid the place.

At last even the good Obrist became suspicious, for a reason which I need not mention, and tackled Schmidt with the help of a comrade. The merchant willingly allowed his room to be searched, and nothing was found there to justify the searchers in concluding that he was up to mischief. But when they insisted on looking through the contents of his bulging coat-pockets he turned pale, and suddenly announced that he had a most urgent desire to visit an unmentionable place. They let him go, but noticed, as he came back, that it was his pockets which he had relieved there. Further investigation revealed to the searcher, in a very unappetising envelope, a whole bundle of letters, among which was the equally unappetising correspondence of Schmidt, which established his rascality beyond a doubt. There had been a lively exchange of letters between the worthy bankrupt and the chief of the Dresden criminal police ; he had also offered his services to the police of Berlin and Stuttgart, and had been in communication with the confidential police commissary, Kaltenbach, who was stationed at Mulhouse in Alsace, and was apparently in the Swiss department of the Secret Service. His letters to Schmidt were carefully cleansed, and were added to the Secret Service archives of Social Democracy collected by Motteler. Their contents, however, were published with a sufficient commentary in a pamphlet issued by the Hottingen-Zürich *Volksbuchhandlung*, under the title: *Die Deutsche Geheimpolizei im Kampfe mit der Socialdemokratie* (The German Secret Police in the Struggle with Social Democracy). It is long ago out of print, and only to be found in a library here and there, but has not yet lost all interest. The letters give one an interesting glimpse of the dealings of the secret police with their agents. These may, in general, be characterised by the proverb : " Men love treachery, and despise

the traitor." There is plain evidence of the tendency to keep the detective as short of money as is possible, and to pay him, so to speak, by the piece. The more information the detective gives, and the more important it is, the better he is paid, and *vice versa*. A convenient system, and a rational one, if considered from a purely commercial point of view, but one which has the most corrupting influence upon the men to whom it is applied.

It is the best way of turning the detective into a decoy—or, rather, an *agent provocateur*. In order not to lose his connection, but as far as possible to increase it, the detective who is paid for piece-work, should he lack material for his reports, can easily proceed to manufacture it; that is, he does everything possible to induce the persons upon whom he is spying to commit actions which they would not otherwise have committed. Even agents of the police who are paid a regular salary succumb to this temptation. Since they hold no official situation, but are always waiting for orders, they are always considering how they can contrive to send in "good" reports. Several examples, of different kinds, of the corrupting effect of the system of the secret political police came to our knowledge in the course of the years; some of a truly shocking nature. The informer was not always a traitor to begin with. Many had originally been enlisted to furnish apparently harmless reports, which their political knowledge enabled them to dictate, and it was not until afterwards that they became aware that they were the prisoners of a system which allows its tools no chance of moral regeneration. If such a man allowed his zeal to be diminished by the burden of this knowledge, his paymaster would coolly drop him, and sometimes none too gently. There were cases where one could with difficulty refrain from believing that the superior authorities had got rid of useless agents by assisting the other party to come off best.

The more the circulation of the *Sozialdemokrat* increased, the more numerous became the staff of police and police agents whose mission it was to discover the secret methods of smuggling and to get on the track of the various distributors. In the German Empire itself, in the great centres, the movement was spied upon with the greatest assiduity, and in those provinces of Germany that lay on the Swiss frontier the surveillance was intensified, while in Zürich persons of increasingly dubious aspect attempted to thrust themselves upon the most trusted members of the party. Nothing, of course, could have been more profitable than to obtain, in their headquarters, an insight into the system of the exiles, and to discover their main arteries of distribution, since this would provide a key to all their remoter connections, and would make it possible to cripple the whole organisation by repeated blows delivered in given places. Despite all their pains, however, the emissaries and voluntary informers of the police could never contrive to solve this problem. "Olympus" they all found inaccessible. On the other hand, the *Sozialdemokrat* was over and over again enabled to announce the unmasking of a detective.

But not only detectives had to be guarded against. In every Radical opposition there are numbers of persons, especially when they have to operate from abroad, who have some sort of personal grudge to assuage, or who are sooner or later impelled, by a thirst for adventure, to excite a political revolution. They become dangerous because they commonly develop an insuperable longing for action, and delight in all sorts of crazy projects, which merely compromise the movement. For them the literary campaign is not personal enough; the political contest is not fierce enough; until at last their anger cools, or their longing for adventure finds some other field of activity, and they feel in themselves the vocation not to overthrow the Fatherland, but to liberate it.

A typical example of this species was a half-pay captain, von Ehrenberg, who joined us in Zürich about the middle of the eighties. He was not without talents, but was possessed by a frantic ambition, and a thirst for revenge. He professed to be a legitimate scion of the house of Zähring, and in this quality regarded himself as the head of the ruling family of the sovereign house of Baden. As a soldier he had won distinction in the Franco-Prussian War, but later, through an article attacking the system of parade-drill and the like, had made himself unpopular, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress, which he spent in Wesel, receiving his discharge when the sentence had been served. He then brooded over the idea of vengeance, although in the South German People's Party, which he joined to begin with, he could not gratify his desire, so that Social Democracy served him as a change of horses.

He came to Zürich, and as he brought an introduction from a trustworthy comrade, he found a welcome on the upper Wolfbach. Our first impression of him was not unfavourable. A small, slender, yet strongly built man, he was at first very unassuming in his behaviour, and was apparently a fairly docile sort of person. For example, when, in reply to his remark that he thought of giving our Zürich workers a course of lectures on military science, I rejoined that I should not advise him to do so, as our working men would already have been instructed by the military authorities, he was immediately silenced. But in actual fact his silence meant anything rather than consent. I had done for myself once for all in his eyes by my objection. What he was planning was to teach Socialist workers the science of insurrection. Nothing came of it, as he had probably foreseen, except that a few restless spirits came forward who had hitherto lacked a mentor of his calibre. He also published

instructions to insurgents, which he had intended for the *Sozialdemokrat*, under the title of "Advice for the Defence of Zürich in the Case of Hostile Invasion," in the Zürich *Arbeiterstimme*. The articles revealed the expert soldier, but they also betrayed a malicious spirit whose imagination revelled in brutalities. And that this brutality was in his case not only imaginary had appeared, as we learned later, in his behaviour to the soldiers subordinate to him as an officer, and was further revealed by the cruel manner in which he terrorised his wife, a very pretty and lovable woman. He was a vegetarian, and, like a genuine faddist, felt obliged to declare his inclinations to the proletariat, so that he learned market-gardening, and loved to devote himself to the heavy work of digging, hoeing, etc., in a piece of land that he rented for the purpose. But this demonstration of his friendliness toward the people did not last overlong. One day we received from a Socialist living in Paris, a Hungarian by nationality, a fragment of a fugitive article from Ehrenberg's pen, in which he fulminated against the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*, which was corrupting the party through its unheard-of moderation—and this at a time when the *Sozialdemokrat* was, as a matter of fact, in the greatest disgrace with the majority of the party leaders in Germany, as the organ of the Radical opposition within the party. But as if this were not enough, Ehrenberg, while on the one hand he had entered into alliance with the Anarchists, was at the same time endeavouring to do business with the French party of *la Revanche* grouped about General Boulanger. He had informed them that he possessed the plans of the fortress of Wesel, and was in a position, thanks to his influence with Social Democracy, to excite an insurrection, and under given conditions to capture the fortress; and he named a fabulous sum of money as the cost of the preparations, which he would under-

take if desired. In the meantime, it seemed, his offer had not been accepted in Paris, especially as information had been obtained from intermediaries respecting the Captain's actual influence with our party. At the same time certain persons had approached individual members of our party with inquiries as to the attitude of Social Democracy in a war between Germany and France. We had left them in no doubt that if France should begin the war she would find German Social Democracy against her, in spite of the anti-Socialist laws and our attitude toward the question of Alsace and Lorraine. Whether Ehrenberg had learned of this I do not know; if so, the storm of abuse which descended upon the above-mentioned article, and its writer in particular, would have been amply justified.

Nothing came of the French negotiations; on the other hand, the Swiss authorities, who had somehow got wind of the affair, began to keep their eye upon the man who, in their opinion, threatened to compromise the neutrality of Switzerland by his activities. Ehrenberg was placed under surveillance as being suspect of political espionage, and—observe this—among his papers, which were seized, was found, among other things, the draft of a report to the *German Embassy* in Bern, wherein information was given concerning the active members of the staff of the *Sozialdemokrat* and their habits, and the writer offered, some Sunday afternoon, when Motteler and his wife were taking their usual stroll in the country round about Zürich, to break into their house and steal all important letters and lists of addresses. The idealist and hater of tyrants was prudently arranging a political reinsurance.

At his judicial examination he revealed himself as skilled in every sort of evasion, but his speech repeatedly became so obscene that the examining police captain, Fischer, had to warn him that he must show respect, if

not for him, at least for the recorder. One day, when he was permitted to visit his home, in company with the police, for the purpose of making some change of clothing, he took the opportunity to escape, fled to Germany, and there wrote a venomous book relating to Democracy in Switzerland; but he was arrested in Germany also, again contrived to escape, and finally turned up in the Transvaal, where he appears to have played an ambiguous part in the Boer War.

Had not the man been so full of petty malice he might well, with his many adventures, have figured as the hero of a romance of espionage. But he was lacking in all those reconciling qualities of humanity without which we cannot long interest ourselves in any one. Apart from his thirst for vengeance, which had its roots in personal grievances, Ehrenberg knew nothing of emotion; he was all calculation, in even the most trivial of matters. Whether he was at any time a detective in the true sense of the word is doubtful. But there is no doubt that he was a most unscrupulous species of traitor.

But one cannot by any means say this of all the people who were entered on our black list as detectives. There were persons among them of whom one had reason to believe that they had never consciously delivered a Socialist to the knife, and others who took a real intellectual delight in the vocation which had absorbed them. The chapter relating to detectives and the unmasking of detectives forms one of the most tragic portions of the history of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*. It was inevitable, in view of the increasing intensity of the conflict with the tools of the police, that occasional mistakes as to identity should be made, and that people should be proscribed who had been imprudent, but had not been guilty of any intentional information. A warning in the *Staatsanzeiger*, as the

Sozialdemokrat was called by our comrades in the German Empire, meant, under the circumstances, proscription, and the heart-broken protests of people who solemnly declared that they were unjustly suspected caused me many a sleepless night. This reverse side of our struggle is too readily forgotten by those to whom the period of the anti-Socialist laws appears to-day in the romantic light of distance and the past.

CHAPTER VI

SECRET CONGRESSES AND BANISHMENT FROM SWITZERLAND

DURING my residence in Zürich the three Congresses took place which German Social Democracy, under the ban of the anti-Socialist laws, held in a foreign country. To them, and to my banishment from Switzerland after the last of these Congresses, I feel that I ought to devote a chapter of these recollections. But first I must make a few remarks concerning the personality of the remarkable man whose colleague I became upon taking over the editorship of the *Sozialdemokrat*, and whose name has lately been recalled to the memory of the general public by his son. I refer to the father of my parliamentary colleague and fellow-Socialist, Karl Liebknecht: to Wilhelm Liebknecht, who performed such notable services in connection with the foundation and development of Social Democracy.

Liebknecht was, as has already been mentioned, the German editor of the *Sozialdemokrat*. When I became the Zürich editor, he was serving a sentence of many months' imprisonment. Soon after his discharge, however, he came to spend four or five weeks in Zürich, in order to discuss editorial matters with me, and at the same time to recover from the effects of his imprisonment. Recover is, perhaps, not the right word; for there was no sign of physical weakness to be observed in this thoroughly healthy man. But he wanted to

breathe the free air for a time, and he had certainly fully earned the holiday which he was taking to this end.

In these four weeks, and during the further visits which Liebknecht paid us afterwards, as well as by our exchange of letters, I had abundant opportunity to become more closely acquainted with him. Above all, I learned to marvel at his powers of work. His intellectual elasticity was amazing. I do not think that he had read very much, or very intensively, and in theory he was in those days no longer my teacher, for I had made a profound study of the Marxist doctrine, of which he could not be reckoned an exponent. By intellectual tendency Liebknecht was rather a Socialist of the French school, and he reminded one of the French by his style also, which was rich in brilliant, concise, and striking phrases and pointed antitheses. He was a much greater master of form than his colleague, August Bebel, whose strength lay in the matter of his speeches, and was quite peculiarly at home in the history of the French Revolution, as regards the treatment of which he was influenced by Michelet. I happened to ask him, during this visit, whether he could not write me, for the anniversary of the 10th of August, an article on the storming of the Tuileries (1792). "Certainly," he replied; "you shall have it." So saying, he went to his room, and brought me, an hour later, without having referred to any books, a strikingly powerful article which filled the whole of the front page of the *Sozialdemokrat* for 11th of August 1881. He could write articles or polemical reviews under the most difficult circumstances: in a railway carriage, in a room full of loudly talking people, and once I even saw him working at an article while he was acting as chairman of a by no means peaceable meeting. As a speaker, too, he was by no means dependent upon preparation. The best

speech I ever heard him deliver was wholly an improvisation.

From Wilhelm Liebknecht his son inherited this readiness of intellectual orientation. And not this alone; in his whole political attitude Karl Liebknecht was the true son of his father. This is plainly apparent if we compare the younger Liebknecht, not with the party veteran, working on established party lines, but with Wilhelm at his own age, working under similar conditions. Karl Marx once spoke in a letter to Friedrich Engels of "our Liebknecht's" unbounded optimism. The expression was justified, but it does not completely describe the intellectual trait to which it refers. With this optimism was intimately connected, perhaps as one of its prime ingredients, a curious unconcern as to what might befall him personally, and an indifference to formal rules. Wilhelm Liebknecht not infrequently followed spontaneous inspirations, without protracted consideration; he announced to his age what to him was the truth, regardless of consequences, thereby evoking stormy scenes in Parliament; and his arbitrary behaviour often brought him into conflict with his political friends. This tendency towards self-will was not to be attributed to a calculated aiming at effect; it was the complimentary quality of the spirit which enabled Wilhelm Liebknecht, in situations where all about him were given up to the intoxication of success, or about to surrender to it, to oppose this intoxication in the interest of humanity. Those who wish to understand Karl Liebknecht rightly must study the character and the actions of his father. (Written in 1917 when Liebknecht was arrested.)

As a private individual, Wilhelm Liebknecht, as far as his own person was concerned, was thoroughly unassuming, without for that reason being an ascetic. He could carry a good cargo of drink, but was as a rule perfectly temperate. At a banquet, or when dining

with friends, he was a hearty eater, but was none the less easily content with very modest fare. He once told me, when he had just been released from prison, that he found his prison diet extremely good, and it repeatedly happened, when he took a glass of beer with us, that he would praise a good brew as *pompös*—splendid. It was a passion with him to wander through the open country, and, since he found a companion of like tastes in myself, we had many a walk together on the Zürichberg and the other heights about the city. I, on my side, urged him in those days to take up again the noble art of swimming, which he told me he had not practised for quite twenty years. He promptly bustled into the lake like a fish returning to the water, and one day he, Julius Motteler, and to some extent I myself, brought to shore, by our united efforts, a man on the point of drowning, who had already lost consciousness.

So much for the soldier of the Revolution, as Wilhelm Liebknecht had styled himself when in 1872 he was brought to trial in Leipzig for high treason, for which reason he was given the nickname of "the Soldier"—first, I think, by me. And now for the Congresses.

More than for any other political party, assemblies of delegates, or congresses, are for a democratic party a necessity of life; for only at such or by such congresses can the problems of the inner life of the party, its direction, and its policy be determined in a peaceable manner. Since the anti-Socialist laws then made it impossible for Social Democracy to hold such Congresses within the Empire, it was necessary, as long as these laws were in force, to hold them abroad. And even so all sorts of prudential rules had to be observed. The visitors to the Congress had to be insured against political consequences, and the Congress itself against undesired participators. While the convening of a democratic representative body makes it necessary to warn the members far and wide of

the fact of the Congress, the most absolute secrecy must be observed as to the place and the precise date of the assembly, and all sorts of other details. In the face of the close attention which the police vouchsafed to all the proceedings of Social Democracy, it was no easy problem to satisfy both these requirements. But it always was solved in so far that in spite of their widespread vigilance the police always obtained particulars of the Congress only *after* it had met.

Perhaps the greatest surprise was provided for the police—and not for them only—by the first of these secret Congresses. It was held on Swiss territory, from the 20th to 23rd of August 1880, and everything possible was done to give it a romantic character. Since the leaders of the party, who were known to everybody, had to put in an appearance, it was decided that they could not be allowed to assemble in any of the larger Swiss cities. The simultaneous appearance of Bebel, Liebknecht, Hasenclever, Auer, Grillenberger, Fritsche, Vahlteich, and others would have made the discovery of the Congress much too easy for the loitering and expectant detectives. A half-ruined country-seat, which was offered for sale, some distance from the great international traffic routes, and not far from the market-town of Ossingen in Canton Zürich—Schloss Wyden—was judged a fit place to harbour the representatives of the party for a few days. For this purpose it was rented from the owner for a week, while he was informed that the sick benefit clubs and burial clubs of the German Labour associations in Switzerland were about to hold their general meeting there, a statement in which the good man saw nothing suspicious. The spacious banqueting-hall of the "castle"—once known as the Knight's Hall—was arranged as an assembly-room, the kitchen was sufficiently equipped, so that the wife of a comrade from St. Gallen, together with a cook whom

she had enlisted, could provide for the feeding of the delegates, and since there was no room in the castle that was servicable, one of the small outbuildings, which otherwise might have been used as a stable or a granary, was adapted, by means of a quantity of straw, to serve as a dormitory for the participators in the Congress. For Ossingen could not afford sufficient apartments to lodge the delegates, nor was it thought advisable that any considerable number of delegates should stay there, since this might easily have given the peasants and farmers occasion to inquire somewhat more precisely into the proceedings at the castle. It was essential that they should see as little of the Congress as possible. However, the delegates appointed in Zürich, or by the party leaders in Germany, were not sent direct to Ossingen; they merely received instructions to repair to a certain tavern in Winterthur, near the railway station, on the appointed day. There their mandates would receive a preliminary examination, and they would then be informed of their actual destination. Thus, on the afternoon of the 20th August 1880, they reached Schloss Wyden unobserved, and were able to devote two days to their deliberations without the interference of any outside persons. Reliable comrades acted as outposts, so that the Congress should run no risk of being surprised. Only on the last day of the session the Statthalter of the Andelfing district, in which Ossingen was situated, announced himself, and asked for an explanation of what we were doing in the Schloss. Since the object of the Congress was already essentially accomplished, the Statthalter, who was a member of the Democratic Party of Zürich, was told the whole truth of the matter, and given permission to attend the session, which offer, however, he declined. All that the peasantry of Ossingen wanted to know, when the Congress was over, and a large number of delegates appeared in the

taverns of the town, was " whether the gentlemen were going to have a procession as well." A Congress without a procession was evidently, to them, an execution without a criminal.

The general public was first informed of the holding of the Congress by a notice in the newspapers which the party representatives had themselves given to the Press, and which was correspondingly embellished. Meanwhile the reality had been much more impressive than the highly coloured notice would have given one to suppose. Certainly the conditions under which the Congress was held were romantic enough, even though the account which the newspapers provided for the Philistines was a trifle overdrawn :

" Not one of the secret inmates of the Castle was seen outside its doors, excepting only the watchmen, who barred the road to the Castle, and, being warned by a sentry on the tower, allowed no one to approach."

The sentry on the tower was, of course, a creation of the imagination, and the outposts could not have forbidden any one to pass ; while the delegates did not refrain from leaving the Schloss in the intervals between proceedings, lying about on the neighbouring hillsides, from which one obtained an enchanting view of the surrounding landscape, or going for walks through the fields and meadows. However, what made the Congress unforgettable to those who took part in it was the spirit which inspired its transactions and the whole assembly.

This was the first great meeting of the party for three years. The terrible months of the summer of 1878, when the attempt on the Emperor's life was made, with their heavy sentences upon Socialists, the incubus of the anti-Socialist laws, the dissolution of the Social

Democratic organisations, and the suppression of their Press had for the time being sapped the external strength of the party, and had caused great confusion in its ranks. But now it was clearly demonstrated that the nucleus of the party was unharmed, and among the faithful the sense of solidarity had been merely reinforced. Only three of the fifty-six delegates to the Wyden Congress showed a certain inclination toward the two former party leaders, Most and Hasselmann, who as Social Revolutionists had thrown down a challenge to the party from abroad; but even they did not care to go so far as to approve of a breach with the party. There were lively debates at Wyden, and various measures were sharply criticised by the party representatives. However, the general tone of the proceedings was free from any animosity or even irritability. The preponderating spirit was one of delight, which was continually finding some fresh expression, that despite the lapse of time such a large number of delegates had assembled, and were able to speak in absolute mutual confidence of all that had been oppressing their minds. Persecution had only increased the solidarity of the persecuted, and the certainty that the struggle would now be carried on with unshaken resolution put us all in the best of tempers. This meant that we were able to see the humorous side of all the inconveniences which we had had to suffer, and any one who in speaking employed too bold an image, or entangled himself in a false construction, might be sure that his performance would be perpetuated in an improvised contribution to a satirical *Kongresszeitung* (Congress Times), among whose illustrators were Karl Kautsky and the late Karl Grillenberger. The intemperate attacks which Johann Most was fond of delivering upon his erstwhile comrades in arms in the London *Freiheit* were here subjected to an ironical criticism, verbal and artistic.

Whether it was strictly necessary to declare Most and Hasselmann, after the close of the Congress, as excluded from the party, after they had already in fact left it, might be disputed; such resolutions always leave an unpleasant after-taste when political differences are in question. But Johann Most richly deserved the satirical verses published in the *Congress Times*, for from London he preached a revolutionism which he must have known was impracticable in Germany as it was in those days. The spirit which prevailed at the Congress ensured the unanimous acceptation of the motion to strike out the word " lawful " from the clause in the party programme —the so-called Gothaer programme—which stated that the party would enforce its demands and aims " by all lawful means." Naturally, after the party had been outlawed it could not confine itself to lawful means in its propagandist and political activities. But the deletion of the word " lawful " changed the phrase into " by all means " and that allowed of a much wider interpretation. That the party did not shrink from this interpretation was the defiant rejoinder to the policy of force to which it had been subjected. The reader will therefore be able to judge of the satisfaction with which the following poem in the aforesaid *Kongresszeitung* was received:

MIT ALLEN MITTELN

Es steht ein Schloss im Schweizerland,
Da wird an den Staaten gerüttelt,
Da wird der Umsturz zu Recht erkannt,
Da wird nicht gesetzlich " gemittelt."

Der helle Kommunismus blüht,
Man isst und trinkt gemeinsam,
Des Nachts das Volk zum Schlafhaus zieht,
Um nicht zu-ruhen einsam.

Der tolle Haus, der Fehde blies,
Hier wird er abgeschlachtet,
Und in der Verachtung Burgverlies
Da wird er eingeschachtet.

Die rote Republik, sie wacht
An unseres Schlosses Pforte.
Wer hätt' in London das gedacht
Von der—Bedientenhorde! [1]

Of the flowers of speech singled out for attention, one made a particular impression upon me, and may be here recorded. It fell from the lips of a youthful and fiery delegate from Swabia, who exclaimed: "Comrades, we must not allow ourselves to be carried away by patience!"

Those delegates who had come from Germany returned thither by various routes after the close of the Congress, and not one of them was arrested at the frontier. On the other hand, several of them carried back forbidden literature to the Fatherland. It was bound round their bodies, like so much armour-plating, by Motteler, who was very adroit in these matters.

With the second secret Congress of the Social Democratic Party things did not go so smoothly. It was held in Copenhagen, in 1883. It was not discovered by the German police, greatly though they had in the meantime

[1] The verses may roughly be translated thus:

BY ALL MEANS

In Switzerland a Castle stands;
There justice has an awful
Disaster known, that shakes all lands
By means that are not lawful.

There Communism brightly burns;
All make one family only;
They doss together when returns
The night, for none sleeps lonely.

A madhouse this! The challenge shrills;
Now all in blood will welter!
Yet fearing not the dungeon's chills
They enter helter-skelter!

And lo, the red Republic! Such
The warder of our portals!
In London who'd have thought as much
Of such poor slavish mortals!

increased their secret service of spies for the benefit of our party. We had already been occupied in the work of the Congress for several days, in the fine assembly-hall of the Clubhouse of the Danish Social Democratic Party, when the agents of the political police of Herr von Puttkamer, who had been the Minister specially entrusted with the execution of the anti-Socialist laws, were still trying to get on the track of our meeting-place on the Swiss frontier, and in various parts of Switzerland, the *Sozialdemokrat* having announced that a Congress had been convened. But on this occasion the proceedings lasted nearly a week, and it was impossible to keep so long the secret of a Congress held in the capital of Denmark in which so many well-known persons were taking part. On the morning after the fourth day of the Congress most of us were visited in our quarters by the Danish police, who had got wind of the meeting. Thereby a quite undeserved honour was paid me, and I should like now to relieve my conscience by recording it.

In order to avoid making an altogether overlong circuit from Zürich to Copenhagen, I had been obliged to cross Germany from south to north. Since I had by that time become editor of the *Sozialdemokrat*, my arrest on German soil would have entailed the greatest inconvenience, not only to myself, but also to the party; so that, among other precautions, I provided myself with a false passport. In Copenhagen I was staying with Auer, Grillenberger, and four other comrades in a modest hotel in the Vesterbro Gade, whose proprietor was a Social Democrat. The seven of us were sleeping in two communicating rooms, four in the first, and three—myself among them—in the second room. On the morning of the fateful day I was awakened from sleep by a knocking on the outer door, and presently I heard the following conversation:

POLICE COMMISSARY (*by the first bed*): "What is your name?"

AUER: "Ignaz Auer."

THE POLICE COMMISSARY: "Have you entered your name on this list?"

AUER: "Yes."

THE POLICE COMMISSARY: "But there's no Auer here. What name did you enter?"

AUER: "Johannes Sörensen."

POLICE COMMISSARY: "Why did you write a false name?"

AUER: "So that no one should know that I was here."

POLICE COMMISSARY: "You are holding a Congress here?"

AUER: "I am here with some friends."

POLICE COMMISSARY: "Yes; but you are holding a Congress."

AUER: "Call it what you like."

(The Police Commissary enters various things in his book, and moves on to the second bed, in which Karl Grillenberger lies, putting the same questions.)

THE POLICE COMMISSARY (*at the second bed*): "What is your name?"

GRILLENBERGER: "Karl Grillenberger."

POLICE COMMISSARY: "Under what name are you entered on this list?"

GRILLENBERGER: "Olaf Petersen."

And so on. All of us who had come from Germany had entered Danish names on the hotel's list of guests. So at six of the beds the same conversation was held. Finally the Commissary came to my bed, when the conversation was not the same.

COMMISSARY: "What is your name?"

I: "Conrad Conzett."

COMMISSARY: "Under what name are you entered here?"

I : " Under my own name."

COMMISSARY (*surprised*) : " Under your own name ? "

I (*very dignified*) : " Certainly, under my own name."

COMMISSARY (*looks at the list, and finds the name—still suspiciously*) : " Have you papers of legitimisation ? "

I (*still more dignified*) : " Why, yes, here they are."

The Commissary examines the passport made out in the name of my Swiss party comrade Conzett, reads the personal description, finds that it corresponds with my personal appearance (and with whose personal appearance would a passport description fail to agree ?), and makes his departure, bowing profoundly, and apparently telling himself, " At least one respectable man among the lot ! " And this is just where I took him in.

Fortunately, I had illustrious predecessors in the matter of using false passports. When, in the reactionary period of 1848–49 the Prussian Minister, Manteuffel, was one day travelling from Hamburg to London, he encountered on deck Lothar Bucher, who refused to pay taxes, and was then living in exile. It was impossible to avoid a brief conversation. " How do you come here ? " asked the omnipotent Prussian of the fugitive political offender. " I've been spending a few days at home," was the reply. " What, in Prussia ? " " Certainly, in Prussia," rejoined Bucher. " But how did you get into Prussia, since you had no passport ? " " I have no passport ? Of course I have a passport. You yourself saw to it that I received one." " How so ? " " I will tell you. Thanks to your wise instructions as regards passports, I can buy any Prussian passport in London for five shillings, whenever I need it." And in fact, during the whole period when every one leaving or entering Prussia had to obtain a passport, there was in London a brisk sale for these documents. The regulations were a burden to the inoffensive public, but they could hardly have prevented a single political or common

criminal from crossing the frontier. The secret of drawing up descriptions that could only refer to one particular individual had not then been discovered. Conrad Conzett was taller and broader than I, and had quite different features, yet to the Danish Commissary his personal description appeared to fit me.

The Danish police authorities behaved fairly well, however, in respect of our Congress. They only demanded a guarantee that we would abstain from any agitation in Denmark, and in other respects left us unmolested to the end. Meanwhile, the news of the Congress reached Berlin, and Police Councillor Krüger himself, in whose hands were collected the threads of the whole of the German detective service, came rushing post-haste to Copenhagen, but all in vain. When he arrived, the birds were already flown. The only result was that six of the returning delegates, among them the Reichstag members, Georg von Vollmar, Louis Viereck, Karl Ulrich, and Karl Frohme, were arrested in Kiel, and Ignaz Auer, August Bebel, and Heinrich Dietz on the following day in Neumünster, and were examined by the police, so that later on, when after prolonged research a competent tribunal was discovered, they might be tried on a charge of forming a secret society, when six of them were sentenced to nine and three to six months' imprisonment.

I was more fortunate. With Auer, Bebel, Dietz, and Richard Fischer I had repaired, two days after the close of the Congress, to Korsör, on the west coast of the island of Zeeland, where we intended to draft the report of the proceedings in a form suitable for publication. We put up at a passably decent hotel, and had just taken our places at a large table, when a waiter entered with a telegram in his hand, and asked whether it was directed to any of our party. It was addressed in a somewhat laconic fashion to "Eduard Bernstein, Korsör." I had

entered myself on the Visitors' List as Conzett; but without reflecting I explained that the telegram was intended for me, took it, and opened it. It had fallen into the right hands. It came from Kiel, and contained only three words, which were eloquent enough: "*Vorsicht, nichts mitnehmen*" (Careful, bring nothing with you). Of course we knew what that meant. Something had happened in Kiel which showed that the frontier was not clear. By no means, therefore, must any of us cross the frontier with the report or any other writings referring to the Congress in his pocket. But Bebel further declared, and the rest of us agreed without demur, that I must not, on any account, travel through Germany, but must return to Switzerland by way of England and France. I did not raise any objection to this, since the voyage to London would make it possible for me to look up Friedrich Engels, with whom I was at that time carrying on a fairly animated correspondence. But my arrangements had to be altered.

That same evening I returned to Copenhagen, and there saw the announcement, in an evening newspaper, that the deputies to the Reichstag, Vollmar and Frohme, with several other Social Democrats, had been arrested at Kiel on their way home from a Socialistic Congress. Next morning, accordingly, I immediately looked up my Danish comrades and inquired of them the quickest route to England, and on the advice of one of them I travelled two days later right across Denmark in a slanting direction, to the west coast of Jütland, in order to take the boat to Harwich from the newly opened port of Esbjerg. But my adviser had made a mistake as to the time-table. I found no vessel at Esbjerg that took passengers for England, and I should have had to wait five days before I could travel by the prescribed route. I was the less inclined to decide upon this course in that there was no one in the hotel at which I had put up who

could speak any language that I could understand. So the next day I crossed Jütland once more, stopping for twelve hours at Fredericia on the Little Belt, and then returned home across Germany after all; since, in the meantime, as I rightly guessed at the last moment, the frontier would again have become practicable as far as I was concerned. No policeman, but only friend August Bebel surprised me on this homeward journey. At Hamburg, as I was waiting for the train, he clapped me on the shoulder with the words: "In the name of the Law!"

As regards getting a glimpse of "the people at home," my journey was somewhat unfruitful. However, I had had the opportunity of becoming to some extent acquainted with the handsome capital city of Denmark, and, as I have mentioned, I spent half a day in the little fortified city of Fredericia. I was delighted with Copenhagen, but I really had not the mental leisure fully to do justice to its fine museums and buildings. My entire faculties were at that time absorbed by the political movement, and it was more incumbent upon me to discuss domestic conditions with various comrades who had come from Germany, whom I should not otherwise have managed to see, than to improve my knowledge of the works of art which Copenhagen contains in such profusion. On the day after the close of the Congress, our Danish friends took us over Rosenburg Castle; but its chambers and costly contents impressed me rather as curiosities, the more so as they had to compensate for a projected visit to the Thorwaldsen Museum, for which I had no further leisure. One day I was the guest of the man whom my Danish comrades then regarded as their leader, and pointed out to me as "their Bebel." This was the Socialist tailor, P. Holm, a friendly individual with an intelligent expression; but in conversation he displayed little of Bebel's acuteness, seeming to be shrewd

rather than eminently talented. Hardly of medium height, and inclined to stoutness, he had little of the Scandinavian about him. However, there was no lack of men of the genuine Viking build among the Danish Socialists with whom we came into contact.

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The trial of the nine arrested German delegates to the Copenhagen Congress was concluded on the 4th of August 1886. It took place before the Assize Court of Freiberg, and the accused were sentenced to the terms of imprisonment already noted. Only after much trouble, and with the co-operation of the Supreme Court of the Empire, was it possible to devise a charge upon which a verdict could be based. The Supreme Court had been forced to recognise that the holding of a meeting abroad did not constitute the formation of a criminal secret society. It decided, however, that a criminal charge might be based upon conclusive actions which were not entailed in the mere act of meeting, and as such a conclusive action it pointed to the fact that a representative of the prohibited *Sozialdemokrat* had presented a report to the Congress dealing with that journal's distribution and finances. But as a judgment was made possible in this fashion the Social Democrats had unwittingly been given a hint as to how they could in future convene a Congress abroad without exposing themselves to such penal consequences. When the judgment was proved to be valid, the official connection between the party and *Sozialdemokrat* was at once dissolved, and after the condemned leaders had served their sentences a summons was published in the German newspapers signed by the whole Socialist group in the Reichstag, which without circumlocution invited the members of the party to send delegates to a Congress, without further mention of the precise time or place of assembly, until on a prearranged date—the 15th of

September—these were punctually communicated to the appointed delegates.

This Congress, of which even the order of the day and the names of the reporters were published in the preliminary notice, was once more held in Switzerland. It met on the 3rd of October 1887, in the hall of the Schönwegen Brewery near St. Gallen. Although it was considerably better attended than the two previous Congresses, on this occasion also the German police learned of the place of assembly only after it had been opened for some days; and even then they obtained their earliest information from the reports published by the Social Democratic Party; for Congress now issued current reports of its proceedings for the benefit of the Press. Moreover, members of the Swiss Social Democratic Party who occupied prominent positions were present during the proceedings, so that an accusation that a meeting of a secret society had been held would have been untenable. Not a word was said in Congress of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*. It concerned itself only with general questions of politics and social policy, but with a reviving emphasis as regards its strict and indomitable enmity toward the Government and the ruling classes. In particular it declared, in a resolution moved by Ignaz Auer, its inexorable hostility to the economic policy of Prince Bismarck, with its fostering of indirect taxation, as well as the monopolising for financial purposes of important articles of popular consumption.

The successful outcome of the Congress made a great impression on the public. It was a slap in the face for the Bismarck-Puttkamer police system; not only in the eyes of the working classes, but also in those of the youth of the intellectual classes, Social Democracy had visibly gained in moral significance. In order to return the blow, Bismarck laid before the Reichstag the draft of a new penal law, which was to

exceed all "exceptional legislation" hitherto introduced in its lust of persecution. According to this law participation in congresses held abroad which served to further Social Democratic efforts, participation in secret combinations or associations, and the "businesslike distribution" of prohibited literature would be punished, not only by imprisonment, but also by the mediæval measure of proscription—outlawry—expatriation.

And this monstrous proposal, whose execution and penalties would run counter to all modern conceptions of justice, had apparently a good prospect of becoming law. In February 1887, after the Reichstag had been dissolved on account of the question of a new demand for a seven years' military service, fresh elections took place, at which the pretended danger of a war with France was exploited by means of an inundation of pamphlets and broadsheets, whose exaggerated language was unprecedented. A coalition of Conservatives, Imperialists, and National Liberals obtained a majority, and in most cases this Coalition Party willingly placed itself at Bismarck's disposal, even for his legislation. It really looked for a time as if the expatriation proposal would obtain a majority.

But then a happy chance assisted Social Democracy to strike a counter-blow which safeguarded it against this "exceptional law": some one who had an opportunity of looking into the records of the Berlin Secret Police gave the deputy Singer a list of the agents of the political police. The list found its way to Zürich and was used in order to surprise some of the persons named in it, the persons affected confessing more, in their confusion, than they would otherwise have done. And Paul Singer, at the first reading of the projected law in the Reichstag, was able to present a document which afforded unexceptionable proof that agents of the

Berlin police in Zürich and Geneva were expressly urged by their superiors to ply the unclean trade of *agents provocateurs*. This meant that people had even been incited to commit outrages, and Anarchists of a dangerous type had been abetted in their intended acts of violence. In the case of one of these agents in the pay of the Berlin police, a man by the name of Schröder, the Zürich police, on making a domiciliary visit, discovered a chest of dynamite, and it was established that Schröder had presided at a conference of Anarchists, at which outrages were advocated, some of which were actually perpetrated. The impression produced by these revelations was so crushing, and produced such a great effect upon the public, that the Reichstag contented itself with merely postponing further consideration of the projected anti-Socialist laws, while the clause relating to expatriation, being supported only by a dwindling minority, was expunged. This was in February 1888. The Minister responsible for the "exceptional legislation," Puttkamer, who had spoken in favour of this proposal, suffered a serious defeat. But as on an earlier occasion, he and his unmasked police agents obtained, to make use of the expression which he employed, a "brilliant compensation." On this occasion Paul Singer, after he had unmasked an *agent provocateur* working in Berlin, was expelled from the capital, and thereby compelled to retire from the firm which he had founded. And it so happened that two months after the exposure of the Puttkamer detective organisation and its economic methods, in April 1888, the Bundesrat of the Swiss Confederacy banished from Switzerland the editor of the *Sozialdemokrat* (myself), the business manager and dispatcher (Julius Motteler), the manager of the Publishing Department (Hermann Schlüter), and the manager of the Printing Department (Leonhard

Tauscher). In respect of the accusation immediately made by Swiss citizens that it had complied with pressure exercised from Berlin, the Bundesrat solemnly protested that it had only followed its own well-considered promptings, and as far as the official proceedings were concerned this may well have been the case. There are many ways of suggesting a desired course of action. The *Sozialdemokrat*, of which a weekly edition of nearly 12,000 copies now found its way into the German Empire, had put the Bismarck-Puttkamer system to very great inconvenience, and indirectly, of course, had caused the Swiss Federal Council a good deal of unpleasantness. Thus it was by no means difficult for an intermediary by means of hints at the dissatisfaction caused by the fact that Switzerland was given over to a "brood of revolutionary conspirators inimical to the Empire," to generate that frame of mind in Bundesrat circles in which no particular pressure was required to bring about the introduction of the measure. In any case no such crude proceedings were necessary as Bismarck, a few years earlier, had employed in the case of Belgium, in order to compel her to adopt a new penal clause—the so-called "tinker's clause." We therefore remained in doubt as to the admonitions to which the Swiss Bundesrat was subjected, when, contrary to the best traditions of the Confederacy, it handed us our passports. It was said in various quarters that fears as to possible difficulties in the negotiation of a new German-Swiss commercial treaty, which had then become necessary, were not without their influence upon the resolution taken by the Bundesrat.

However this may be, it is worthy of remark that when the Bundesrat had resolved to banish us, that very member of the Bundesrat who was supervisor for the Federal Police, the honest Waadtlander Democrat,

Louis Ruchonnet, resigned his office in a rather demonstrative manner. In the same way, that member of the Zürich Government Board, who was supervisor over the police of the Canton Zürich, the highly cultivated Regierungsrat Stössel, a Socialist of the school of Friedrich Albert Lange, resigned his supervisorship immediately after our expulsion, and turned his attention to educational matters instead. Finally, Police-Captain Fischer, the Chief of Police for the City of Zürich, assured us in an unequivocal manner that his sympathies were not with the German detective service, but with us, in our struggle against them. We were thus in the truly peculiar position of being banished from Switzerland against the individual wishes of the chiefs of police, of the Confederacy, the canton, and the city! In particular the democratic feeling of the Swiss people was strongly opposed to our banishment. In the National Council Theodor Curti, among others, made an excellent political speech against it, which produced a great impression, and was afterwards published as a pamphlet. At a great meeting of protest held in Zürich many well-known spokesmen of Swiss Social Democracy took the field against the Bundesrat, among them the Professor of Natural History, Arnold Dodel-Port, who was in a condition of painful excitement. We had, too, no lack of evidence of personal sympathy. Even the Bundesrat did its best to make the measure as endurable to us as possible. It granted us of its own free will a delay of four weeks in which to settle our affairs, and even caused its agents to inquire of us whether we were in need of financial help to accomplish our removal, an offer which we of course declined with thanks. We published in the *Sozialdemokrat* a long manifesto, in which we protested that we had never knowingly caused any inconvenience to Switzerland, and explained that we sought the actual

authors of our expulsion, not in Berne, but in Berlin; and that we bade farewell to Switzerland, in which we had so long found an asylum, without any feeling of bitterness.

Certainly, apart from the publication and smuggling into Germany of the *Sozialdemokrat*, we had been guilty of nothing which, in a country where the Press was free, could in any way be regarded as compromising. The language of the *Sozialdemokrat* had of course been pretty free at times, but it did not exceed that which the Democrats in exile had themselves had to put up with. I pointed this out when rumours of the threatened banishment had reached me, by publishing, with a few artless introductory remarks, at the bottom of the front page of the *Sozialdemokrat*, several extracts from the literature of Radicalism dating from before and since 1848; but this, it seemed, was in Berne regarded as an insulting procedure. But what had chiefly incensed people against us was a combative broad-sheet, which, during the elections of 1887, had been employed by us as a counter-weapon against the propagandist literature of the Bismarck Coalition, which was exploiting the fear of the French. It was published under the title of *The Red Devil* and printed on deep red paper. This journal, whose title had been suggested by the *Diable à Quatre*, published by the opponents of the Second Empire in France, Edouard Lockroy and his comrades, and which contained some pungent contributions from poetically gifted comrades in the Empire, did not fail to deliver some bitter attacks upon those at the helm of the Empire, and it cannot be disputed that some of them went rather further than was expedient for the good of the party. But one must not forget that the *Sozialdemokrat* and almost everything else that the party Press published was obliged to express in concentrated form the indignation by which the

adherents of a party subjected to the "exceptional legislation" were ever and again overcome. Our banishment raised the question whether the *Sozial-demokrat* should continue to appear in Zürich under the management of Swiss citizens, or should be removed, with us exiles, to London, where we intended to go next. After profound consideration, the latter course was decided upon.

So the day of our departure drew near: the 12th of May 1888. The Zürich working classes did not fail, at the last moment, to give a demonstrative proof of their sympathy for the exiles. The wide Bahnhofplatz was at the appointed hour overflowing with people; and the roads alongside the railway and the bridges and level-crossings were black with people. The exiles were handed great wreaths with red favours and appropriate inscriptions, as well as tasteful bouquets of flowers, and wherever they appeared there was loud cheering, and repeated cries of "*Auf Wiedersehen.*" As if this was not already enough to sadden us, melancholy sinners as we were, the very heavens did their best to make our departure from Zürich painful. It was a wonderful day of May: the Zürichzee, which I had grown to know so intimately, glittered in the glorious sunshine; the surrounding mountains, with their manifold shades of green, and their changing outlines, rose vividly before us, and behind them glistened the snow-covered peaks of the Alps of Central Switzerland, while the higher hill-pastures were decking themselves in fresh colours—everything in nature and man alike showed us its most friendly side. And now we had to leave it all—who knew for how long? Nature has denied me the faculty of weeping, but as the train drew out of the Zürich station, the tears stood in my eyes. Zürich had been a second home to me, my deputy-home, I might call it. All that it offered me, its intellectual

stimulus, its absorbing street-scenes eloquent of the present and the past, its many natural charms, the nearness of the Alps, and the amenities of the lake—all these I had enjoyed, be it said, with a sense of the intensest gratitude—and there I had made many dear friends, and had learned to understand and value the character of the people. People describe the Swiss as being "on the make," as given over to the cult of money. In this respect I have not found them different from the inhabitants of other capitalist countries; but they are often rather more ingenuous, or, if you like, less adroit. In Karl Marx's *Herr Vogt* some one relates of a Swiss peasant that on hearing the news of the unsuccessful outcome of the Baden Palatinate rising he exclaimed: "I had rather the Lord God had lost His best yoke of cows"[1]; and the narrator remarks, benevolently, that the worthy husbandman would not willingly have sacrificed his own cows, but that it was really very nice of him to be willing, at all events, to give the Lord God's cows for the revolution. Quite in the spirit of this anecdote my Zürich landlord, an honest master mechanic, when I had been prevented by the "higher authorities" from obtaining the whole benefit of my lease, made no abatement for that part of the lease which had still to run. But as I was leaving his house on the day of our departure he shook hands with me at the door, evidently much moved, and burst into sobs. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* One must not ask too much of people, if one wishes to like them, says Diderot, and in this respect I have all my life been in agreement with the author of *Rameau's Nephew.*

At the railway station of Baden Aurgau the police-captain, Fischer of Zürich, entered our compartment.

[1] Cows, bullocks, oxen, horses, donkeys, mules, and goats are used promiscuously as draught animals in most parts of Switzerland. —(*Trans.*)

He had received instructions from the Bundesrat to accompany us as far as the Swiss frontier, and considered it to be more tactful not to join us in Zürich, where every one knew him. Moreover, he was in mufti. We were duly grateful for this consideration, and entered into unconstrained conversation with him. Our journey, since we had to avoid German territory, was made by way of Olten, Delemont, and Delle *into*[1] France. We thought of spending two or three days in Paris, where we wanted to visit some political friends, and then to London. London was not wholly unknown to me, but I had seen little in it that reminded me of home, and I had, on the other hand, acquired all sorts of unfavourable ideas respecting the country and the people. Consequently a slight dismay overcame me whenever I thought of the coming change from cheerful, familiar Zürich to the vast, unfamiliar, gloomy capital of England. Before all it was inconceivable to me that I should ever be able to feel at home in a place which offered the inhabitants no smooth expanse of running water on and in which to disport themselves. Yet, in spite of all, the inconceivable came to pass.

[1] "Into," see p. 83.

CHAPTER VII

VISITS TO, AND EXILE IN, LONDON

WHEN in the spring of 1888 I was compelled, by reason of my banishment from Switzerland, to settle in London with my colleagues on the staff of the *Sozialdemokrat*, that city, as I have remarked in a previous chapter, was not wholly unknown to me. I had already paid three visits to the giant city on the Thames. However, my sojourn on each occasion had been only a short one, and was employed for quite other purposes than studying the place or its inhabitants. I had gained only a superficial impression of both; so that the impressions which I received of the prominent figures with whom these earlier journeys had brought me into contact were all the stronger.

I visited London for the first time at the end of November 1880, accompanied by my party comrade and friend, August Bebel. This was the visit to Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels of which Bebel has written in the third volume of his Autobiography[1] under the title of "The Canossa Pilgrimage to London." I myself have written something about it somewhere or other, so that I am in danger here and there of repeating myself.

The object of the journey was to seek an understanding with the two spiritual fathers of German Social Democracy, who had been greatly exasperated by certain events connected with the foundation, in the

[1] An abridged translation of which has been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin under the title, *My Life*.

summer of 1879, of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*, and were deeply distrustful of the Zürich group to which I belonged, which published the *Sozialdemokrat*. The two elders were particularly displeased with me: but no member of the group felt such need of standing in the good books of the authors of the *Communist Manifesto* as I myself. My delight was, therefore, all the greater when our friend Karl Höchberg declared himself prepared to assume the financial expenses of a fresh attempt at reconciliation with the London Socialists.

Bebel and I met at Calais. He had come from Germany through Brussels, and I from Switzerland through Lyons, where at Höchberg's request I had paid a one day's visit to the French Socialist, Benoît Malon. Neither of us had until then made a journey by sea, and our conversation revolved principally round the question, how we should stand the Channel crossing. "I think I shall get through without being sea-sick," said Bebel, always inclined to optimism. "I shall certainly fight against it," I replied, for I had behind me a sleepless night in a none too comfortable railway carriage. However, it was the other way about. With the feeling of a criminal who awaits the hangman's rope, I boarded the steamer which was to take us from Calais to Dover. Since I had heard or read that those are most likely to escape sea-sickness who remain on deck, I sought out a corner of the deck, pretty well forward, stationed myself there, and awaited my fate with a good dose of fatalism.

The weather was very rough, and the boat, which was only of moderate dimensions, was thrown hither and thither by the wind. Foaming waves continually drenched the fore part of the deck, and splashed me from head to foot. Very soon Bebel, who had remained beside me, disappeared with the words, "I am bad!" In the same manner other passengers disappeared, and

finally even the sailors working on deck withdrew with the treacherous symptoms of sea-sickness. I fully expected that I should have to do the same, but I delayed the evil by passive opposition, and did not budge from my place, resolved only to give in under the extremest compulsion. On a few occasions I really thought the fateful moment had arrived, but each time it passed me by; and as the crisis seemed to have reached its highest point, the violent plunging ceased, the vessel pursued its course more quietly, and shouts of "Dover!" fell upon my ear. Now the passengers appeared, one after the other, and at last Bebel, with whom matters had gone very badly, so that it was almost an hour before he had fully recovered from his hardships. When we got ashore he was so exhausted that he brought up even the cup of coffee which I offered him to put some strength into him; and during the railway journey he was at first quite apathetic. Only when we had left Canterbury behind us did he call my attention, with a glance, to the fact that two young ladies who were our fellow-passengers—half-fledged young Englishwomen returning from a boarding-school in France—were nevertheless very pretty. "Well," I thought, "if you have eyes for the beautiful, you've recovered"; and ten minutes later we were engaged in lively conversation.

In London we were taken by a friend, a member of our party, who met me at the station, to a small hotel in the Soho quarter, which harboured many Germans, and on the following day we set out for 122 Regent's Park Road, the home of Friedrich Engels. With the help of a Baedeker and the smattering of English which I had taught myself, I thought I could manage without a cab. But the matter was not quite so simple as I thought. My first discovery was that the English did not pronounce their own language correctly. I should

say that they did not pronounce it as I had learnt it. I could not understand any of the policemen to whom I addressed my inquiries as to the route. In my own excuse I may observe that the people probably pronounced their vowels after the manner of the lower classes of the citizens of London,—after the Cockney fashion,—which, of course, makes it more difficult for a novice to understand them. Fortunately, I was at least certain of the direction to be followed, and after overcoming various difficulties, I brought Bebel to Engels' house, whence I was about to return, for since it was Bebel and not myself who had been invited to Engels', I had thought to wait until the invitation was extended to me. But Engels came out of the house just as I was about to bid Bebel good-bye, and at once compelled me to enter.

Upstairs we soon began a political conversation, which often assumed a very lively character. Engels' stormy temperament, which concealed such a truly noble character, and many good qualities, revealed itself to us as unreservedly as the joyous conception of life peculiar to the native of the Rhineland. "Drink, young man!" And with these words, in the midst of a violent dispute, he kept on refilling my glass with Bordeaux, which he always had in the house. In those days Engels had just passed his sixtieth year, and amazed us by his great bodily and mental vigour. This tall, slender man hastened through the long London streets at a quicker pace than even the youngest of us. To keep step with him upon our walks was no easy matter. However, I found it easier than to keep pace with him in drinking glass upon glass of wine.

The subject of our dispute was the question of the political attitude of German Social Democracy in respect of the "exceptional laws" promulgated two years previously by Bismarck, and the theoretical and political

attitude of the Zürich *Sozialdemokrat*. Bebel had no difficulty in persuading Engels that this journal, then edited by Georg von Vollmar, was at all events maintaining a much more resolute and highly principled attitude than many of the leaders of the party in Germany; and that the internal organisation of the party was far from being so advantageous as others had described it to the two "ancients."

We might have been disputing for a good hour at least when Engels suddenly declared: "Now it's time to go to Marx." We put on our overcoats and left the house with him. I wanted to take my leave, but Engels expostulated: "No, no; you come along with us to the Moor." "To the Moor?" I said. "But who is he?" "Why, Marx," replied Engels, in a tone that signified that one must as a matter of course know whom he meant. The "Moor" was the nickname which Marx's children had at one time given their father, in reference to his jet-black hair—which had meanwhile become a beautiful white—and his sallow complexion. The "Moor" lived close to Engels, namely, in Maitland Park Road, a turning out of Haverstock Hill, which runs up to beautiful Hampstead Heath.

Engels, like Marx, lived in one of those family residences which were then the normal type of dwelling-house in London, as they are to-day, though the style of architecture has altered somewhat. For middle-class families able to pay a rent of £40 a year or thereabouts there were at that time dwelling-houses, designed really as villas, which consisted of four to five storeys: there was a basement or half-basement, containing the kitchen, a sitting-room, and offices; a ground floor, with its hall and two sitting-rooms—back and front parlours, as they were called; a first floor, containing the largest room in the house, which as a rule served as a drawing-room, though Engels used it as library and workroom,

together with other smaller rooms; while the upper floors contained two or three bedrooms and lumber-rooms or box-rooms.

These houses are much taller than they are broad, and the cheaper sort are high, narrow buildings erected in groups of eight, ten, or twelve, by the same contractor, after one identical model, so that in houses belonging to such a group there is often nothing to distinguish one from another. The very short-sighted Marx was always doubtful, when returning home, whether he was standing in front of his own house or that of one of his neighbours, and often enough it was the refusal of his latch-key to open the door that first told him that he had gone astray. Of course, this erection of houses by the dozen greatly diminishes the cost of building, and is one of the reasons why in London houses with eight or ten rooms of varying sizes and a small garden can be obtained for a much lower rent than in any of the Continental capitals.

People who have hitherto lived only in flats find it at first a good deal of a nuisance to have to climb stairs in order to go from room to room, but to the English it seems the most obvious thing in the world. And this separation of the rooms by means of flights of stairs has, in addition to its manifest inconveniences, a good many advantages. The Englishman of the lower middle classes has a great affection for his sitting-room in the basement or half-basement, usually known as the breakfast-room. Conveniently reached from the kitchen, easily warmed in winter, and not too warm in summer, it is used for all meals by many families, and in the evening is the general resort of all the members of the family. It is often very comfortably furnished, and it makes a curious impression upon one accustomed to Continental ways of life when he is received and entertained in the basement by people living in a well-appointed house.

The Marx's house was smaller than the Engels', and

the rooms in the basement were correspondingly plainer. Nevertheless, the Marx family took their meals in the breakfast-room, while the Engels, whose basement floor was quite extensive, ate in one of the ground-floor sitting-rooms. In the basement room of Marx's house Bebel and I were entertained, on one of the days of our visit to London, at a fairly large and well-appointed table.

Marx's study was on the first floor, at the back of the house. It was there that Marx received us on the first day of our visit. He greeted Bebel with extreme cordiality, treating him like a brother, as Engels had done previously. Me, too, he received in a friendly manner, and since the conversation turned at first on other questions than the one in dispute, it was very much more temperate than in Engels' house. Although Marx was only two years older than Engels, he gave one the impression of being a much older man. He spoke in the quiet, lucid tone of a patriarch, and was quite unlike the picture which I had formed of him. From the descriptions, which for that matter were mostly furnished by his opponents, I had expected to make the acquaintance of a somewhat suppressed, highly excitable old gentleman; and now I found myself in the presence of a very white-haired man whose dark eyes held a friendly smile, and whose speech was full of charity. When a few days later I was expressing my surprise to Engels that I had found Marx so completely unlike what I had imagined him to be, he remarked: "Well, the Moor can thunder quite properly even now," as I was soon to have occasion to observe. In order that my remarks may not give rise to any erroneous conclusions, I will add that the object of his displeasure was the book of a third person, of which we happened to speak, and which I had attempted to defend.

The mission which had brought Bebel and myself to

London had been concluded in a wholly satisfactory manner. Bebel, who at that time was in the full prime of his intellectual powers, delighted both the old men with his frankness, and the exhaustive explanations which he gave them concerning the political situation in Germany, and the state of the Social Democratic Party. As for me, they seemed to have formed a mental picture of a Socialist of the arrogant, academic type; it was therefore pleasant to find that they had been sent a man who was body and soul in the practical movement, the last of whose qualities was self-consciousness in literary matters. One day, indeed, Friedrich Engels all but fell upon my neck when I confessed, with some shame, that, although thirty years of age, I had not as yet written a book. "What, you have never yet written a book?" he cried. "That is really excellent!" And he vehemently inveighed against the sort of people who, without even having properly learned anything, are now, in Germany, writing books on every possible subject. That a man who had some ability might, at the age of twenty-four, write such an epoch-making work as *The Condition of the Working Classes in England*, I forbore to remind the author of that book.

Our stay in London extended at that time to a week, a space of time in which one can observe a good deal of the place and its inhabitants. But I was so completely absorbed by the Socialist movement, during our walks I hung upon Engels' lips to such an extent, my thoughts and ideas were so much concerned with a comparatively small circle of men, that I took back with me only a very incomplete impression of the mighty city and its inhabitants. Almost all I saw struck me as strange, but I had not the time, nor was my English sufficient, to approach either men or things more closely. Since Engels at once took Bebel into his house as his guest, while I remained at the little hotel in Soho, I lost a

great deal of time in covering the long distance to Regent's Park; for to indulge in cabs would have exceeded the budget which I had decided to allow myself.

One day, of course, we paid the British Museum a visit. Engels showed us the celebrated Rosetta stone, which was of such remarkable assistance in deciphering the hieroglyphs; and he told us, as characteristic of the intense self-confidence of Lassalle, that the latter, when Marx showed him the stone in 1862, broke out with the remark: "What would you think if I were some day to study hieroglyphs in order to impress the Egyptologists?" We know now, from the Memoirs of Brugsch Pasha, that Lassalle did really seriously contemplate taking up this study.

In Marx's circle they had little that was good to say of Lassalle. Particularly upon the women of the family he seemed, during his visit in the summer of 1862, to have made a very unfavourable impression, owing to his dandified appearance, so that Marx, who in other respects criticised him sharply enough, repeatedly defended him against the attacks of his wife and daughters.

Marx's wife was already a great sufferer at the time of our visit. Nevertheless, on the day when we were invited to the midday meal, she left her sick-bed, in order to honour us by her presence at the table. She conversed with us in a friendly manner, touching upon our activities, duly honouring Bebel's deserts, and proposing our health: but she was soon obliged to leave the table and return to her sick-room. In her manner she betrayed the well-bred woman: her conversation, however ardent, was free from extravagance or exuberance. Of Marx's daughters, although all three were present at the midday meal, Eleanor, the youngest, was the only one with whom I became some-

what better acquainted at that time, and later my wife and I entered upon terms of close and affectionate friendship with her. Her interesting personality and her tragic end should justify my saying something of them here. In 1880 Eleanor Marx was a blooming young maiden of twenty-four summers, with the black hair and black eyes of her father, and an exceptionally musical voice. She was unusually vivacious, and took part, in her sensitive and emotional manner, in our discussions of party matters. With much greater devotion than her two elder sisters, Tussy, as Eleanor was called by her friends and her family, had dedicated herself to the Socialist movement. But there was yet another influence which had taken hold upon her soul: one that was fateful enough in her later life: that of the theatre. Eleanor Marx was an inspired worshipper at the shrine of the dramatic Muse, and would dearly have liked to tread the boards herself. Certain letters exchanged between Marx and Engels allow us to read between the lines what an inward struggle this passion must have cost her. At the period of which I am writing we had naturally no suspicion of this, although we had an opportunity of hearing Eleanor Marx recite at an evening entertainment.

This entertainment was given for the benefit of the widow of a Communard, in a fairly large and only moderately well-lit hall, which might as well have been the class-room of one of the many denominational schools which were distributed all over London, as the hall of a working-man's club. Bebel and I were led by Engels, one very dark night, through a perfect maze of streets to the hall, which according to my calculations must have been in the St. Pancras district. The room was only two-thirds full, but the public was interesting enough. Besides Marx, with his daughters, Friedrich Engels and August Bebel, there were all sorts of political

refugees of more or less considerable importance in the Socialist Revolutionary movement of their own country; among them the Russian Socialist, Leo Hartmann, who had taken part in an attempt upon the life of Alexander II. But—and this was typical of English conditions—on the back of the very unassuming programme was a list of subscriptions towards the object of the entertainment, and at the top of it were the words: "Her Majesty the Queen has headed the List with £10."

The recitation given by Eleanor Marx was the poem of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." As my English was still very weak, I could not follow the words at all adequately: I only noted that Eleanor's recitation was full of life, and that she spoke with a great wealth of modulation and earned a great deal of applause. Later on she became a true orator and artist in elocution. I have heard her at working-men's clubs, in speeches of a political nature, express herself in truly poetical flights of imagination, and periods that delighted the ear: and her English accent was perfect. Once, in the nineties, when she was speaking at the Playgoers' Club, on naturalism in the modern drama, and her ideas were in direct contradiction to those of a portion of her hearers, one of her opponents, at the conclusion of his own remarks, could not refrain from exclaiming: "But there is one thing that I must say. Never, until to-night, as I listened to Mrs. Aveling, did I realise of what noble beauty the English language is capable."

About a year after her father's death, Eleanor Marx contracted a "free marriage" with Dr. Edward B. Aveling, who was to be her evil destiny. His similar conception of the world, his position in the party, and his love for the drama, sped the wooing of this indubitably gifted but highly undisciplined man.

This was the time when Socialism, which, since the breakdown of Chartism and the Internationale, had

fallen into discredit in England, was making its appearance in new forms, and was at first preached more particularly by the Intellectuals, a party of whom, among them Aveling, had entered the new movement from the ranks of the freethinkers. The son of an Irish Protestant clergyman, Aveling had been educated at University College, London, which was conducted on agnostic lines. There he studied natural science and obtained his doctorate, but then, following his theatrical propensities, he became the manager of a company of strolling players, which, however, suffered shipwreck, so from this he turned to the profession of agnostic lecturer, his speciality being lectures on the teaching of Darwin, whom he had, I think, known personally. These lectures made him extremely popular in the Radical circles of the day, and when he joined the Socialist movement his accession appeared to many to be a notable acquisition. Fundamentally of an enthusiastic nature, Eleanor Marx was enraptured by the new "comrade," so that he found the conquest of her heart an easy matter. Since he was already married, and was living separated from his wife, but could not obtain a divorce, his connection with Eleanor had either to be kept secret, or announced before all the world as a "free marriage." Eleanor chose the latter course. Every young movement has sectarian features, and loves to accentuate the breach with the old conditions, in every possible sphere, and in a demonstrative manner. Eleanor, when she formed this connection with Aveling, held a well-paid post in one of the better class of boarding-schools. Since she was greatly valued there, her relations with Aveling, had she kept her own counsel, might have been willingly overlooked. But she notified her principal formally by letter of her connection, and it became necessary to give her notice "out of regard for the majority." In the same way she

closed other doors against her; but not so many as one would have expected after this confession. "My London is a little Paris," Friedrich Engels wrote to me, when he informed me of Eleanor's connection with Edward Aveling and the attitude thereto of their circle of acquaintances. A somewhat free conception of life had perhaps permeated certain circles of London society.

A great deal of the opposition which Eleanor encountered was based not so much on the fact that she had contracted a free marriage, as on the fact that the masculine partner in this marriage was Edward Aveling. His reputation in the Radical and Democratic world of London was already very bad, and it became worse year by year. Whoever has read or seen Bernard Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*—which we Germans know under the title of *The Physician at the Cross Roads*—will have made the acquaintance of a somewhat retouched Aveling in the painter, Dubedat. Shaw, who knew both the Avelings very well, gave Dubedat nearly all the characteristic attributes of Edward Aveling: his passion for having everything of the best; the assured and shameless manner in which he borrowed, in order to pay for his pleasures, the scanty cash of even the poorest of his acquaintances; his gift of fascinating the ingenuous, and in particular, women, by his lyrical and æsthetic affectations and flirtations, in order to exploit them in the same unceremonious fashion as that in which a spoilt child makes a convenience of its nurse: these are characteristic features of the man for whom Eleanor Marx sacrificed herself as completely in real life as Mrs. Dubedat sacrificed herself for her husband in the play. And the deliberate blindness and deafness of Mrs. Dubedat in respect of all that was said to the detriment of her husband is precisely the counterpart of the obstinacy with which Eleanor Aveling,

despite all her painful experience of her chosen comrade, continued to believe in him until he involved her in the infamy which led to the catastrophe. For the reality was in this case tragic, where in Shaw's play it is tragi-comic. Edward Aveling did indeed "die beautifully," like Dubedat—a death which any one might envy him: while reading a book, in an easy-chair, in the sunshine, he fell asleep for ever. But he left behind him, not a wife who had self-sacrificingly tended him for long years, who was "soon to marry again," but a newly married wife, with whom he had contracted a legal marriage behind Eleanor's back, his first lawful wife having died some little time before. This treatment of her drove Karl Marx's daughter to suicide.

"How sad has life been all these years," ran the note which Eleanor, before she took poison, left behind her in a sealed envelope for Aveling, who would calmly have torn it up when it was handed to him, had not the coroner's officer prevented him. A sad life—of whose disillusions the valiant daughter of a valiant father had allowed the outer world to learn nothing.

It is characteristic of Shaw as a writer that he should have taken a marriage which ended so tragically as the Avelings' for the basis of a comedy. I once called him a laughing Ibsen—how far the phrase expresses the truth I will leave others to decide. However, Shaw was to some extent justified for his treatment of his material by Eleanor himself. In her letter to Frederick Demuth, the son of that Lenchen Demuth who was so greatly valued by the Marx family—a letter dated the 5th of February 1898—which referred to Edward Aveling, who a few months earlier had plunged her into the greatest bewilderment and anxiety by his sudden disappearance, and the sale of her possessions over her head, but was now a sick man, who needed her, she said:

"DEAR FREDDY,—I know what friendship you feel for me, and how sincerely anxious you are about me. But I don't think you quite understand—I myself am only just beginning to understand. I realise, however, more and more, that wrong behaviour is simply a moral sickness, and that the morally healthy (like yourself) are not qualified to judge the condition of the morally sick, just as the physically healthy can scarcely realise the condition of the physically sick.

"There are people who lack a certain moral sense just as others are deaf or short-sighted or are in other ways afflicted. And I begin to realise the fact that one is as little justified in blaming them for the one sort of disorder as for the other. We must strive to cure them, and if no cure is possible, we must do our best. I have learnt to perceive this through long suffering—suffering whose details I could not tell even to you—but I have learned it, and so I am endeavouring to bear all these trials as well as I can."

And two days later, on the 7th of February 1898:

"MY DEAR, DEAR FREDDY,—I must confess that I am really vexed not to have expressed myself quite clearly. But you haven't understood me at all. And I am too restless, too troubled, to explain myself. Edward is going into a hospital to-morrow, and the operation will take place in the middle of the week. There is a French proverb: 'To understand is to forgive.' Much suffering has taught me much understanding—and so I do not need to forgive. I can only love."

Then, in her last letter to Demuth, on the 1st of March 1898:

"Don't count my failure to write as negligence. The trouble is that I am depressed, and often I have not the heart to write. I cannot tell you how glad I am that you

do not blame me too greatly, for I regard you as one of the greatest and best of men with whom I have ever been acquainted.

"It is a bad time for me. I fear there is little to hope for, and the pain and suffering are great. Why we all go on like this I do not understand. I am ready to go and would do so with joy, but so long as he needs help I am bound to remain."

A month after Demuth had received this letter—on the 31st of March 1898—Eleanor Marx put an end to her life. A letter which she had received that morning, and which Edward Aveling destroyed before a third person had read it, must have furnished the motive of her action. For Aveling's state of health had improved, and the arrangements which she had made on the previous evening were of such a nature that she cannot have meditated an immediate suicide. The letter must have told her that Aveling, at the time when he suddenly disappeared, had legally married a very young actress, and that he indeed "no longer needed" her.

She had believed in him and his talent, and had conceived great hopes of him. He had even written a few curtain-raisers which had been successful. But his talent was not equal to a greater dramatic work; it was purely receptive.

In one of Aveling's one-act plays, *By the Sea*, I saw both him and Eleanor act. In company with the then youthful William Sanders—now Alderman of the London County Council and Secretary of the Fabian Society—they often played this piece, which was founded on Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," at working-men's clubs. Eleanor played the young wife, who, wavering between love and loyalty, chooses the latter, with great warmth of emotion; but the play was too much attuned to a single key to give her creative powers much opportunity.

What far different possibilities would Bernard Shaw's *Candida*, who has to make a similar decision, have offered a dramatic artist! But Shaw brings real people upon the stage; not mere romantic figures.

Eleanor Marx had made her first attempt as an actress while her father was yet alive. In a letter to Marx, dated the 7th of July 1881, Friedrich Engels writes of this appearance:

"Tussy was very good in the émotional scenes, only one noted perhaps that she had taken Ellen Terry as her model, as Radford had taken Irving, but she will soon get over that; if she wants to produce an effect upon the public she must strike out a line of her own absolutely, and that she will surely do."

From these remarks it will be guessed that Marx was not absolutely opposed to Eleanor's choice of the actress's career. Six months later, on the 12th of January 1882, Marx, who was already seriously unwell, wrote to Engels from Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, whither he had gone for the sake of his health with Eleanor, to the effect that as far as his further travelling arrangements were concerned, Eleanor must be regarded as quite out of the question as his companion.

"The child is suffering from a mental discord which is quite undermining her health. Neither change of climate, nor travel, nor physicians, can do anything in this case; the only thing one can do for her is to give her her own way, and let her go through her course of dramatic *lessons*[1] with Madame Jung. She is burning with eagerness to make for herself, as she believes she will in this way, an independent career as an artist, and once she is allowed to take this course, she is at all events right to lose no more time at her age. I would not for the world that the child should regard herself as an old man's

[1] English in the original text.—(*Trans.*)

nurse, to be sacrificed on the family altar. Indeed I am convinced that *pro nunc* Madame Jung alone can be her physician. She is not frank; what I say is founded on observation, not on her own confession."

These few lines give one a considerable insight into Marx's relations with his daughters. He had the greatest affection for them, and had more than a father's regard for them. In his letters to Engels he employs only the tenderest expressions in speaking of them. Eleanor was already in her twenty-sixth year, but in these letters she is always "the child," and even when mentioning Jenny, who was thirteen years older, Marx always speaks of "the child," or uses the diminutive "Jennychen." Jenny, his eldest daughter, was especially dear to him. She had lived through the worst period of Marx's life, at an age when children already understand the needs of their elders, and was her father's especial confidante. But the relation between Marx and Eleanor was nevertheless a very intimate one. From her father, who in many ways was her teacher, she had among other things derived her great veneration for Shakespeare, who to her was almost an idol. She certainly acquired her enthusiasm for the dramatic muse in her parents' house. Mother and father were great lovers of the theatre, and often the whole family would make the long pilgrimage afoot from Haverstock Hill to Sadler's Wells Theatre, to watch the great Shakespearean actor, Phelps, from the standing-places—they could not afford anything better.

I learned nothing of all this on my first visit; on the other hand, I noted, from Eleanor's behaviour in the family circle, that this girl of four-and-twenty was still treated to some extent as the youngest, the pet of the family.

. . . . . .

My second visit to England took place in 1884. I had taken part, as delegate of the Swiss Labour movement, in a convention held at Lyons, at the request of the Executive Committee of the Swiss branch of the Social Democratic Party; then, on the invitation of the German Socialist Reading Club in Paris, I gave a lecture there, and was invited by Friedrich Engels, who had learned that I was in Paris, to go over to London in a few days' time, and stay with him as his guest. Interesting as this journey was from other points of view, it contributed but little to a more extensive acquaintance with England and the English. Marx had died in the March of 1883, and the whole of his literary remains had come into Engels' hands; and he, with the greatest devotion, was sifting and arranging it, in order to make as much as possible of his friend's work available for publication. When I had arrived in London he read to me, night after night, until the small hours of the morning, passages from Marx's manuscripts, and the synopsis of a book with which he connected Marx's extracts from the American writer Lewis Morgan's *Ancient Society*. This meant getting up all the later. After breakfast, we would read the newspaper, attend to our correspondence, and work; then came lunch, and after lunch a walk together over Primrose Hill through Regent's Park; then, at home again, a little more work was done; at seven o'clock was dinner, after which Engels first of all dozed a little; and finally, by the fireside, he would tell me of Marx's work, or read aloud from his manuscripts. This was the whole day, according to our manner of living; and only twice did I break away from the latter, during Engels' working-hours, in order to visit German party comrades who were living in London in exile. On a few occasions, too, Eleanor Marx looked in for half an hour, as did Ellen Rosher, a niece of Engels' dead wife,

who had grown up in his house like a child of his own; but I came even less into contact with English people on this occasion than during my first visit. On the other hand, I now learned to know the faithful Lenchen Demuth. Friedrich Engels had engaged this excellent person, who had served the Marx family from the earliest days, when Marx and his wife set up housekeeping, until Marx's death, as his housekeeper, and treated her like a member of the family, with pathetic affection and attention. Nimmy, as the Marx children loved to call her, or Nimmchen, as Engels liked to address Helene Demuth, was initiated in all the affairs of the household, and had her own opinion of Marx's visitors, to which she would sometimes treat one, in exceedingly downright language.

Although I had not learned to know the English, I had, on my two journeys, made the acquaintance of the Frenchman at home. In Lyons, where I had to speak, an artisan belonging to the Marxist party, a cabinet-maker by trade, had met me at the station, taken me to a modest inn, and after we had eaten, had spent the evening with me walking along the banks of the Rhône and Saône. He was a Frenchman of the South; but how well I remember his mannerisms, and his way of describing and passing judgment upon our German workers! Behind the sympathies of the Socialist, the national differences receded completely into the background. Late in the evening Jules Guesde arrived from Paris. He was to be the special speaker at the appointed meeting. Another day the Socialists of Lyons, after they had once more taken us for a walk, gave us a lunch high up in the Croix Rouge quarter. It was then that a national peculiarity came into view. It was incredible what heaps of bread were consumed at this meal, although there was no lack of meat of different kinds. Into the gravy soup, which already

had squares of bread in it, the Frenchmen broke more bread, which stood stacked up in great platefuls on the table, until the soup became a sort of mush. It was, of course, white bread, beautifully light and spongy.

The meeting was held in a circus, but since it was Sunday afternoon, and enchantingly beautiful spring weather, it was not over-well attended. The wide hall could have held half as many people again as put in an appearance. Although a meeting at which defects are exposed is usually a critical meeting, Guesde—the *s* in whose name was sounded by my Lyonnais artisan—won a perfect storm of applause. He was very sarcastic in his dealings with the mischievous concessions which the State had granted certain railway companies. Once, as he cried to the meeting after a volley of applause, "Don't clap; I'm not making a speech; I'm only talking to you," a working man standing in front called out: "Mais nos cœurs vous applaudissent!"

Truly, that would hardly have occurred to a German working man.

Guesde made no further speeches in Lyons, but we both of us delivered speeches at Roanne, a manufacturing town engaged in the textile industry of the south of France. There the workers, as well as the character and tone of the unusually well-attended meeting, gave me quite the impression to which I, hailing from Germany, was accustomed. And as I saw, on the platform, sitting at a table close at hand, two policemen, one of whom was busily taking notes, my eyes almost grew dim, so greatly did the sight remind me of home. Five years of life and activity in Switzerland had made such a spectacle seem quite unaccustomed.

My third journey to London was again made in Bebel's company. It took place in November 1887, and was undertaken in order to negotiate with the English Socialists in respect of a Socialist and Labour

Congress to be held the following year. As a result, I was of course brought into contact with English people. We made the acquaintance of Edward Aveling, and we also had a conference with H. M. Hyndman, the leader of the Social Democratic Federation, and William Morris, the intellectual head of the Socialist League, which had seceded from the Federation, in which several satellites of these central suns took part. On the other hand, we did not on that occasion find the secretary of the Parliamentary Trade Union Committee, Henry Broadhurst, who was even then a very influential member, in London; nor his private secretary, a well-nourished, red-cheeked young man, one of the few Englishmen whom I have come across who corresponded with the type of John Bull as one pictures him in Germany. That there was a Labour movement on the Continent also seemed absolutely news to him, but it did not appear to afford him much food for thought. Very different were Hyndman and the magnificent William Morris. But I had better speak of them when I describe my twelve years' residence in London, which began with my fourth journey to England in May 1888.

At the time of our visit in November 1887, Bebel and I witnessed one of the demonstrations of the unemployed, which since the beginning of 1886 had been taking place almost continually at the foot of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, and at which unusually revolutionary speeches were made by Socialist agitators. The years 1886 and 1887 were in England times of great industrial depression; the unemployment was so great that even the best situated Trade Unions had to reckon with the possibility of no longer being able to pay their members their unemployment pay. It may be imagined on what fruitful soil fell the bitter speeches of accusation against the capitalist system which were delivered from the plinth of the Nelson Column, at

these meetings, to workers who mostly came from the East End, often having the marks of hunger stamped upon their faces. So long as matters went no further than mere speech the police did not interfere, however seditious it sounded. But at the end of October 1887 there were incidents, as there had been the previous year, which led to arrests being made, for the unemployed attempted to plunder the shops in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square. The Metropolitan Police authorities intervened and issued an order which prohibited further meetings in the historic square. The Socialists now turned to the Radical and Democratic elements, and in particular to the extreme Liberal working-men's clubs in London, and called upon them to stand by them in the fight for the palladium of English liberty, the right of free assembly. The Liberals were just then in opposition, and were at the same time anxious to call the Government to account for prohibiting the Irish Nationalist O'Brien from speaking. Accordingly, they were all the readier to answer the summons.

In spite of the prohibition, on Sunday the 13th of November a great meeting of protest was convened in Trafalgar Square ; which was attended not only by the Socialist clubs, but also by the more radical of the Liberal working-men's clubs of London. From all sides processions converged at the appointed hour, followed by the mass of the public, who filled the streets leading to the great square. Even the police, thoroughly prepared and posted in squads, could only hold back the crowd in certain avenues of approach. At other points they broke through, and soon the square was tolerably closely packed. When reinforcements arrived for the police whole troops pressed forward, beating with their truncheons those who had reached the square. As always, organised force was victorious over the

unorganised, and, for the most part, unarmed crowd, and put them to flight. In the confusion there was a general *sauve qui peut*. A few only offered a stubborn defence. Among them was a thick-set, robust artisan of some thirty years of age, with black hair and bushy eyebrows, as well as a slender, well-dressed, dark-skinned man in whom no one would have suspected the revolutionist. Both defended themselves like lions, until the police overpowered them and placed them under arrest. They were charged with opposing the authority of the State, and condemned to six weeks' imprisonment. The fashionably dressed man was Cunninghame-Graham, at that time Member of Parliament for the Camlachie division of Glasgow; a member too of the upper ten thousand, who had been elected as a Radical, but had gone over to the Socialist Party, to which he still belongs to-day. As a writer he is greatly admired, his style being peculiarly individual. The artisan was the engineer and Socialist agitator John Burns, a man of great oratorical powers, noted for his comprehensive grasp of administrative problems. Eighteen years later he was Cabinet Minister in a Liberal Government. And the man who defended the two revolutionaries was a young barrister who had just entered parliamentary life, but for whom many persons, impressed by his varied talents, foretold a great political career. In this they were not mistaken, for the barrister's name was Herbert Henry Asquith.

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON PECULIARITIES AND ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS

THE emigration of the *Sozialdemokrat* from Zürich to London, after we four exiles had arrived in the English capital, necessitated, as one of the first steps to be taken, the renting of suitable business premises.

This was no simple matter. Since we did not wish to go very far afield from that part of town in which Engels was living, we could think only of renting a whole house, which would be large enough to contain counting-house, office, compositors' room, publishing office, and, if possible, also the printing-press; for we entertained the idea, at first, of printing the paper ourselves, as we had done in Zürich, which necessitated a room in which we could set up a printing-press of by no means small dimensions. There were no business or industrial premises in the north-west of London so divided as to suit our purpose, we could only have found such premises in the neighbourhood of the City, where the rents are very high. We had to find either a large dwelling-house, with an outbuilding where the machinery could be set up, or a house with a shop and residential quarters at the back, such as are, indeed, to be found in great numbers in London; but in the neighbourhood which we were considering they are seldom of such a nature as to offer us all that we needed or desired. We had to make a thorough search: and so for us began

the pleasure of house-hunting, as the English call it, which, like a great deal of other hunting, is an extremely fatiguing form of pleasure. But it afforded us the opportunity of obtaining impressions from every point of view of the social life of this section of the capital.

I use the word "section" deliberately; for Kentish Town, where we made our search, was only a small section of London, and it was not a particularly characteristic section either, with its East End surroundings. Nothing in the style of the place, nothing in the character of its life and its activities, betrayed its connection with the mighty commercial emporium of the British Empire. Many great cities include, in their growth, localities which they do not at once adapt to their geographical organisation. But nowhere does one encounter more unmistakable signs of the original independence of the locality than in a great number of the old towns and villages with which London has coalesced in the course of the years. In this mighty metropolis, as it is styled, for the geographical concept of London covers a whole conglomerate of villages and towns, whose centre is the actual capital, there prevails a heterogeneity and an irregular promiscuity of the individual parts which has not its like elsewhere.

For a long time the same thing was true in respect of the administration of London. Every place had its own local administration, the Vestry; and one Vestry troubled itself very little as to what the others did: a peculiar method of local government which was not conducive to any communal feeling affecting London as a whole. Only for a few common purposes a sort of federate body was created in 1885, under the style of the Metropolitan Board of Works; but it was very defective in its operation, and in the very year of our arrival in England Parliament was preparing to transform London into a county, with one single County

Council, to be elected upon a fairly democratic suffrage. This County Council came into being in the year 1889, and soon acquired a certain notoriety as a novelty in the sphere of Municipal Socialism. But the heterogeneous character of the local administrative bodies was hardly modified thereby. Greater London retained its innumerable vestries and similar administrations, until at the beginning of the new century a Bill was passed which combined a number of the small vestries or added them to large ones, with the result that London is now divided into thirty municipalities, more or less equal in size, the more important affairs, such as drainage, the fire brigade, the elementary schools, traffic, etc., being regulated by the London County Council.

These newly created bodies have only very gradually affected the physiognomy of London. In the year 1888 there was as yet scarcely anything to be observed of this influence. At that time a map of London, showing all its many parishes, and their social physiognomy, was like a picture of a counterpane made up of innumerable patches.

The parish of St. Pancras, of which Kentish Town forms a part, stretches from Holborn in the more central portion of London, to the neighbourhood of Highgate in the north-west. It undergoes many changes of character. In its southern portion the houses are still built in the old style which was in vogue in the eighteenth century, and the first half of the nineteenth; and they are so blackened with smoke that one realises their age at the first glance. Round about King's Cross, where the termini of the Great Northern Railway, the Midland Railway, and (a little farther westward) the North-Western Railway, are situated, everything looks black with smoke, and there are, or were, not a few streets which belonged to the category of slums—that is, the spawning-places of outward and inward demoralisation

and depravity. Lately many of these have been pulled down, which has somewhat altered the aspect of things. But there is still far too much that is old and decayed. Farther to the north the prospect is a little more pleasing; the houses belong to the latter half of the nineteenth century, with half-basements, airy front rooms, and more cheerful windows. Still farther north, in the neighbourhood of Highgate-on-the-Hill, are streets with larger or smaller gardens before the houses, which at one time were suburban villas, but of which a great many have already suffered the first step of social degradation. This means that they are no longer inhabited by members of the social class for which they were originally intended, a circumstance which is betrayed by many external signs: lack of attention given to the front gardens, diminished cleanliness of the windows, the different character of the window-curtains, and many like symptoms.

The social degradation of the houses is a process which is often to be observed in London. It does not affect individual houses, but whole streets, or tributary roads. It takes place more or less as follows. A street or a section of a street is laid out, and houses are built for tenants of the well-to-do middle classes. Family residences with a flight of steps before the door, spacious domestic offices in the basement, lofty reception-rooms and bedrooms on the ground floor and first floor, and a wide entrance-door. It is understood, and often stipulated, in the lease, that no tenant may sublet rooms or a portion of the house; for this would diminish the respectability of the street. This condition will be observed for years. Then, perhaps, in one of the houses, for one reason or another, the family makes an exception, disposing, discreetly at first, of one or several rooms. After a time the same thing happens in a second house, and a third. But although the sub-

letting is discreetly arranged at first, the secret cannot be kept in the long-run. In the windows appear the tell-tale cards which signify that "superior apartments," etc., are to be let. And already the street is not what it used to be. If a house falls empty the owner must be a little less fastidious as to subletting, and must frame his stipulations a little less strictly. The same is true of the second and third removal. The notices that apartments are to let become more conspicuous, and the street ceases to be regarded as quite fashionable, even though it still preserves a certain smartness. Now come tenants who are less anxious to live in a smart dwelling-house than to let high-class lodgings, and the street gradually becomes a street of apartment houses. But even as such it retains its rank only for a little while. Gradually it loses its attraction for the more solvent lodgers, and with the class of lodger the class of tenant changes. People who make a business of letting apartments rent the houses. They themselves live only in the basement rooms, and perhaps one or two bedrooms at the top of the house. All the other rooms they let, and the house becomes a lodging-house, with the lodgers always coming and going. For such a house is quite unlike a house which has been originally built as an apartment house. The tenants are obliged to let their rooms to lodgers of all classes; in the high, airy rooms of the ground floor and first floors will be found people of a very different class from those who rent the less lofty rooms of the upper storeys. Yet no lodger is cut off from the rest so completely as in an apartment-house of the German or American type, which is more like a block of flats. As the house was intended for a single family, there is nothing on any of the floors to shut off the living-rooms from the landings. The rooms open directly on to the landings and passages, and since in the better class of houses it is

regarded as improper and even insulting to lock one's door, one never loses the feeling, in a large house of this kind, that one has no proper refuge of one's own, but is living, as it were, in a dove-cot, where all the doves are flying in and out. Here I speak from personal experience, for on two occasions my wife and I were lodgers in a house of this description.

The idea which prevails among the lower classes that it is not respectable to lock up one's room is connected with another characteristic which I encountered first when looking for a house for the *Sozialdemokrat*; and afterwards when hunting for a dwelling-house for myself and my family. I met with a blind confidence on the part of the populace which I should least of all have expected to find in the vast city of London. When inhabited houses were not in question, the houses to be let which we inspected were absolutely empty. It did not pay to put a caretaker in charge. If one called at such a house a placard affixed to one of the windows, or a larger announcement, offered the information that the key was to be had at one of the neighbouring houses, and this key was usually confided to us without more ado, in the fullest confidence. Of course, there was seldom anything left in the house that was worth taking away, and a key is not a particularly valuable object. But it is not quite an indifferent matter if a patent key —such as are the majority of these keys—is lost : or if some one makes a wax impression of the key for subsequent use, as is very easily done. That in spite of this we, as utter strangers, were always unhesitatingly given the key upon demand, in order that we might make use of it and afterwards return it, was always a good deal of a surprise. And this is only an example of the fact that confidence and honesty are far more prevalent among the population of London than one would be inclined to imagine from all one has read of

the thieves of the capital. In the same way, I had often occasion to note that in England far fewer documents are needed in general business transactions than I was accustomed to at home. The first occasion when this was impressed upon me occurred some weeks after our arrival, in connection with a transaction which at the same time revealed to me an unexpected aspect of the English people.

When my three fellow-exiles and I were forced to leave Switzerland I brought my nine-year-old stepson with me, while my wife, with our little daughter, who was two years younger, had to remain some weeks in Zürich, and then to stop awhile in Berlin, finally travelling to England oversea from Hamburg. For greater economy she took passage on a cargo-vessel of the Kirsten Line, and when I had learned at the London office of the firm that the vessel would stop at Gravesend, where the Thames estuary narrows down, in order to take a pilot aboard, I resolved to go thither to meet her. I obtained the pilot's address, and on the appointed day I took the train in good time. The train took me to Tilbury, which lies opposite Gravesend, and from Tilbury one crosses the Thames, which is here of a good width, in a ferry-boat. On the way I had the pleasure of seeing some English card-sharpers at work. Not long after the train started one of the passengers sitting in my compartment got into conversation with a fellow-traveller, drew forth a few playing-cards, and explained to him the game which in Germany is known as *Dreiblatt* or *Kümmelblättchen*. This consists in detecting, among three cards which the player shuffles together, one of the cards which has been selected beforehand. The passenger accosted tried his luck, but was constantly mistaken. Now another passenger joined in, and declared that if only the cards were fairly shuffled it was quite impossible to miss the card; he wagered

half a crown that he would find it every time. So saying, he staked the coin, and lost! Now he became excited, demanded another trial, and won once, twice, thrice; whereupon the man first accosted plucked up courage to wager half a crown, and he, too, won. He became more cheerful, and made further bets, as did the other, and although they lost now and again they nevertheless had remarkable luck, so that the player had often to put his hand into his pocket in order to cover fresh bets. In the meantime, apparently attracted by the loud voices and the chinking of the money, a traveller in the next compartment of the old-fashioned carriage was watching the game over the partition. His comments grew louder and louder, and finally he, too, tried his luck with equally good results, until, at the last station on the outskirts of London, the train emptied, and besides myself there remained only a gentleman who had taken as little part in the game as I had. I had already read too much of card-sharpers to be in doubt for a moment as to the character of the game, and had feigned absolute indifference to it, appearing to gaze out of the window. But now I risked a remark, saying to my *vis-à-vis*: "Those three men were swindlers!" to which he answered: "All four belong to the same gang"; that is, the man in the next compartment was a confederate. The general public was quite alive to the nature of the game, and I wondered why the four rogues had risked their fares, and how they dared carry on their swindling so openly. The moment I or any other uninitiated person had been induced to bet upon the finding of the card the gambler would of course have indulged in a little sleight-of-hand.

About noon I reached Gravesend, and repaired to the pilot's house. His wife, who opened the door to me, informed me that her husband had gone out, but invited

me to enter, in a friendly manner, in order to wait for him in her sitting-room. I hesitated a moment; but the weather was certainly gloomy, so I took advantage of her offer, when she led me into a very well-furnished room, and gave me a number of albums and volumes of illustrated papers to look through. After a while the pilot himself arrived, and informed me, when I had explained the object of my call, that the vessel, which ought to arrive at two in the afternoon, was already signalled, but would not be in before seven in the evening, as there had been a very rough sea. He was quite prepared to take me with him then; I was to meet him at a spot on the river-bank which he described more exactly. I thanked him, and was about to leave, when he asked me whether I knew the locality. "No," I replied; "I am quite a stranger here." "But how will you spend the time, then?" he asked. "I really don't quite know; I shall see about taking a walk in the neighbourhood. Perhaps you will be so good as to recommend me where to go?" He considered a moment, and then told me that at an hour's walk from Gravesend—or a stranger could get there safely and conveniently by tram—was a large pleasure resort, Rosherville Gardens, where I should best be able to pass the time. This was an idea, so I thanked him and took my leave.

My thanks were sincere. The man had made an excellent impression on me. There was nothing insincere about him, nothing consequential, and while he had evinced a certain interest, which struck me as quite proper, he was far from being intrusive. The establishment to which he had directed me might well repay a visit in fine weather. A vast garden, with fine pleasure-grounds and extensive fair-grounds, where there were arrangements for every possible amusement and pastime: swings, switch-back railways, roundabouts, shooting-galleries, Aunt Sallies, "try-your-strength"

machines, and many similar diversions. But since it was a working day, and bad weather into the bargain, there was no crowd to enliven it all, and all the amusements offered were provided for me alone. So I wandered, somewhat restlessly, through the pleasure-grounds, rejoicing in the flowers of all sorts that grew there, and admired a steep and fairly lofty wall of rock-work, at the end of the garden adjoining the river, which was overgrown with climbing plants, while from the top of the wall one enjoyed a fine panorama. Earlier than was necessary I returned to Gravesend, and repaired to the appointed meeting-place beside the river.

It was a lonely landing-place ; the only human beings to be seen were a few workmen, busy over some sort of a job. One of them asked me if I was looking for any one. I explained my business, whereupon they showed me, unasked, all sorts of attentions, which, after all I had read of the English, I should never in the least have expected of such men. To begin with, having seen me standing for some time alone on the bank, two of them dragged up a bench, and invited me to be seated. Then, as a slight drizzle set in, one of them brought me a tarpaulin. When the rain began to fall more heavily they invited me to take my place on a covered scaffolding, which had evidently been erected as a look-out in stormy weather. Then, after some little time, they asked me whether I would not like to go to a restaurant and get some food ; the vessel was not yet in sight, and when she was, one of them would fetch me. At first I declined ; but as after a time one of them once more came up to me and explained that I could still go and get a quiet meal, and that I could certainly trust them for the rest, it seemed to me impolite to refuse the offer, so my interlocutor led me into a street where there were several eating-houses and restaurants, left me to make my choice, and thereupon took his leave, assuring

me once more that I should be fetched in good time. He kept his word. About nine o'clock—so late had it become in the meantime—I was called for, and found the pilot on the bank. He bade me get aboard his boat, and took me out to the vessel, which we boarded, in the most profound darkness, by means of a rope ladder which was let down to us. I begged one of the workmen, who had come with us in order to take back the boat, to give his comrades my warmest thanks, and had some trouble to persuade him to accept a token of my gratitude.

The vessel reached London after midnight, but could not take up her berth, as in the meantime the ebb had set in. We had to camp out on board for the night, and it was morning when we were able to step ashore on St. Katherine's Wharf. I left the trunk which contained a great part of the family's clothes and linen in a little carrier's office opposite the wharf, to be forwarded, and then put my wife and daughter into an omnibus which took us all direct to our lodgings. When we arrived there we suddenly discovered that we had no luggage receipt! Bewilderment, bordering upon horror! Now we should never recover our things! What was to be done? I set off to drive the long weary way from Regent's Park, in the neighbourhood of which I had secured temporary quarters, back to St. Katherine's Wharf. In the carrier's office I found an elderly man, and made my plight known to him. I had arrived by steamer that morning and had left a large black trunk in the office, giving my address. The man looked in his book. "That's correct," he said. "The trunk was given in here as you say." "Yes," I observed, "but I was not given a receipt!" "A receipt? What do you want a receipt for?" he retorted. "Well, one has something to show when one gives up one's luggage," was my answer. Indignantly he repeated that the trunk was entered in

his book, and that that was enough. To give a receipt for it was superfluous, and no one would ask to see it. "That may satisfy others," I said, "but I am accustomed to receive a written statement in such cases. Please be so obliging as to give me one." He hesitated. "I will willingly pay for it," I added. Even that did not fetch him at first. But at last he allowed himself to be persuaded, and wrote me the desired receipt, assuredly not without reflecting what crazy fellows these Germans were. For that matter, I fancy I have often given the English occasion for this reflection, not always without some suspicion of the fact. Occasionally I have been guilty of disregarding the national customs while fully conscious that the natives would regard me as a crazy foreigner, and when my attention has been called to this result of my behaviour I have given an answer similar to that of the sturdy imbecile, who, when taken to task because he allowed his delicate little wife to beat him, quickly replied: "Well, well, it gives her pleasure, and it doesn't hurt me."

However, these were always cases in which no one's reasonable feelings were hurt, and in which I could assure myself, after full consideration, that the national custom was due to some unreasonable prejudice, or that its rational explanation was based upon some long-forgotten opinion. Here, on the contrary, no such prejudice was in question. To the man in the carrier's office his day-book was a record, and from the moment when the trunk, with the correct address, was entered in the book, there was, according to his practical experience, no longer any need of making out an individual receipt.

In the same way, no luggage receipts are given on the railways, in connection with the transport of passengers' luggage. If one turns up at a railway station with luggage which cannot be taken into the carriage with one, it is given to a porter, who puts it on his little

trolley, takes it along to the luggage-van, and there unloads it. On arriving at one's destination one goes to the luggage-van, points out one's luggage as the van is being unloaded, to a porter, who will carry it on his shoulder or load it on his two- or four-wheeled trolley, and leaves it to him to bring it to the station exit. This is done without any further expense than a tip to the porter, and, as I have said, without any luggage receipt. For Germans coming to England for the first time this seems an almost uncanny state of affairs. Professor Karl Schorlemmer, who was Heury Roscoe's collaborator in his great *Handbook of Chemistry*, and an intimate friend of Marx and Engels, described to us, in 1891, in a very droll manner, how bewildered his German colleagues were, when on travelling from London to the International Scientific Congress in Edinburgh they were obliged to entrust their luggage to the railway without the accustomed receipt. "Make your minds easy," he told them, "your luggage is safer here than in the Fatherland." But they would not believe him until experience had assuaged their anxiety. It once happened to me, on returning to London from the South Coast, that the porter, instead of putting my luggage into the van for Victoria (the terminus for the west of London), put it into some other luggage-van. Unfortunately, I had neglected to provide the trunk, which bore no other distinguishing mark, with even so much as a label giving my name and address. All I could do, when I discovered, at the terminus, that the trunk was not in the train, was to describe its size and colour to an official to whom I was directed. But although the thing happened on a day of unusually congested traffic,—that is, at the end of the holidays, when parents were returning from their summer outing with their children, who were going back to school,—the trunk was safely delivered at my house on the following day. Matters could not

have gone better in the land of the most meticulous rules and regulations.

That year we spent, for the first time, a few weeks on the South Coast ; as a matter of fact at Eastbourne, not far from Brighton. This very charming town is regarded as one of the most select watering-places in England ; but we were assured that we could manage there with quite moderate means, and we found that this was so. In the eastern part of this town of over 30,000 inhabitants we found lodgings for ourselves and our two children, consisting of two bedrooms, and including the use of the sitting-room, service, and the preparation of our meals, for a guinea a week. According to the general custom in English watering-places, we bought our food ourselves, or gave orders that it should be bought ; but the landlady saw to the cooking of breakfast, midday dinner, and supper according to our wishes, laid the table in the sitting-room, and sent up the courses by her servant.

English cookery, as we know, is essentially unlike Continental cookery, and dispenses with many incentives to appetite. To philosophise over the matter, one might regard it as the antithesis of the ingenious cookery of the French, which is distinguished by its variety ; and if we acknowledge this as specifically synthetic, then we may describe the English cookery as crudely empirical. However, one need not necessarily think of half-raw beefsteaks. Many things are quite fully cooked in England. But the leading idea in English cookery is that the character or individual savour of the food should be as far as possible preserved, while the mixing of the food with supplementary condiments is left to the individual consumer as he sits at table. Those who do not like the condiments with which the table is usually provided for this purpose, and which are often very pungent, will have to put up with the comparative

monotony of English cookery. Yet this cookery is not without its advantages; the only difficulty for the foreigner coming to England is to discover them and duly profit by them. This should not be very difficult for the Germans, whose native cookery exhibits a more or less comprehensive eclecticism.

. . . . . .

In England there was much more freedom than I had supposed in the matter of bathing, and of bathing-places in particular. Of course, in the fashionable part of the great walk and drive along the seashore, which every watering-place possesses, and which with us is called the promenade, but in England, as a rule, the parade, certain rules of decency prevail, the infringement of which would be regarded as scandalous. But otherwise every one may order his life and pleasures as best suits him; only he must not make himself a nuisance to other people. On the beach itself all sorts of entertainments are offered to the public: from acrobats of every kind, and nigger minstrels who play comic dialogues and sing the latest popular songs, with the audience joining in the refrain, to wandering preachers of one or another denomination, who at one time endeavour to convert the public that gathers round their "pitch," and at another hold open-air services or sing hymns, there is something to please every one's taste. Bathing is possible only at certain states of the tide, and along the parade is allowed only from bathing-machines. The price for the use of a machine was more than my means would justify my paying, so that I should have had to dispense with bathing at Eastbourne if I had not had the opportunity of doing so beyond the limits of the parade.

To the east of a tower, since pulled down, by which the parade came to an end, I found, almost the first time I went on a journey of exploration, a wide stretch of

beach by the water's edge, where a fair number of people were sitting or lying on the shingle; a notice-board, at least six feet wide, affixed to two tall posts, informed me in large letters that bathing was not allowed here. To my great, yet not disagreeable surprise, I perceived, upon approaching, that people were nevertheless bathing in that very place. In all peace and comfort adults and children, who had left their clothes on the beach, were disporting themselves in the water, and no one said them nay. One could see that the spectacle was by no means an unaccustomed one to the recumbent public. To my questions whether people often bathed there, I received the answer: "Every day, when the weather permits." On the very next day I was among the "free" bathers, and during the rest of my visit to the seaside I took the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with Thetis.

Once only while bathing there I made the acquaintance of a coastguard. It was a very rough day; the waves were pretty high on the beach, and the "free" bathing-place was empty. I was seized by the desire for once to bathe in a rough sea. I went fairly close to the water's edge with my son, then ten years old, and we began to undress. Suddenly a coastguard stood beside me. "Can you swim?" "Yes!" "Can the youngster swim?" "No." "Then you can bathe, but not the youngster." "Thank you, sir!" That was the whole of our conversation. But my dealings with Dame Thetis were not much longer on that particular day. When, ready for my dip, I approached the water and considered the breakers more closely, I saw at once that swimming was not going to be of much help to me. The wind was blowing hard from the west. I concluded to swim straight against it as far as possible, so that on coming out I could land at the same point at which I had left the beach. No sooner said than

done—or rather not done. To be sure, I threw myself, as I had intended, into the water; but after the fourth stroke I had to turn about, for I felt a violent tendency to sea-sickness. At every stroke I must have swallowed a good deal of sea-water. Instead of landing where I entered the water, I was thrown up on the beach at least forty yards to the east of it. One could scarcely speak of swimming in connection with my return. I had to surrender myself helplessly to the storm, and once ashore crept painfully up on to the dry beach, overwhelmed at intervals by the visiting-cards flung after me by the tossing element, which continually dragged me back a little way. As the beach at Eastbourne consists not of sand but of shingle, the process was not entirely painless. For my thoughtlessness I had received a punishment which, though by no means unendurable, was quite severe enough to last me for some time.

But how is the tolerance of the coastguard or coastguards to be reconciled with the great notice to the effect that bathing was "not allowed" in that place? This has never been quite clear to me. It is possible that the people of Eastbourne actively enforced the right of bathing in contravention of the order, as such incidents are not rare in England. In 1866, for example, at the time of the second great suffrage campaign, the London democracy actively enforced the right of using Hyde Park for demonstrations, and on this occasion tore down the iron railings which had until then surrounded the most fashionable park in the capital. The railings were not set up again, and a particular part of Hyde Park has since then been the recognised meeting-place for very large demonstrations. Another instance occurred in connection with one of the largest theatres in London. When Henry Irving was manager of the Lyceum he bethought himself one day of offering the

visitors to the pit of his theatre a convenience. He had the seats numbered, so that the playgoers who sat in the pit need no longer struggle for their seats. But he did not know his public. On the very first evening when the new arrangements were to be tried, he was greeted, when he appeared, with a general "Hullo!" from the pit, accompanied by hissing and booing. He advanced to the footlights and called out to those in the pit: "Are not the new arrangements agreeable to you?" "No!" came the answer as from a single throat. "Do you wish to go back to the old arrangements?" "Yes," was the equally unanimous reply. "Very well, then, you shall have them again." On the following day the new arrangements were done away with, and so far as my memory serves me the old ones are still in force.

But to return to the "free" bathing at Eastbourne: it may be that the notice which declared that bathing was not allowed forbade it merely to ensure that every one who bathed there did so at his own risk. Examples may be cited in support of such an explanation. A prohibition of this kind has to be extremely positive before the Englishman will accept it as unconditionally binding upon him in matters of this sort. At the East Coast watering-places, which I often visited later, and which are preferred by many English people, because the sea-breezes are fresher there, I have not, as a rule, seen any such notices.

To the west of Eastbourne the cliffs along the coast gradually rise until they form the great chalky headland of Beachy Head, nearly six hundred feet in height. Overgrown with grass on the top, it slopes gently at first, and then suddenly falls steeply to the water, while down below it exhibits all manner of recesses and outlying masses. From the landward side an extremely fine drive leads up to the summit. Enterprising visitors

have repeatedly attempted to climb Beachy Head from the beach at low tide, whereby many have nearly lost their lives. If they were unable to reach the top, and the tide rose in the meantime, they were left between the devil and the deep sea. From the coastguard station, which stands at the highest point of the Head, it is impossible to see what is happening on the face of the cliff, nor will a call for help carry thither. Only if he is noticed from the direction of the sea can the climber count upon help.

About five or six miles off Beachy Head, in the year 1895, the Avelings, the old Communist Leaguer Friedrich Lessner, and myself, on a very rough day of autumn, cast into the sea the urn containing the ashes of our Friedrich Engels. Engels, who died on the 8th of August 1895, had directed, in a letter enclosed with his will, that his body should be cremated and the ashes thrown into the sea. And since we knew of his predilection for delightful Eastbourne, the sea off Beachy Head was chosen as the most suitable spot for the execution of this portion of his last will and testament. Since then, however, the impression has gained a hold upon me that this disposition of his ashes may perhaps have been dictated by another motive than his love of Eastbourne and the sea. The idea of Lethe may have been in his mind. The letter was written shortly before Engels' death, and the last year of the loyal brother-in-arms of Karl Marx had been saddened by a conflict which did not indeed immediately concern Engels, but in the course of which things came to pass that must have affected him deeply. The sociable evenings which we had spent in his house were robbed of the cheerful humour which had always characterised them months before his last serious illness.

Engels' had been a hospitable house. On Sundays his political and personal friends were expected, when-

ever they had time, to spend the evening with him, and there was almost always quite a respectable party of guests of various nationalities. As there were interesting personalities among them, I shall devote a special chapter to them. The talk on these evenings was unrestrained. Serious subjects were indeed touched upon, but did not constitute the exclusive subject-matter of our conversation. There was a great deal of jesting, and we were always grateful if any guest would sing a song, serious or cheerful, and the good Bordeaux which Engels favoured saw to it that we were in the right humour. The more lively we became, the more plainly did our host's features betray his inward satisfaction, and many a time he would even send for champagne, and himself strike up one of the old students' songs, such as were sung in his youth. Of English songs he conceived a particular affection for the old popular political song, "The Vicar of Bray."

In this song, which dates from the early part of the eighteenth century, a clergyman relates how he altered his ecclesiastical and political opinions with every change of government that occurred between 1685 to 1715, in order to retain his living. Taking the song as one's authority one can learn by heart quite a deal of English constitutional history. It begins with the "golden time" of "Good King Charles" the Second, and ends with the accession of the Guelph George the First. The refrain throughout is :

> "For this is law, that I'll maintain
> Until my dying day, Sir,
> That whatsoever King may reign
> I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir."

Under Charles II. the good man preached the absolute grace of God and the doctrines of the English High Church. Under James II. he was all for toleration in respect of the Catholics, looked kindly upon the Romish

Church, and " had become a Jesuit, but for the Revolution " (of 1688). Under William III. he taught a manly pride in respect of the throne :

" Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance."

With the reign of Queen Anne he became a Tory, and rejected all sophistries connected with the dogma of the State Church. Finally, when George I. came to England " in pudding time " and the Whigs became all-powerful, he became, with them, an advocate of " moderation " and daily forswore " the Pope and the Pretender." Now he will remainun changeably loyal to the " illustrious house of Hanover "—" while they can keep possession."

Engels had translated this song into German verse for the Social Democratic Song-Book *Vörwarts* (Zürich, 1886). Some verses were extremely successful; in others, since he kept to the English metre, the greater prolixity of the German language made it impossible to reproduce the English text in all its compactness. Even so brilliant an interpreter as Freiligrath failed now and then to achieve this compactness in many of his German versions of the songs of Robert Burns, masterly as they were in general.

The refrain of " The Vicar of Bray " sounded very well in Engels' version :

" Denn dieses gilt und hat Bestand,
Bis an mein End soll's wahr sein :
Dass, wer auch König sei im Land,
In Bray will ich Vikar sein."

And the spirit of the last verse is excellently preserved :

" Hannovers hoher Dynastie
(Mit Ausschluss von Papisten),
Der schwör ich Treu—solange sie
Sich an dem Thron kann fristen.

Denn meine Treu wankt nimmermehr
(Veränderung ausgenommen),
Und Georg sei mein Fürst und Herr—
Bis andere Zeiten kommen."

Herewith we will take our leave of this classic representative of the turncoat, and to conclude with we will take an old drinking-song, to which Sam Moore, the friend of Engels and Marx, and the joint translator of Marx's *Capital* into English, would often treat us. It deals with "three jolly postboys," who sit in the Dragon Inn and empty "many a flagon." It is in the true spirit of "Merry England":

"Wer guten Wein hat
Und doch sich nüchtern hält,
Ist wie das dürre Laub
Das im Herbst zu Boden fällt."

And the refrain goes thus:

"Komm, Schankwirt, giess die Becher voll,
Bis zum Überlaufen,
Heute wollen wir fröhlich sein,
Heute wollen wir fröhlich sein,
Heute wollen wir fröhlich sein,
Und morgen Wasser saufen."

CHAPTER IX

ENGELS' HOUSE AND HIS "EVENINGS"

ENGELS was not only democratic in his opinions; he was thoroughly democratic in feeling as well. His manner of living showed in many characteristic ways that he came from a good middle-class home, but he had chosen a girl of the lower middle classes as his life's companion; and in the choice of his associates he recognised no class distinctions. At the same time he did draw distinctions. Those who wished to be invited to his social evenings must either have done good service in the Socialist cause, or must be of some consequence intellectually. On the other hand, if Socialists they need not necessarily be Marxists. In this respect there was little of the pedant about the co-founder of the Marxist school. Even Socialists who were not Social Democrats were tolerated. Dr. Rudolph Meyer, the friend of Karl Robertus, a Socialist-Conservative, and formerly the publisher of the *Berliner Revue*, was often among the guests at Engels' house, during the time of his stay in London. His passports were his expert knowledge in the sphere of political economy, and the circumstance that he was living in exile, having been persecuted by Bismarck. As a good East-Elber he was no enemy to alcohol, and one evening at Engels' he drank a regular skinful. It was extremely droll; quite conscious of his condition, he kept on shouting, in a slightly thickened voice: "Well, well, if any one had ever told me that I, a Prussian

Conservative, should one day, here in London, be made squiffy by the Revolutionary Communists!" This was on Christmas Eve, and then, to be sure, such things might well befall one in Engels' house.

Christmas was kept by Engels after the English fashion, as Charles Dickens has so delightfully described it in *The Pickwick Papers*. The room is decorated with green boughs of every kind, between which, in suitable places, the perfidious mistletoe peeps forth, which gives every man the right to kiss any person of the opposite sex who is standing beneath it or whom he can catch in passing. At table the principal dish is a mighty turkey, and if the exchequer will run to it this is supplemented by a great cooked ham. A few additional attractions—one of which, a sweet known as tipsy-cake, is, as the name denotes, prepared with brandy or sherry—make way for the dish of honour, the plum-pudding, which is served up, the room having been darkened, with burning rum. Each guest must receive his helping of pudding, liberally christened with good spirits, before the flame dies out. This lays a foundation which may well prove hazardous to those who do not measure their consumption of the accompanying wines.

In this connection I cannot help thinking of an evening at Engels' which preceded the Christmas celebrations. It was on the day when the dough, or rather paste, for the Christmas puddings was prepared. An enormous quantity was made, for there was not a single friend of the house who did not receive a Christmas pudding from 122 Regent's Park Road. Professor Karl Schorlemmer, Engels' medical adviser, Dr. Gumpert of Manchester, friend Sam Moore in Yorkshire, the old Chartist, Julian Harney in Jersey, Peter Lavroff, the honoured leader of the Russian Socialists, as well as Marx's sons-in-law, Paul Lafargue and Charles Longuet in Paris, various intimate friends in London, and, if I

am not mistaken, some friends in Germany as well, were always remembered. Hence, on a given day, about a fortnight before Christmas, the lady friends of the house turned up early in the morning, and worked on until the evening, chopping great heaps of apples, nuts, almonds, candied peel, etc., into little bits, and stoning and chopping pounds upon pounds of raisins; and as may be supposed it was a thoroughly cheerful party. As the ingredients were prepared they were put into a huge tub. Later in the evening the male friends of the house arrived, and each of them was required to lay hold of a ladle that stood upright in the tub, and stir the paste three times round; a by no means easy task, which needed a good deal of muscular strength. But it had rather a symbolical meaning, and those whose strength was inadequate were mercifully exempted. The concluding touch was given by Engels himself, who descended into the wine-cellar and brought up champagne, in which we drank to a merry Christmas and many other things as well. All this, of course, took place downstairs in the great kitchen, which enhanced the charm of the whole proceeding, for to linger in a spacious kitchen always puts one somehow in mind of one's home. At one time even well-to-do people used to eat in the kitchen: and this would have answered capitally in Engels' house, for the kitchen was a roomy one, with the range built into the fireplace after the English fashion, so that it did not take up any room to speak of. Like so many things in England, it combined the old with the new. The construction of the range was at that time regarded as modern, but the old-fashioned turn-spit or meat-jack was not lacking, on which a hanging joint of beef could be roasted, while underneath was a dish to catch the dripping fat. In Germany, in a small house or tenement, the kitchen has often enough to serve as a sitting-room; but hardly

so often as in England, where in the advertisements of dwelling-houses the kitchen, in the smaller houses, is briefly described as a "living-room," to distinguish it from the best room, or sitting-room, as it is called. Of course, in such houses the scullery is always shut off from the kitchen.

But whereas Engels' kitchen was never used for meals, there were occasions on which it seems to have served for drinking, owing to its nearness to the cellar. Engels himself told me of at least one such occasion. With a certain good friend of his he once sat the live-long night in the kitchen, arguing and drinking wine, until his wife came down early in the morning and made coffee for them.

This friend was Dr. Eugen Oswald, a German, who in his youth, after spending some time in France, came to London as a fugitive, made himself at home there, and obtained a position as teacher in the Greenwich School of Navigation. Although he was not a Socialist of the Marxian type, but contented himself with a democratic republicanism, he was on friendly terms with both Marx and Engels, and in my days he was a constant visitor on Engels' social evenings. His was an honourable character; he was a diligent worker, President of the Carlyle Society, and Secretary to the English Goethe Society, if I am not mistaken. For a long time too he was a lecturer in the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, founded by F. Denison Maurice, the friend of the preacher and poet Charles Kingsley, and the father of Christian Socialism in England. This Institute is a good illustration, in its general character, of a phase of English social life and social endeavour which we have left behind us by almost three generations. Something of its constructive idealism had adhered to Oswald himself. He had not made a fortune in England. Since he had not held

an absolutely regular appointment at Greenwich, where he was obliged to take up lecturing in his seventies, he did not even draw a pension. He was already nearly eighty years of age when through the mediation of friends he was chosen to teach the German language and literature to the sons of the then Prince of Wales, the present King. A short time before the outbreak of the present war he closed his eyes for ever. The catastrophe would have been a heavy spiritual blow to him, for he felt himself to be in all respects a mediator between the German and the English spirit.

Oswald was almost the only German living in England who was not a Social Democrat, yet visited Engels' house. At the same time, in my days, apart from Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx, only one prominent English Socialist used to frequent Engels' house. This was the author and man of letters, Ernest Belfort Bax, a man of many-sided culture, who had a good knowledge of German philosophy and spoke the German language fluently. Until the Great War he had in most things a very high opinion of the German character, but on the outbreak of the war he was, of course, to be found in the ranks of those English Socialists who turned absolutely against Germany. An extremely outspoken atheist and republican, he is, in the matter of politics, a good deal in sympathy with the French Radicals; the inexorable Marat is his hero, and the subject of one of his books. As an author he is highly esteemed, and he has undoubtedly done great service in the propagation of Socialistic opinions in England. He is one of those English intellectuals who, early in the eighties, first restored to Socialism, which was then regarded as defunct, its civil rights in the world of letters. He has also done his part in creating the English Socialistic lyric, as poet and composer. He is, it must be added, a cultivated musician, and about 1890 he was

joint musical critic with George Bernard Shaw, on the Radical evening paper, the *Star*.

Casting my mind back to those days, I remember a very amusing friendly smack which Bax received from Shaw. "My colleague," wrote Shaw in one of his criticisms, "had fallen asleep beside me. As on the way home I was telling him what I thought of the performance, he suddenly interrupted me with the words: 'How can you pretend to give an opinion when you were asleep the whole time?'" The humour of this remark resides in the fact that Bax, as all his acquaintances were aware, was prone to become completely lost in speculation, and was capable of the maddest paradoxes, which he, unlike Shaw, always took very seriously.

His paradoxes made him a lively contributor to the conversation round Engels' table. He upheld them in spite of all our contradictions, and defended them with the greatest obstinacy. As an anti-Feminist he was absolutely fanatical. With his pen he asserted and defended the opinion that in England the men constitute the downtrodden sex, while the women are privileged to excess. It may indeed be admitted that the protection which English law extends to the woman, in mitigation of her general condition of statutory tutelage, does in individual cases result in the unjust treatment of the man. Such anomalies are possible in all legislation intended to protect the socially or personally weaker party. But to conclude therefrom that in England the man is legally the "bondsman" of the woman betrays a very one-sided consideration of the matter. There are various instances of such one-sidedness to be observed in Bax. Since he is well read and perspicacious, he can plead his case cleverly enough, so that a colleague on the Socialist weekly *To-Day* once exclaimed, in the middle of a criticism, with comical effect, "Why is Bax always so unanswerably in the

right and so hopelessly in the wrong ? " One can understand how such a man will keep the conversational ball rolling.

Shaw himself I never met at Engels', nor any other of the then better-known Fabians. For a long time Edward Aveling stood between him and Engels, and also between him and myself. On account of Aveling, indeed, many people kept away from Engels' house ; as did, even before my time, Frau Gertrud Guillaume Schack, who had done so much for the German working-women's movement. This lady, who was descended form the noble family of Schack, was a warm-hearted, convinced Socialist, and was, on account of her good-humour and her unassuming character, an extremely pleasant companion, whom Engels was always delighted to see. One day he received a letter from her in which she begged him not to suppose, if she refrained from coming to his " evenings," that it was due to any lack of esteem for him. So long as Dr. Aveling visited his house she could not enter it. He received a similar letter when I was just settled in London from a highly cultivated lady, the English Socialist who, under the pseudonym of " John Law," wrote of the conditions of the seamstresses of Manchester, and the work and character of the Salvation Army in the East End of London, and described similar social conditions and phenomena in the form of fiction. Both Miss H—— and Frau Schack flatly refused to give Engels any further reason for their desire to avoid Aveling.

One is forced to suppose that Aveling had been guilty of some insult of a kind that a refined woman would not willingly speak of. Even in Englishmen I have encountered a strong disinclination to allow accusations of a serious nature to go beyond a very narrow circle. In 1895 Aveling was excluded from the London branch of the affiliated league of the Independent

Labour Party. The reason given for his exclusion was non-committal, so that at the time it was supposed that it was put forward in place of the real one. Three years later, when I had occasion to get at the truth concerning Aveling, I one day asked the Secretary of the League, in a friendly conversation, what the real cause of his exclusion had been. He could safely confide in me. However, I could get nothing out of the fellow. He replied, on the other hand, almost protestingly, that he had "the greatest respect for Dr. Aveling's talents and knowledge," and when I pressed him further his remarks became almost evasive. I could get nothing more out of him, except that he finally decided to make a confession. "Well, I will tell you. The reason given was not the real reason. The matter is simply this, that we don't want to have anything more to do with the fellow." These last words were spoken with peculiar emphasis, and I saw that it would go against the grain with him to say anything further. Yet he knew things of the excluded member which would have sufficed to land him in prison.

The predilection for the expedient of indulging in partial praise of a person, in order to avoid telling the unpleasant truth about him, was a thing that astonished me soon after my settling down in London. About the end of the first year my wife and I received a social invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bland, who belonged to the inner circle of the Fabians. They and their guests were interesting people, and the conversation was very natural and spontaneous. But when in some connection or other I spoke of the Avelings, there was suddenly a suspiciously unanimous chorus of praise of them. "Oh, the Avelings are very clever people." "Oh, everybody must admit that they have been of great service to the movement," and so forth, in the same key, so that it was at once clear to me that

there was something in the air. I diverted the conversation to politics. But a judge of human nature might have blurted out the question: "What's the truth about them, really? Have they murdered their children, or what?" I am, however, not certain that I should be entitled to speak of hypocrisy in connection with this manner of evading a definite accusation: we are dealing with a deeply rooted custom, which is practised from youth upwards, so that in any case no one is conscious of deception, and as it is a national custom no one is deceived by it.

That it prevails in literature as well was made very plain to me on one occasion, when I was running through a book of mine with a cultured and open-minded English lady who was advising me on points of grammatical correctness and style. I no longer remember precisely what it was about; but in various polemical passages my adviser would inform me, categorically: "That is much too crudely put; you mustn't say that; you couldn't possibly say this in the better class of literature." And yet I don't think I am regarded as a peculiarly contentious writer.

In particular, an urbaner tone prevails in English literature than in ours. This occurred to me with painful significance one day when I was reading a discussion between August Weissmann and Herbert Spencer in one of the great English reviews (I think it was the *Fortnightly Review*) concerning the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, to which Weissmann, as is well known, was opposed, while Spencer defended it. Weissmann's article was pedagogical and overbearing; he treated his opponent, who, although no zoologist by profession, was a sagacious thinker and a man of very comprehensive knowledge, as an ignorant fellow. Spencer was courteous throughout, merely allowing those facts to speak for him on which he had

based his opinion. At that time I quickly put the article aside. I was annoyed. However cosmopolitan our opinions may be, in matters like this we feel our solidarity with our countrymen sufficiently to be ashamed of them.

Of course, there are plenty of people, even in England, who are capable of holding their own, in the matter of a contentious and quarrelsome tone, with the pugnacious Teuton. Among them is, or was, H. M. Hyndman, the leader of that wing of the English Socialists which derived its political doctrine from Marx. Hyndman, who had made Marx's acquaintance during the last years of his life, and had steeped himself in his writings, has written a very readable book on the *Economics of Socialism*, which is, indeed, not without its defects, but is still able to hold its own with the average German work devoted to the popularisation of Marx's teaching. But the practical application which he gave this doctrine was violently sectarian, and his manner of stating it was often arrogantly disputatious. In this connection the irony of the facts so ordered matters that he, who was regarded as the appointed apostle of Marxism in England, was to find the house of Marx's collaborator and his formally appointed apostle closed to him. Hyndman, when he had published his first Socialistic work, sent it to Engels, asking if he might call on him; but he received the cool reply, which amounted to a refusal, that Engels would receive him when he had publicly made it known to whom he owed the ideas contained in his writings. As a matter of fact, of course, he had availed himself extensively of Marx's writings, but, as Hyndman himself explained at a later date, he had not mentioned Marx for reasons of expediency. However, although there was no question of malicious plagiarism, Friedrich Engels was always in deadly earnest where Marx was concerned, and when Hynd-

man had repaired his mistake certain squabbles which had in the meantime occurred in the English Socialist movement had the result that the interdict was never raised.

William Morris, the distinguished poet and artist, and the leader of the Socialist League, which in 1884 seceded from the Socialist Federation, was, up to the time of this schism, an occasional visitor in Engels' house, and Engels always spoke of him with respect, but they never became intimate. The principal reason was this, that Morris was the central star of a circle of his own. Moreover, he could only with difficulty get away on Sunday evenings. Beside his beautiful house, which was in the western part of London, namely, in Hammersmith, facing the swiftly-flowing Thames—beside Kelmscott House was a long, narrow lecture hall, where Socialist propagandist meetings were held on Sunday evenings for the greater part of the year, and at these meetings Morris was often in the chair. I have twice delivered a lecture there with Morris as chairman, but I never heard him speak himself. But I do not believe that he had any great rhetorical gift. Certainly he could express his ideas in a very arresting manner, but this was when speaking to a comparatively small circle in an unconstrained gossiping tone. Rhetoric, properly speaking, was not natural to him; his whole nature was, if I may say so, anti-rhetorical. This strongly-built man of middle height, with his fine, impressive head, was an artist through and through; but not an artist of the spoken word. The principal scene of his activity was his workroom or his studio, whether that of the literary or the plastic artist. As a painter and designer he is one of the founders of the style which, variously distorted, is known in Germany as the *Jugendstil*; as a poet he is, in his longer works, a teller of tales, richly embellished by his imagination. A follower of Ruskin in the first place, he is essentially a romantic;

no one but a romantic could have written that interesting picture of the future, which has been translated into every language, "News from Nowhere": in the German version, *Künde von Nirgendwo*. But although he regarded Socialism essentially from the standpoint of the artist, William Morris was by no means the type of æsthete who merely writes of Socialism now and again. No; he was in the heart of the movement; he was among the first to assist in its organisation, and to do propaganda work; and at that time one might often see the admired poet, the well-to-do manufacturer, the designer of tapestries for the selectest houses of the West End, at some street-corner in a working-class district of London, preaching the message of Socialism to a handful of working men.

When Socialist propaganda was resumed in England it encountered, in the working-class population, an uncommonly stubborn material. The members of the trade unions and other organisations were as often as not supporters or allies of the Liberal Party, which included a powerful Radical contingent, especially of the left wing of the party, and the uneducated working men stood as yet on a very low intellectual level, and were therefore all the more difficult to organise. The difference between the artisan and the uneducated working man in the matter of wages and cultivation was, for the most part, until lately, very much greater in England than with us; which explains, among other things, why the German, on coming to England, having read that the English worker is better paid, and works shorter hours than the German worker, at first receives the contrary impression. Since the uneducated workers constitute the great majority, it is they who give the tone to certain working-class districts, though not to all.

One of the first artisans to join the Socialist movement was the engineer or machinist, John Burns, who later

became a Cabinet Minister. He now and then visited Engels, who was very well aware of the superior capacities and the weaknesses of this undoubtedly gifted proletarian. In conversation with me he once compared him to Cromwell, of whose capacities he had a great opinion. He placed him, in the military rank, as high as Napoleon I., and as a statesman above him. Of Burns he used to say, if any one criticised him unfavourably: "He is more sinned against than sinning." A sinner he was, to be sure; his conceit, which verged upon the childish, in itself very comprehensible in a man who is astonished by his own capacity, caused him to behave with a want of consideration which is only with difficulty forgiven in the Labour movement. But he was absolutely honest in his devotion to the cause, and for many years had performed a vast and unselfish amount of work for the movement while he was still earning his living as an artisan. Strong as a bear, endowed with a tremendous voice, with a mastery of striking images and comparisons which it would be difficult to beat, he combined, with the outward attributes of the popular speaker, the virtues of the worker who takes a delight in acquiring knowledge, and is an eager and omnivorous reader. His pride and treasure is his library, which was already considerable before he became a Minister.

I got to know him when I had, one day, some transaction or other with a very capable English Socialist, the ex-naval lieutenant, H. H. Champion. We met at a restaurant in the City, and Champion introduced me to Burns, who already had a reputation in the movement, but who impressed me, at first, merely as a man of great energy. He ordered nothing to eat or drink. I learned later that he ordered no food because he had not the money to pay for it, and was too proud to eat at our expense, and no drink because he was a strict abstainer. Until then I had never met an abstainer face to face;

I had only just heard of the Temperance Party. But that so sturdy a worker should on principle abstain from the least drop of beer was to me quite an unexpected phenomenon. I thought it a curious and interesting fact that Champion and I, both "intellectuals," should drink beer, while Burns, the manual worker, was an abstainer on principle—a contrast which I was often to note later on. A large percentage of English working-class Socialists are total abstainers, while the majority of middle-class Socialists do not despise the delights of beer, wine, or whisky. That Friedrich Engels was no abstainer in practice every one knows who has read his letters. Neither was he one in theory, although he was very well acquainted with the theory of the matter.

How English workers sometimes conceive of total abstinence is shown by an incident which occurred in Zürich in 1893, on the occasion of the International Socialist Congress, which was held there. Eleanor Marx encountered, in one of the finest beer-gardens in Zürich, a number of English labour-leaders, whom she knew as total abstainers, cheerfully sitting with glasses of beer in front of them. She scornfully reproached them, remarking that their principles apparently had not survived the change of air; but the gigantic leader of the Gasworkers' Union, Will Thorne, coolly replied that she was quite mistaken, for lager beer was a "temperance drink."

Will Thorne, who to-day is playing an influential part in the public life of England as a Member of Parliament and a member of the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee, was at that time the representative of one of the so-called New Unions, that is, of a struggling union of uneducated workers, and was himself quite the proletarian. Eleanor Marx and Friedrich Engels thought very highly indeed of him. Engels gave him a copy of the English edition of Marx's *Capital*, with a long

personal dedication, and only the great distance of his place of residence—the extreme East End of London—prevented him from becoming one of Engels' regular guests. Between him and Eleanor Marx there was a real friendship, and when, in 1898, we gathered round the poor girl's coffin, in order to accompany her body to the crematorium, the strong man was so overcome that his valedictory speech was uttered in a tremulous voice, while the tears rolled incessantly down his cheeks. During the Great War he was one of those English Socialists who held German militarism to be responsible, and he regarded its defeat as the imperative war-aim of democracy.

In my time France was but sparsely represented at Engels' table. Charles Longuet, the husband of Marx's eldest daughter, Jenny, Paul Lafargue, the husband of his second daughter, Laura, and Laura herself came over occasionally as visitors from Paris, and if Laura Lafargue's interests were literary, rather than political, both Marx's French sons-in-law were none the less strong party politicians. But they stood in different camps. Charles Longuet, of Norman origin, and a pupil of Proudhon's, had attached himself to the extreme left of the Radical party, while Paul Lafargue, together with Jules Guesde, had founded the party whose official title was the *Parti Ouvrier*, and which derived its political doctrines from Marx. The method of derivation was indeed, even in Marx's lifetime, not always to his liking, so that he once addressed to Lafargue the words which have since become famous: "One thing is certain, and that is that I am not a Marxist." And in Lafargue's writings, in which he makes use of Marx's historical materialism, the history of myths and ideas, and the historical significance of the same, these are mingled with demonstrations to whose audacity Marx would hardly have subscribed. But he was, for all that, an

extraordinarily well-read man, fertile in ideas, with whom it was a pleasure to converse. He has written satires which are equal to the masterpieces of this department of French literature. Half satire, half-earnest admonition is his little brochure *Le Droit à la Paresse*, which in Germany has appeared under the title of *Das Recht auf Faulheit*. Keen and caustic in argument, in personal intercourse he has many agreeable traits. The materialist in theory is in practice an idealist of the purest water, and far more of an ideologist than Charles Longuet, whose attitude towards the Marxian theory is a critical one.

Charles Longuet, the father of the present Socialist deputy, Jean Longuet, was a man worth knowing. While Lafargue, born in Havana, might in all respects have been taken for a Frenchman of the South, with that touch of the bizarre which Daudet has treated with such sly irony in *Tartarin of Tarascon*, Charles Longuet was an unusually lively debater, whom the most fiery of southerners could not excel in quickness of intuition; but in the last resort his political arguments were those of the prudent and sagacious northerner, able to form an accurate estimate of the real virtues of a policy. Marx once wrote to Engels in a letter dated the 11th of November 1882—as though vexed with his Parisian sons-in-law: "Longuet as the last of the Proudhonists and Lafargue as the last of the Bakunists—may the devil fly away with them!" But the basic idea of the philosophy which Marx attacked as Bakunism retained its vitality in France, up to the outbreak of the war, as revolutionary syndicalism, and Proudhon, with all his defects as a theorist, was nevertheless that one of the French Socialists who understood and reflected the spirit of French democracy better than the majority of the Socialists of his time. Longuet, moreover, shaped his policy independently of the theoretical

crotchets of Proudhon, and had absorbed enough of Marx's doctrine to enable him skilfully to adapt his theories to his own policy. He had neither the diligence nor the originality of Lafargue: he himself did not dig for gold, but he had the eye of the expert, who can distinguish gold from the less valuable metals, and the talent of the practical coiner.

Both of Marx's sons-in-law wrote memoirs of Marx, which constituted a valuable supplement to his portrait as it then existed. In the *Neue Zeit* for 1890–91 Lafargue published various articles on Marx's methods of work, his literary judgment, and his private life, which brought Marx the thinker very much closer, in a human sense, to the reader; and Longuet, in 1900, in the preface to the addresses to the General Council of the Internationale concerning the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the Paris Commune of 1871, which were written by Marx, described the more noteworthy characteristics of the emotional side of Marx the politician. Longuet argued, in this preface, that the invectives which Marx, in his writings concerning the Commune, hurled against the murderous besiegers of the same, had this property in common with the invectives of the great pamphleteers of the world's literature, that they were the expression of the anger aroused by deeply-felt injustice. And he continued:

"In this temple of the materialistic conception of history one lived always the noblest idealistic life, the only life that repays the effort of living it. Those exiled for all revolts in the name of the people's cause were here received with open arms. Without conditions, without reservations as to doctrine, without the least spirit of sectarianism, they were overwhelmed with proofs of the most cordial hospitality. . . . Neutrality was abhorred. With his favourite poet, the implacable Ghibelline, Marx

banished the neutrals to the gates of hell, to the common horde of those angels who are fallen angels, because they were neither rebels against God, nor yet faithful to Him, but sought only their own good—fallen not because of opposition, but because of their cowardice. . . . His philosophy knew nothing of casuistry. It never dishonoured the frank, lucid theory of the class conflict by chameleonic subtleties."

Yet another French Socialist, who for some time was one of Engels' regular guests, deserves some mention in these pages: the linguist and littérateur, Charles Bonnier. A Socialist of the Marxist school, a friend and admirer of Jules Guesde, he was a man of great artistic culture, and was also a passionate admirer of Richard Wagner, making regular pilgrimages to Bayreuth, at the time of the Wagner festivals. He was a dear friend of ours, and if on Engels' Sunday evenings he consented to sing us French or German songs, he always received the heartiest thanks; for he had a fine, sonorous baritone voice, and sang with great artistic knowledge. Wagner was the occasion of many a dispute between him and Engels; the friend whom Engels mentioned in connection with Wagner in a note to his essay on the origin of the family, was Bonnier. Bonnier's worship of Wagner found an echo, however, in me, for I too was an ardent admirer of the poet and composer of *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, and *Die Meistersinger*. From London Bonnier went to Oxford, where he settled down as tutor, and is perhaps a tutor to this day. Even after Engels' death he visited London from time to time, and was always a welcome guest in my house. But when I became a heretic in respect of the strict doctrine of Marxism there came a rift in our friendship. Yet even at this juncture Bonnier did not forget his amiable nature in the parting letter which he wrote to me. He concluded with the cry with

which Wolfram von Eschenbach in *Tannhäuser* summoned Tannhäuser, in the first act, to return to the Wartburg.

The two sister Romance nations of France—Italy and Spain—were not represented in my time among Engels' guests; nor were the Balkans or Switzerland. Visitors from Scandinavia were also quite the exception. Russia, on the contrary, was for a long time represented by the revolutionary, Sergius Kravtschinsky, who in Western Europe was known by his pseudonym of Stepniak, as the author of *Underground Russia*. A powerfully built man with a tremendous head, he quite corresponded with the picture which we Germans have formed of the Slav. He, who in Russia was a man of action, and had played a prominent part in the escape of Peter Kropotkin from prison, and in the successful attempt upon the life of the Petersburg police dictator, Mesenzov, was distinctly a man of a dreamy, sensitive, affectionate nature. He was the soul of the "Free Russia" Association, which set itself the task of collecting money for the support of the Russian fight for freedom. For this Association Stepniak repeatedly gave lectures in the English provinces, and also undertook a lecturing tour through the United States, when he received a particularly friendly welcome from the American humorist, Mark Twain. In certain English literary circles Stepniak, who had some success as a novelist, held an honoured position. At Engels' table, as in society in general, he was usually a silent guest, who seldom spoke unless one directly addressed him. But one saw that he liked coming to Engels' house, and that he valued greatly his friendship. Between him and myself, too, very friendly relations developed. But a quarrel between the "Free Russia" people and the Polish Socialists, in which Engels and I took the part of the latter, led, in the last year of Engels' life, to a heated scene in his house, as a result of which Stepniak ceased

to visit him. He and I met after that only at gatherings where we did indeed acknowledge one another, but avoided any intimate conversation. This state of affairs underwent a change only the night before his early death. That evening I had accepted an invitation to the house of the English historian, Professor Yorke Powell, who lived in a fairly remote quarter of the western part of London. To Powell's question whether I had any objection to meeting Stepniak at his house, and to smoke the pipe of peace with him, I replied that I should welcome the opportunity, since our quarrel was not of a personal nature. We spent a very cheerful evening together. Stepniak told me repeatedly how glad he was that we should be on the same footing as in earlier years; we parted on the best of terms; and two mornings later, to my horror, I read in the newspaper that the author of *Underground Russia* had stepped on to a railway-track just as an express train was about to pass, and had been killed. This had happened the day before, the morning after our meeting. Of course, the rumour sprang up at once that he had committed suicide, and had intentionally allowed himself to be run over. But the disposition of all his affairs, as well as the tone and character of our conversation on the previous evening, went to prove that his death was purely accidental. Apart from this he was a man who readily became completely absorbed by his thoughts, and he had a habit of reading as he walked, so that there is no doubt whatever that he was surprised by the express.

His body was reduced to ashes at the Woking crematorium, which lies at about an hour's distance by rail from London. It was decided that the funeral procession should accompany the body only as far as the Waterloo terminus. It was a gloomy day on which the burial took place, and only about a thousand mourners, the great majority of whom were Russo-Jewish workers, took

part in the procession. From the approach to the departure platform of the railway station, addresses were delivered in honour of the deceased. Which of the English Socialists spoke I no longer remember. I spoke on behalf of the German, and Peter Kropotkin on behalf of the Russian Socialists. He was obviously deeply affected, and his speech was especially impressive. It sounded like a dirge and a lamentation when the famous *savant*, himself approaching old age, spoke of the departed as of a son who had been so cruelly snatched away from us in the prime of his life, in the fullness of his strength. I cannot think of the patriarch of Russian Anarchism, but the picture of him as I saw him then rises before my eyes. And in other respects the scene was such as to engrave itself deeply in the memory. Here stands a man of European fame, an eminent scholar, beside the bier of one whose works were read in all countries: a valiant and faithful soldier in the fight for the freedom of his people, and the liberation of all the oppressed; and about them throng a thousand of the poorest of the proletariat, who looked upon the dead man as one of their champions: and only a few yards distant from these mourners the life of the capital surges along the Waterloo Road, indifferent, unconcerned, as though here on the approach to the departure platform men were hawking any sort of everyday wares. It was a contrast with which the mind can easily reconcile itself; but at the time it could but have a depressing effect upon one's mood. Involuntarily, I remembered Freiligrath's verses upon the burial of Johanna Kinkels:

> "Zur winterszeit in Engelland
> Versprengte Männer haben
> Wir schweigend in den fremden Sand
> Die Deutsche Frau begraben."[1]

[1] "In winter-time in England we exiled men silently buried the German woman in alien soil."—(*Trans.*)

Stepniak had occupied a similar position, in connection with Russian emigration, to Freiligrath's in the second phase of his exile in London. He had held himself aloof from the followers of the factions; the dispute which led to a breach between him and Engels had nothing to do with theoretical or tactical party questions; it was concerned merely with a matter which touched upon the disagreeable province of assurance against political espionage.

Among the Polish Socialists with whom the "Free Russia" people had quarrelled were two most interesting personalities, M. and Mme Mendelssohn-Jankovska, now no longer among the living. They were at that time among the guests on Engels' Sunday evenings. On the occasion of a successful attempt upon the life of the leader of the Russian political police, General Seliverstov, on the part of W. Padlewski, a member of this party, in the summer of 1890, M. and Mme Mendelssohn-Jankovska were notified that they must leave Paris. They at once settled in London, and from that time forwards were almost regular guests of Engels, and very welcome ones.

A member of a wealthy Warsaw banking family, Stanislas Mendelssohn had joined the Socialist movement when still a gymnasium student, and was soon subjected to prosecution. Leaving the country, he was imprisoned in Austria; he then spent many years in Geneva, and later in Paris, working as a writer and organiser for the constitution of a Polish Socialist party, to which end he published the periodical, *Przedsvit* (The Dawn) and the monthly review, *Valka Klass* (The Class Conflict), and by the sacrifice of considerable means he had provided for the erection and maintenance of a printing-press on which these periodicals, as well as all kinds of pamphlets, could be produced. An attempt to obtain assistance from the Socialists of Posen in 1882

resulted in the imprisonment of himself and his then colleague, K. Janiszevski, for the terms of two and a half and three years respectively, while their party comrade, Mme Maria de Jankovska, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Maria de Jankovska was a child of the aristocracy, the daughter of a member of the old Polish nobility, who had married a wealthy Polish landowner; but she was so devoted to the Socialist cause, that without leaving her husband, and with his consent, she gave up the greater part of the year to Socialistic activities. She had received a good education, having had German and French teachers in her parents' house, and her appearance was extremely winning. Of even greater importance to the cause was the man she married, after the death of her first husband. Extraordinarily well read, and a highly critical thinker, Stanislas Mendelssohn seemed to have been created to take part in intellectual symposia. Unhappily all sorts of unfortunate experiences had gradually allowed his critical faculties to degenerate into an acrid scepticism. Giving way to this, he finally turned his back upon the Socialist movement. But he always remained a thoroughly good fellow, ever ready to give help, and with a warm sympathy for all sufferers, his personal opponents not excepted. In Engels' time his scepticism revealed itself only in the uncommonly witty manner in which he dealt with the events of the day; and the fact that he, compromised as he was, had the courage to undertake a secret journey of organisation, in 1893–94, through Russian Poland, with excursions into Old Russia, led Engels to make a particular friend of him, and induced him, in Mendelssohn's quarrel with the "Free Russia" people, to take the part of the former in the most vehement manner. Mendelssohn wrote little in German; nevertheless, we may point to an epilogue from his pen to the new edition of Lissagaray's

History of the Paris Commune, as a proof of his great talent for the critical treatment of historical events.

Whether the famous mathematician, Sonia Kovalevska, ever visited Marx or Engels I do not know. They, too, occupied themselves largely with mathematical problems. Engels once told me that the only questions over which he and Marx had ever seriously quarrelled were mathematical questions. But Sonia's cousin, the sociologist, Maxine Kovalevski, who died last year, as a member of the Russian Duma, was a frequent visitor. He was among their correspondents; and in my time he was numbered now and then among Engels' guests. Less frequently Engels was visited by the two valiant founders of the Marxist Social Democracy of Russia, Paul Axelrod and George Plechanov. To them the journey to London, where they met the honoured master of the Marxist doctrine, was a kind of pilgrimage. But the third person in their alliance, Vera Sassulitch, who became known to Western Europe on account of an attempted assassination, remained for some time in London, and during this time was, of course, one of Engels' guests. Although she came of a wealthy middle-class family she was in appearance and bearing the very antithesis of Maria Mendelssohn. In the presence of these two women, who for that matter were on very friendly terms, one was apt to reflect on the difference between their respective civilisations. One of them, Maria Mendelssohn, was completely the highly cultivated woman of the world of Western Europe; Vera Sassulitch, on the contrary, was wholly the representative of a rural semi-civilisation. She was an extraordinarily diligent worker, and pathetically modest; but in respect of even the most elementary claims of æsthetics she was far less exacting than Rousseau himself. In her indifference to everything that embellished life, she, who professed the Western European conception

of the theory of Socialism, behaved, in practical matters, as regards her standard of life, as a Populist of the deepest dye could but behave. It speaks well, indeed, for her sincerity that all who came to know her more intimately willingly overlooked this peculiarity. Maria Mendelssohn and Engels himself were quite peculiarly tactful in this respect. However free and easy Engels might be, and however democratic in his relations with his political friends, he was nevertheless respected as the master of the house, and he never forgot the excellent manners which he had learned in his parents' house; and as master of the house he was skilful in contriving that even in moments of the greatest extravagance his circle of guests always preserved a tone which was true, let us say, to the demands of a cultivated taste.

CHAPTER X

THE SOCIALIST INTELLECTUALS IN ENGLAND

THE Socialist movement of our time derives its energy chiefly from two great arteries of social life. One is the class struggle of the modern workers for the improvement of their material, political, educational, and social standards; the other is the ideological school of thought which aims at social reform. Each of these arteries is to a certain extent connected with the other, is influenced by it, and reacts upon it. But this connection is not always obvious; not infrequently it is misunderstood or even at times denied by the interested parties. The ideologists of speculative socialism, the Utopians, were, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and during some part of the nineteenth century, unfamiliar with the class conflict of the progressive proletariat, and were repelled by the crudities and inequalities of the latter. Those engaged in the class conflict, on the other hand, looked down upon the ideologists as well-meaning but unpractical reformers. Only in the nineteenth century did the parties concerned become increasingly conscious of a mutual penetration, which according to the doctrine of Marx and Engels, finds its theoretical justification in the mutual relation of the material and ideological forces in history.

But the synthesis here indicated is not immediately translated into practical reality. A certain divorce persists. Ideology and the class conflict do not follow

precisely the same path; above all, the rhythm of their movement is not the same. Ideology is in itself inclined to outstrip the class conflict and to prescribe its path, appealing to it and diverting it from its goal. And since the class conflict is not immune from interruptions or from wandering for the time being into blind alleys, the ideologists are not always in the wrong.

This alternate association and separation, conflict and correction, may best be studied in the history of modern Socialism in England. As a class movement it had already put up a good fight, and suffered defeat, while on the Continent Socialism was still a pure speculation. Hence the great Socialist class movement of 1837–48 in England which we know as Chartism was burdened even at the outset with the recollection of two significant defeats which the workers had suffered, which had more to do with the path which the movement followed, and its internal conflicts, than most authors who have written of it have realised. The defeat of Chartism itself, which as a political party completely disappeared from the stage in the fifties of the last century, had a depressing effect upon the working-class movement of the following decades, and deprived it of that element of independent ideology without which any movement is in danger of revolving in a circle and becoming the raw material of other activities. This limitation of the intellectual elasticity of the Labour movement in England increased when the International Workers' Association, which seemed for a moment destined to resuscitate the movement, was dissolved in 1872–73. The class ideal fell into utter discredit, and the practical movement degenerated more and more into the most downright utilitarianism and opportunism.

But then, with the beginning of the eighties, the Socialist ideology received a fresh access of strength;

not entirely, at first, nor even substantially from the militant Labour circles, but for some considerable time, and in a greater degree, from a portion of the "intellectuals" of the various strata of the middle classes. What was happening in England at that time reminds one in many respects of the St. Simonian movement in France about 1830. Officials, scientists, men of letters, artists, and scholars of either sex constituted a majority of the public at Socialistic lectures and debates, and the celebrated meetings in the Rue Monsigny, the Rue Taranne, and the Rue Taitbout in Paris found a parallel in London. Here were the same enthusiasm, the same schisms, the same impregnation of public opinion as there; with the difference that while in Paris St. Simonism was an actual stumbling-block to a Labour movement which remained immersed in small middle-class undertakings, and evaporated as a Socialist ideology, so that at last only a small group of Liberal politicians and writers were all that was left of the real school of St. Simon, in England the adepts of the new doctrine had to deal with an already existing, fairly powerful, and self-conscious Labour movement. In order to obtain influence over it they sought to permeate it with their inspiring range of ideas, and to a certain degree they did actually do so. On the other hand, in London as in Paris the new movement produced a considerable number of persons who in respect of their talents and capacities raised themselves far above the average of their class, and won their way to respectable positions in public life.

In earlier chapters of these memoirs I have already named some of the leaders of this new Socialist movement, and have said something of them. I think I shall be justified, however, in devoting a special chapter to the most noteworthy of its representatives with whom I have come into contact in one way or another. At the

same time, it will be understood that I shall not stand upon the chronological order of my acquaintance with them, nor yet upon the order of their importance. At the same time, I will make a beginning with that one of the English Socialists who is to-day most widely known all the world over : George Bernard Shaw.

I first heard Shaw speak in the autumn of 1888, at a meeting in Willis' Rooms, a fashionable hall in the neighbourhood of St. James's. There the members of the Fabian Society gave lectures, in accordance with a prearranged plan, upon various aspects of Socialism, which were afterwards published in collected form under the title of *Fabian Essays in Socialism*. Shaw gave the first and the last lecture of the series, and also contributed to enliven the debates after the other lectures. Each lecture was of course subjected, the same evening, to an animated discussion, and among the Fabians it was quite good form to question the speaker, whoever he might be, in a thoroughly critical spirit. In this province of debate Shaw was a master. Although he had not yet come to the fore as a dramatist, he was already celebrated in Socialist circles, and beyond them, as an original thinker, and was a great favourite as a speaker. An evening on which he did not speak was regarded by a great part of the audience at the Fabian meetings almost as an evening wasted. Shaw is a tall man, and had (for it is now fairly grey) reddish fair hair and sharply-cut features. His voice is not particularly powerful, but he speaks in a clear tone, usually without emotion ; yet he is often impressive, and as witty as he is knowledgeable. His chief defect is that he knows only too well that his hearers expect paradoxes of him ; hence he is over-ready to indulge in them, so that those who do not know their man are easily led to believe that he is merely a cynical jester. And Shaw is anything but that. His is really a very

serious nature, and he is a very conscientious worker. His essays, to which we must of course add the prefaces to his plays, betray a writer who is a penetrating thinker and an extremely well-read and scholarly man. For a long time he was a regular visitor to the British Museum, where one might often see him buried in books. Of the collected edition of the *Fabian Essays*, which Shaw saw through the press, Edward Pease, for many years the general secretary of the Fabian Society, writes, in his recently published *History of the Fabian Society* :

" Bernard Shaw was the editor, and those who have worked with him know that he does not take his duties as an editor lightly. He corrected his own essays copiously and repeatedly, and did as much for all that he was responsible for. The high literary level which the Fabian Tracts maintain is largely due to continual revisions and corrections, which are principally due to Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw, even though the tracts thus corrected may be published as the work of another."

That Shaw's advocacy of Socialism was serious he has proved by decades of activity on behalf of the movement as a helper in every possible kind of propagandist work. He considered nothing too good for it, and with friends of the same way of thinking displayed a great catholicity in respect of the conflicting groups and factions. They defended their own particular policy, but did not allow this to deter them from speaking for Socialist societies which professed a different policy, since to them the movement as a whole meant more than their own particular doctrines. " We did not keep ourselves to ourselves," wrote Shaw in this connection ; " we helped the Labour organisations in every possible way, and they were very glad to have us. As a matter of fact, the difference between us and them

was that we were working for all and they were working only for their own associations."

He also mentions, in parenthesis, the word "permeation," whereby we are reminded that the Fabians regarded it as their especial function not to form a party of their own, but as far as possible to permeate the existing parties and political associations with Socialism as they understood it. To quote one of their publications, they wished to be "the Jesuits of Socialism." "The real reason," Shaw continues, "why we specialised in debate and literary work was this, that the workers could not keep step with us or could not tolerate our social customs." The majority of the Fabians belonged, either by birth or by position, to the middle classes, and as they were accustomed to criticise the traditional Socialism, particularly the doctrine of Marx as then preached by Hyndman, Aveling, and others, in a somewhat superior tone, they were in bad odour with many of the representatives of proletarian Socialism, as drawing-room Socialists, who regarded themselves as "superior persons."

For a long time I had a prejudice against the Fabians, and therefore refrained from personal relations with them. Their whole tone and method of procedure was so contrary to the spirit of the movement as I conceived it that when listening to their discussions I often felt somewhat chilled. So as long as I lived in England I had little personal intercourse with Shaw, and if for once we had some conversation together it soon became obvious that there was a lack of concord between us, as though inhabitants of two different worlds were indulging in a polite exchange of opinion without the advantage of a common terminology. One needs a great deal of time and a good knowledge of history before one can really understand another people. H. M. Hyndman, who for many a year was the sworn champion of Marx,

striving to compel the English to acknowledge him, once told me that he did not believe that Marx had ever properly understood England, and it may well be a fact that the author of *Capital*, who knew so much of England, and excelled so many English writers in his analytical criticism of the social and political evolution of the English, never completely penetrated the English national mind.

Often, of course, the contrast is more apparent than real, and many things contribute to the opposite misconception, that the ideas connoted by similar political expressions do not completely coincide.

Some little time afterwards, in Bradford, at a Congress established by the Independent Labour Party, at which we were both present, Shaw disconcerted me by remarking, in the course of a speech, that he did not believe in a class conflict on the part of the English workers. He had plainly stated, in Bradford, that the Fabians would not enter the Independent Labour Party, and I had interpellated him on that account. But before a year had elapsed the same Shaw wrote, in collaboration with Webb, the call to battle, " To your tents, O Israel ! " which first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and then as a Fabian Tract, summoning the organised workers of England to turn their backs upon the Liberal Party and to form a great fund to facilitate the election of Independent Labour candidates, and a little later the executive branch of the Fabian Society, to which Shaw belonged, advised the branch Societies in the provinces that when a branch of the Independent Labour Party existed in the same place they should join it, in order to avoid a division of forces, and give up their own organisation. To a great extent Shaw practised what we Germans understand as the class conflict, but did not accept the name, because to him it had quite another connotation. To his mind the Socialist movement extends far

beyond the class to which we look for its real supporters, and his faith in the self-sacrificing energy of this class is slight. He is conscious that he himself is a Socialistic ideologist, but his is too critical a mind to swear fealty to abstract ideas. In his ideology he is a realist; one might say, paradoxical though it may sound, a critical ideologist, and perhaps this paradox might serve as a key to many apparent contradictions in his behaviour.

As a writer Shaw won his spurs in the province of journalism, which has been the school of so many significant personalities in the world of literature, and is intrinsically more highly valued in England than in Germany. To begin with, he displayed his quality as a satirist. He was still a more or less unknown beginner when one day, at a meeting of the Shelley Society, taking part in the discussion after a lecture, and deriding the partial tone of the literary artist affected by the lecturer and the speakers in the debate, he explained, as an introduction, that he was not sure whether he was really justified in speaking before the Society, since he was a Socialist, an atheist, and a vegetarian—and it was well known that Shelley also was all three. His position in journalism was that of musical critic on the staff of a Radical evening paper, the *Star*, and his criticisms, signed "Corno di Bassetto," were read with great enjoyment, not by lovers of music alone. But he struck a severer note as critic of the representative arts when he became dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review*. His campaign for the reform of opera, since Wilhelm Wagner had shown him the way, had only been the prelude to a campaign for the reform of the theatres in general, in which Ibsen was his standard-bearer. With relentless satire he took the field against the reign of the conventional upon the English stage, and he scourged the contemporary English dramatists, who surfeited the British public with discussions which did not strictly speaking

touch upon any of the serious problems of the day. The most prominent English tragedian of the day, Henry Irving, because he confined himself to the production of the plays of Shakespeare and other poets who never went beyond the portrayal of humanity, found in Shaw an implacable, almost a cruel critic. I have a lively recollection of an article which Shaw entitled " Mr. Irving takes Paregoric," in which he attacked Irving for putting a pious and melodramatic curtain-raiser on the stage, in which he played the part of an elderly invalid with a bad cough. For such melodramatic effects, Shaw continues, one requires no theatre and no experienced actor ; any beginner can produce them. In which he was assuredly and essentially right.

With his own plays Shaw conquered the English stage but slowly. The first of them was produced by the Norwegian, J. T. Grein, at the Independent Theatre, before an invited public, and it was the leading lady of a provincial company who first undertook to offer a play of Shaw's to the great London public. This play, which draws its title *Arms and the Man* from the first line of the Æneid, is a satire on the romantic conception of heroism in war, which demands such innumerable sacrifices. Shaw intended originally to allow the action to take place in the theatre of some English war, but, in order that it should not be excluded from the English stage, he finally laid the scene of it in Bulgaria at the time of the Serbo-Bulgarian War of 1885. Thus it could be played in London, and it was accorded a favourable reception. But the author found a larger public for his play in the United States. There he was already a recognised dramatist at a time when in England he was only beginning to be accepted as such.

Yet Shaw can be wholly understood only in England, or by people who know England thoroughly. His plays apply the lash to conditions and habits for which analogies

may be found all the world over, so that they find the sore spot everywhere. But they have, nevertheless, too much local colour to be understood correctly in all their subtleties. In a new edition Shaw described how he had been present at a representation of his *Candida* in Germany, and to his astonishment saw that the actor who played the part of Parson Morell did so in pastoral clothing, and had all the appearance of a clergyman, which was not at all in accordance with Shaw's description of the parson. To me this seems comprehensible enough. The actor had read in the book that Morell was a Christian Socialist parson, and had therefore probably taken some German example as his model, and acting upon the conception of the English Church prevailing in Germany, he must have thought that he ought to allow the ecclesiasticism of the character to appear rather more plainly than in his prototype.

However erroneous this hypothesis was, I should like to make a few observations relating to these representatives of Christian Socialism in England. I had occasion to make their acquaintance, and I know from them that Shaw had had extensive dealings with them, and had co-operated with them.

The most remarkable personality among the Christian Socialists is the Reverend Stewart Headlam, now in his seventies, who is, if I mistake not, vicar of one of the London churches. Shaw had him in mind when he made Morell an active member of the Guild of St. Matthew, an association of clergymen interested in social reform, which was founded by Headlam toward the end of the seventies, and of which he is probably still the president. The life of this man, who was a pupil of the admirable Frederick Denison Maurice, has been a continual struggle for definite progress in the most varied departments of social life. For a long time he was deprived of the right to officiate by the Bishop of

London, and only when the see was filled by a Liberal bishop was the ban removed. Headlam, when the Radical free-thinker Bradlaugh, with whom he had many a tussle on religious questions, was excluded from Parliament, because of his refusal to take the oath, and was to have been imprisoned by order of Parliament, energetically espoused his cause, and agitated for the abolition of the compulsory oath upon the Bible, and the penal laws against blasphemy. In 1888 he was elected to the School Board by a working-class district in the East End of London, since when he has sat upon it or its successor constantly as a member of the Radical Progressive Party, working there and elsewhere for the secularisation of the schools. He is a warm advocate of the theatre, and has founded, with the help of his fellow-clergy, a "Church and Stage" Society in order to increase its value for the people. He has also spoken and written in support of the ballet as a means of training the sense of beauty of form and movement. "No man," said the Socialist Labour Annual for 1895, "is more hated by sycophantic Bishops than he is, and no one has a profounder influence over the younger clergy." No man, I may add from my own experience, displays less of the pastoral character in his appearance and conversation than this clergyman of the Established Church of England.

Even before I came to make the acquaintance of Stewart Headlam, I had occasion to revise my ideas of the English clergyman in respect of one of his younger colleagues. In the winter of 1889–90 I received, through Eleanor Marx, an invitation to a "social evening" which was given for its members by a co-operative consumer's society founded by the gasworkers in the remote East End of London—namely, in Canning Town. "The Reverend Morris will take the chair," I read on the invitation card. I resigned myself to an address full of

religious advice. But it was not at all what I expected. When the entertainment was about to begin there rose upon the platform, from the place appointed for the chairman, a slender, black-haired man about thirty-five years of age, who delivered a short address explaining the value of the organisation, just as any Socialist layman might have done. But the entertainment over which he presided consisted almost exclusively of recitations and songs of a hearty and humorous character, the refrains of these last being sung by all present, while "Brother Bob" beat time. "Brother Bob" was the name which the working men—why, no one rightly knew—had bestowed upon Morris, who in reality, like his famous namesake the poet, bore the Christian name of William. He had a better claim to the title of "Brother" than to the name of "Bob," since among the members of the Radical "New Unions" of those days it was used in the same sense as "comrade" among our German Socialist working men. A thoroughly earnest supporter of the Labour movement, the Reverend William Morris was held in great esteem by the Socialist workers of London. After he had taken his degree at Oxford he was appointed curate in one of the lowest quarters of South London, where he lived in the midst of the poorest inhabitants, to whom he devoted all his energies. He founded a club whose members he won over to Socialism, and a tiny room partitioned off from the billiard-room, with just enough space for his bed and his books, was all his lodging. In this club the May-day demonstrations of the London workers, which had such important results in the early nineties, were first discussed and determined upon. The Club even published a Socialist newspaper, but was unable to carry it on. After ten years' activity there Morris was appointed Vicar of St. Anne's, Vauxhall. But his exhausting work among the poor seemed to have undermined his health. A strong

man when I became acquainted with him, he died at a comparatively early age. The alliteration of Morris and Morell and the personal description of Morell in Shaw's *Candida*, gave me the idea that the dramatist had taken "Brother Bob" as his model.

Another Christian Socialist, the Reverend Percy Dearmer, had nothing at all of the priest about him. I had the opportunity of observing him at several meetings of English Socialists. On the other hand, as a contrast to these and other clergymen, the great English free-thinker, Charles Bradlaugh, the only time I heard him, gave me quite the impression of a clergyman.

It was at a very memorable meeting that I saw him. It was held in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, in the early summer of 1889, in the honour of the leader of the Irish Home Rulers, Henry Stewart Parnell, then at the height of his fame. He had just been acquitted, before a legal commission, of complicity in the assassinations committed by Irish revolutionists. Besides Parnell, a number of the best-known leaders of English Liberalism and Radicalism were to speak at this meeting, and in spite of the high price of admission the hall and the galleries were packed. I was able, for a shilling, to obtain standing-room right at the back of one of the upper galleries, and had to console myself with the fact that people who had paid ten times as much had to stand packed tight in the gangways below. But it was worth the trouble. I heard John Morley speak, who in August 1914 finally justified his nickname of "Honest John" by resigning his post as Cabinet Minister (his salary was £5000 a year) because he did not feel that he could share in the responsibility for England's entry into the war. His speech at this meeting culminated in a vindication of Parnell's policy. Parnell, Morley declared, had been perfectly right when in 1888 he advised his party to vote more especially against the Liberals, in order to make

them dependent upon the votes of the Home Rulers. That is, Morley justified a policy which had been grievously injurious to his own party. However, the meeting took this in good part. As on his first appearance, so on the conclusion of his speech he received a great ovation. But this was of course not to be compared with the homage paid to Parnell when he came forward. I experienced for the first time what a superabundance of enthusiasm these English are capable of, whom we describe as " cold." All rose from their seats, cheering over and over again, waving their handkerchiefs, and finally singing in unison, " For he's a jolly good fellow," to the tune which we know as that of " Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre." This, with outbreaks of cheering, was repeated again and again with indescribable jubilation. In the most striking contrast to the warmth of this welcome was the cool tone of the speech of the man who enjoyed it. Parnell accepted it unmoved, returned not a word of thanks to those who offered it, and spoke only of Ireland, of her grievances, her rights, and her demands. In accusation he occasionally raised his voice : otherwise it surprised me by its great monotony. Parnell was one of those people who are very seldom able to escape from their reserve. In appearance and in reality he corresponded to the picture that we Germans have conceived of the typical Englishman. His own Irish colleagues often complained of his unapproachableness. It is related that when one day a member of his Parliamentary party was eagerly informing him of an important division in the words, " Parnell, our motion has gone through," the leader at first merely replied, almost in a tone of rebuke, " *Mister* Parnell, if you please." This coldness in the relations between the leader and his party evidently goes a long way to explain why the majority of the party comparatively quickly decided to refuse to serve under him when, after

the exposure of the O'Shea divorce case, Gladstone demanded his retirement from the leadership; otherwise he, Gladstone, would be forced to withdraw from the Liberal Party and abandon the Home Rule campaign.

A play has recently been performed in Germany which deals with Parnell's relations with Mrs. O'Shea and his repudiation by the English Liberals with whom he had bargained, which it criticises roundly as a characteristic example of "British hypocrisy." England, however, is not the only country in which an affair that so sorely infringes the current morality as the adultery of a party-leader with the wife of a fellow-member of the party makes it impossible for the leader to retain his position: if not at first, when it is known only to a few of the initiated, at all events when legal procedure brings it to the knowledge of the community. Everywhere the condemnation of the great majority becomes apparent only "when it all comes out."

Among the speakers at the above-mentioned meeting were a dissenting minister, the Reverend Berry of Wolverhampton, and Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistical free-thinker. They formed a curious contrast. The Nonconformists are regarded as the real hypocrites of England. But Mr. Berry and hypocrisy appeared to be strangers to one another. Extremely agile in his movements, he sprang to the speaker's desk almost like an acrobat, and in his address he exhibited a liveliness which no layman could exceed. Bradlaugh's entrance upon the scene was very different. A broad-shouldered, well-built man, there was, in his movements as well as in the rather emotional tone of his speech, a good deal of the sort of behaviour which one connects with the idea of a clergyman, so that an uninitiated person who heard him and the Reverend Berry in succession might very well have concluded that he was the parson and the

other the free-thinker. At all events there stood the man who had once, under the *nom de guerre* of "Iconoclast," delivered his bold assaults upon the belief in God, the monarchy, the ownership of land and other privileges, and had cleared the way for many reforms, already in the evening of his eventful life; for he died less than a year after the meeting. In his earlier years he would have spoken in very different accents. But at that time his appearance disappointed me, while the meeting in other respects made an immense impression upon me, and gave me some idea of what political excitement really means in England.

In the Reverend Thomas Hancock I came to know a Christian Socialist of peculiar selflessness. A product of the school of Kingsley and Maurice, Hancock had early resigned his position as an officiating clergyman, and only occasionally preached a sermon, his principal activity being that of research in the great library of the British Museum. In particular he had devoted himself to the history of the great English Revolution, and by the labour of decades had amassed an enormous amount of material, of which he himself made no use as a writer, but was always ready to communicate to others. When I obtained an introduction to him, from Stewart Headlam, and sent him my treatise on "Democracy and Socialism in the English Revolution," which was then in its first and as yet quite unfinished state, he got a common acquaintance to bring me to Harrow, where he was living, and on this occasion placed whole cupboards full of manuscript at my disposal, in order that I might go through it and make free use of it, so that I could work upon my treatise and amplify it, as I had planned. This offer overwhelmed me so by its magnanimity that I could not at once make up my mind to accept it. At first I merely thanked him, but neglected to make any sort of arrangement with him; and when Hancock

died a few years later the manuscripts passed into the hands of his heirs.

When my treatise appeared the President of the English Historical Society, Professor E. H. Firth, was likewise extremely obliging. He wrote me, although I was then completely unknown in England, a long letter, in which he expressed the wish to see the book published in English also, entered into several questions which I had touched upon, and a little later visited me and called my attention to all sorts of sources which were so far unknown to me. All this was done in such an unassuming manner that I was really surprised and most agreeably affected. In certain German newspapers one may read over and over again that the Germans are the only people who are willing to do a thing for its own sake; as though there were not in every nation workers in different spheres who forget themselves and their interests in the subject to which their energies are devoted. What other motives than interest in the subject itself could have induced Mr. Hancock and Professor Firth to have offered so handsomely to assist me in my literary work I will leave the psychologists to determine.

Eleanor Marx one day told me of an action similar to Mr. Hancock's. No one had attacked the Fabian Socialists more violently, and in my opinion more unjustly, than she and her husband. One day at the British Museum she needed some books which had just been issued to another applicant, and she appealed to the Fabian, Graham Wallas, with the request that she might be allowed to look over his library on a given day, as she knew it to contain these books. Shortly afterwards she told me—and I could see that she was touched by the Fabian's generosity—that Wallas had written to her to the effect that he could not receive her on the day in question, as he would be away from home all day, but he had told his housekeeper to show her

into the library, when she could take any books she needed.

Graham Wallas is a contrast to the Christian Socialists, being a confirmed secularist. Himself the son of a clergyman, and originally a classical philologist, in 1885 he resigned his position as schoolmaster because it involved the obligation to communicate. Since then, thanks to years of activity upon the London School Board, and in connection with the secondary education of the people, he has acquired great authority as an expert in the sphere of popular education, and belongs to various public examining bodies. He has published very valuable historical works, and of his writings on social psychology the arresting volume on *Politics and Human Nature* was translated into German (Diederichs, Jena). He is a very decided democrat, and when at the beginning of August 1914 it appeared that England was in danger of being drawn into the threatening European War, he immediately founded a " Committee for the Neutrality of England " of persons of his own way of thinking, which appealed to the English people, in an advertisement filling a whole page of the chief English newspapers, to oppose England's participation in the war in the most energetic manner. Two days later England's declaration of war upon Germany, as a result of the German invasion of Belgium, brought the activities of the Committee to a sudden end; but the failure of the enterprise does not diminish the good will of the founder. That German Social Democracy voted for the war credits must have been a great disappointment to Graham Wallas, for, as he wrote to me in 1911, he had the greatest hopes of this party as a guarantee of European peace. But however greatly the war may have shaken him, he never deviated from his opinions, which are those of a good European, as is proved by his articles in the *Nation* and similar publica-

tions. As a writer and politician, and also as a man, Wallas is an unusually sympathetic personality, extremely kindly in personal matters, and equally steadfast in his opinions in questions of principle. Thus in the year 1904 he withdrew from the Fabian Society, because he could not approve either of its attitude towards the Conservative Government in respect of the educational question, or of the Society's demonstration in respect of Protection. In both respects he felt that the Society's attitude was too much that of the statesman or politician.

However, his withdrawal, writes Edward Pease, in the *History of the Fabian Society*, was "not accompanied by any of those personal and political bickerings which so often accompany the rupture of relations of long standing. Wallas remained a Fabian in all but the name. His friendship with his old comrades remains unaffected, and he has always shown himself ready to assist the Society, whether by lecturing at its meetings or by sharing the exceptionally rich treasures of his special knowledge at its congresses."

Wallas was introduced to the Fabian Society by one of its members, Sidney Olivier, who at that time was, with Sidney Webb, an official in the Colonial Office. Unlike Webb, Olivier has remained faithful to his official vocation, in which he has attained a very high position, which has not deterred him from joining the Fabian Society, and also the Socialist combatant organisation, the Social Democratic Federation, while, on the other hand, the publicly known fact of his belonging to these Societies has not prevented his promotion to such influential positions as those of Financial Secretary to and Governor of Jamaica. In this connection the following incident is particularly significant: Olivier was already Financial Secretary in Jamaica, and enjoying a short period of leave in London,

when in 1897 he strenuously protested, at a meeting of the Fabian Society, against the fact that the executive committee had contributed ten shillings, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, to a collection raised for the purpose of decorating the Strand, in which the offices of the Society were situated. It was not fitting that the Fabians, who professed republican principles, should take part in preparations in honour of the monarchy, declared the man whose official rank was equal to that of a Prussian Governor of a Province; and he further disallowed the excuse that the Committee had only provided the sum in dispute because it had made ten times as much by letting the windows of the Society's offices to sightseers, so that under the circumstances it would have felt that it was mean to refuse a contribution to the cost of decorating the street. The spirit in which Olivier administered the island of Jamaica as its Governor may be gathered from his book upon the negro question, which appeared in 1910, under the title of *White Capital and Black Labour*, in the "Social Science Series," edited by J. Ramsay Macdonald. Relying upon his experiences in the British West Indies, Olivier contradicted many current opinions respecting the negro's capacities for development, and the effects of miscegenation. In Jamaica negroes filled positions as municipal authorities, justices of the peace, etc., in a manner which in every way redounded to their credit, and the existence of a stratum of half-castes, where they cannot be excluded from attaining a higher social position in the future, is not to the prejudice of a country with a large negro population, but is an advantage. It is a pity that this book, with its interesting data, has not been translated into German. Jamaica is regarded as a model by many Americans, who have to reckon seriously with the negro problem in the United States.

Sidney Webb and his wife, Mrs. Beatrice Webb-Potter, are well known in Germany through the translation of their classic work on English Trade Unions and the English Co-operative movement, and many biographical sketches of this husband and wife, who are comrades in research and political activity, have been published in Germany. As not seldom happens in the case of married couples who devote themselves to literary activities, it is often debated which of them is the more significant, which has made the greater intellectual contribution to their joint work; the ex-Civil Service official, Sidney Webb, who worked his way up, step by step, with iron perseverance, from humble circumstances, or Beatrice Potter, the daughter of a railway king, a member of the upper middle classes, whom Herbert Spencer first interested in sociological research, and who, having worked for a long time among the poorest inhabitants of the East End of London, in a spirit of love and charity, was one of the most valuable collaborators of the social statistician, Charles Booth, in his great work upon the life and the working conditions of the English poor. I have met various Englishmen who asserted that Beatrice Webb was intellectually superior to her husband, but I think this opinion is founded upon an impression which, while perfectly comprehensible, psychologically speaking, is nevertheless merely an impression, not an adequately founded opinion. People who from their youth upwards have enjoyed a superior education, as was the case with Beatrice Potter, exhibit as a rule, in intellectual matters, a manner which makes them appear superior to those who have obtained this education only in later years, although their knowledge need not on this account be more profound or abundant than that of the latter. I have repeatedly observed this phenomenon when mingling with academic Socialists and self-made intellectuals of the working

classes. Something of this situation may perhaps have existed during the early years of the Webb-Potter collaboration. The tall, dark-eyed, highly-gifted Beatrice, with her finely-chiselled features, and her arresting conversational powers, certainly made a greater impression than Sidney Webb, who was barely of medium height, and, in his earlier years, rather dry in manner, and who took a long time to shake off the ex-bureaucrat. But that is a long time ago. For a long while now the intellectual relations of husband and wife have been those of mutual collaboration and completion, and if it came to an examination in general knowledge Sidney Webb would, I am convinced, beat his wife in various directions. He is absolutely a walking encyclopædia, a fact which is particularly to be remarked when he has to answer questions or is heckled in debate. To work up a lecture which surprises its hearers by its wealth of material data is not particularly difficult, if one has a certain knowledge of the literature of the subject. It is only by the manner in which he holds his ground in debate that one distinguishes the scholarly and experienced expert from the merely dexterous dilettante addicted to scholarly pursuits. Almost every time I have had the opportunity of attending a meeting of the Fabians Webb has compelled my admiration by the assured manner in which he has given replies based upon expert knowledge to the questions addressed to him, however remotely they might be connected with the subject under discussion. His is manifestly the most powerful brain to be found among the Fabians, and to-day he gives the full impression of being the man of learning that he is.

Since Beatrice Webb comes of a wealthy family, the two of them have been able to devote themselves completely to the study of social and political reform, and to working for it, without having to accept anything from

the movement. Except that he has been, since 1892, a member of the London County Council for a working-class district of South-East London, which regularly re-elects him, Webb does not hold any important political office, although he and his wife are continually being appealed to as experts in connection with important Parliamentary inquiries. They live in a pleasant house in Grosvenor Road, Westminster, which runs from the north bank of the Thames between Westminster and Chelsea, and, like so many London streets, changes its character in different sections. A visit to the Webbs quickly shows one that one is dealing with people whose chief delight is research-work. But they must not be regarded as closet-scholars. Their horizon has a wide range. Edward Pease writes of their joint labours that as regards their writings it is impossible to distinguish exactly between Webb and his wife. From 1905 to 1909 the latter, with the Socialist George Lansbury, was a member of a Royal Commission on poverty and unemployment, and the Minority Report which she published with two other members of the Commission, and which made a great stir by reason of the radicalism of its proposals, and was extensively utilised by the Labour Party in Parliament in connection with their legislative proposals, was regarded as chiefly the work of Mrs. Webb. But as a matter of fact, according to Pease, " the inquiry, the findings, and the final conclusions were in the fullest sense of the word the joint work of Mr. and Mrs. Webb," and the manuscript copy that went to the typists was in Webb's handwriting. " Frequently," adds Pease, " Mrs. Webb gives lectures from manuscript in the unusually legible handwriting of her husband; her own handwriting is—in curious contrast to her character—indecipherable even by herself without long scrutiny."

A similar relation to that between Mr. and Mrs. Webb

existed also between James Ramsay Macdonald and his distinguished wife, Margaret Macdonald, who died some years ago. Here again the wife came from the wealthy classes, while the husband had worked his way up from the lower strata of the people. Here again it was the Socialist movement which brought the two together: Margaret Gladstone, a niece of the eminent physicist, Lord Kelvin (William Thompson), and, as her name denotes, a relation of the statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, and James Ramsay Macdonald, the self-made Scottish agricultural labourer; and in this case also the marriage meant community of Socialistic labours. Their work, however, was rather different in character from that of the Webbs. The work undertaken by the Webbs was and is rather work *for* the Socialist movement, while Margaret Macdonald and her husband devoted themselves chiefly to work of organisation, propaganda, and administration *in* the movement; although they did literary work for it as well. As everybody knows, Ramsay Macdonald has achieved a prominent position as a Parliamentarian, who always has the ear of the "mother of Parliaments." A resonant voice aids the great rhetorical gifts of this slenderly-built man, whose hair, originally black as the raven, is now thickly interspersed with grey. As leader of the Parliamentary representatives of the great British Labour Party, Macdonald for many years enjoyed great popularity, until his critical and hostile attitude in respect of the present war rendered him impossible to a considerable portion of the workers. However, his star is again in the ascendant. When, about a year ago, he ascended the platform to make a speech at a National Congress of the Labour Party, he was, despite his former popularity, received with icy coldness. But it is a sign of his great gifts as a speaker that his hearers grew more and more enthusiastic, and when he had finished it seemed as

though the applause would never end. A very impressive speech, too, was that in which Macdonald, as the spokesman of the Labour Party, replied to Sir Edward Grey, when, in the historical session of the 3rd of August 1914, the Foreign Secretary informed the House that England would be obliged to stand beside France in the war. When Grey pointed out that England's honour was at stake, Macdonald made the striking rejoinder that there had scarcely been a war which had not been founded upon an appeal to honour, and in how few instances had History justified the use of the word! Macdonald has now been dispatched to a Socialist Peace Conference at Stockholm by the Independent Labour Party, of which he is also a member, and he will certainly be of those who are in favour of a peace without annexations, in which connection it must of course not be forgotten that in May 1916 he declared in Parliament that Belgium must be re-established with her original territorial area and her independence as a state undiminished. "The sooner Germany rids herself of any self-deception in that connection the better."

Macdonald, who, as often happens in England, entered political life as the secretary of a Member of Parliament (the Liberal member, T. Lough), is the author of various volumes on sociological subjects, one of which, *Socialism and Government*, has been published in German (Diederichs, Jena). His wife, who died in 1913, having borne him four children, has been beautifully commemorated by her husband in a memoir which he first sent only to friends and political comrades, but later on, by the wish of these friends, he allowed an enlarged edition of it to be published. In it he describes, with great warmth of emotion, and nobility of phrase, how strong was the intellectual community between him and his dead wife, and how much she had been to him as wife

and collaborator, and to the movement as a self-sacrificing champion of the cause.

An enthusiastic Socialist, Margaret Macdonald did indeed exhibit the most unselfish activity in the various provinces of social work, devoting herself with particular zeal to the Socialistic organisation of women workers. Her selfless readiness for work, combined with an extremely winning manner, which spoke of an inexhaustible kindness of heart, won her many friends. I have never heard her spoken of save with the greatest affection. This affection and admiration readily overlooked the fact that her absorption in her work for the Socialist movement made her unduly indifferent to externals of every kind, at home, and in respect of dress. Once, when I happened to call on her one morning two years before her death, on the occasion of a temporary sojourn in London, at her flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found her, at a table in the middle of a room which her children, playing around her, had reduced to a state of chaotic confusion such as beggars description, quietly engaged in literary work, as though the uproar all about her and the condition of the room were perfectly in order. It did not occur to her even to waste a word of excuse or explanation over the matter. She simply had no eyes for these things, but began at once to discuss with me the development of our party in Germany. As a striking example of her indifference to dress, Macdonald tells of her that once, when she had to play a leading part in an important deputation, her friends had the greatest trouble to induce her to get a new blouse for the purpose, but when on the appointed day Margaret Macdonald rose to address the Minister whom they were interviewing, they saw, to their horror, that she had put the new garment on inside out ! She was very wide awake, however, to all that affected the community. The articles which she contributed to the column headed " The

Women Workers' Movement," which she edited for a long time, gratuitously, for the *Labour Leader*, were not infrequently illumined by that delightful humour which only a sympathetic understanding of human weaknesses can give. Macdonald writes that the basis of her character was maternal feeling. It inspired all her actions, so that her admirers were certainly in the right when, in order to perpetuate her memory, they collected a fund to be applied to the foundation of a ward in a children's hospital, which was to be named after her. In addition to this a memorial stone in the leafy square before the house in which she dwelt to the last shows the great esteem which her public labours had won for her.

The Macdonalds were fond of entertaining their friends. Their "at home" days were most enjoyable, and one always found people there who were well worth meeting. They proved their friendship for my wife and myself, when in January 1901 we interrupted our sojourn in London in order to return home, for they arranged a farewell evening for us in their flat. There was to have been present on this evening a woman who, according to the opinion which the world had long held of her, should have been the very antithesis of the gentle Margaret Macdonald, but in reality she shared even Margaret's delicacy of feeling: I am speaking of the heroic Louise Michel, the revolutionist, capable of the most vehement ebullition, yet at the same time so unselfishly ready to give help where it was wanted. She was unable to come on this occasion, but sent my wife, as a memento, a poem, beneath which, in absence of mind, she wrote the name of the month and the date incorrectly—February 1801, instead of January 1901. However, it might just as well have been the former date. The poem breathes an atmosphere like that which inspired the poetry of the end of the eighteenth century. One is put in mind of the authoress of "Corinna" when one reads:

FAREWELL

From Louise Michel to Mrs. Bernstein.

Au revoir, ayez bon voyage,
Mais en entendant autres voix,
En songeant sur une autre plage
Pensez à Londres quelquefois.

A Londres où vers la science
Les femmes prennent leur essor,
Où l art tente leur espérance
En chantant sur la harpe d'or.

Au revoir, Londres est cher aux femmes,
Toutes aiment y revenir,
On dirait qu'y rodent des âmes
Cherchant la légende à venir.

LOUISE MICHEL.

LONDRES, 28 *Fevrier* 1801.

(Farewell: but when your journey's o'er
And other voices greet your ear,
When dreaming on another shore,
Think now and then of London here.

London: for here are women bold
To soar toward knowledge, thronèd high;
Here, singing to her harp of gold,
Art lures their hopes toward her to fly.

Farewell. To women London's dear;
Absent, our hearts are all forlorn,
As though our souls were straying here
To seek the legend yet unborn.)

I should have to make mention of many more persons if I wished to include all the married couples and single men and women in the world of the Socialist "intellectuals" of England who have distinguished themselves by notable achievements. I have often spoken of that loyal Fabian, Edward R. Pease, so that I cannot refrain from devoting a few words to his wife, Marjorie Pease. What her husband has been to the Fabian Society, that she has been for many years to the "Free Russia"

League, whose object is to collect funds to support the soldiers of freedom in Russia. There are those "intellectuals" who have become stalwarts of the Independent Labour Party: James and Catherine Bruce Glasier, F. W. Jowett, and Philip Snowden; there are the "intellectuals" gathered about Robert Blatchford of the *Clarion*, and many others. But I must pull up. For however great the share of the "intellectuals" in the awakening and intellectual fertilisation of Socialism in England, the most important element of the Socialist movement is nevertheless the working class, and I must try to do justice to it.

CHAPTER XI

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE PROLETARIAN SOCIALIST IN ENGLAND

IN the autumn of 1899, as I was returning to England from Holland, whither I had been making a brief excursion, I had a most amusing experience on board the steamer that brought me over. It was the year in which lively discussions had been excited among the Social Democrats of Germany by certain essays from my pen, and particularly by my volume on *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozialdemokratie*, so that people were speaking of a "Bernstein question"; and finally the Congress of the Social Democratic Party convened at Hanover in 1899 devoted several days to the discussion of the ideas which I had developed. Since Germany was still forbidden territory for me, I had journeyed to Oldenzaal on the German-Dutch frontier, in order to meet some of those members of the Congress with whom I was most intimately acquainted. I spent two days with them in Holland, and on the evening of the third day I returned, through Blissengen, to England. The crossing occupied the greater part of the night and the early hours of the morning. I slept for several hours, but waked quite early, and went on deck, where besides myself there was so far only a young man who might at most have been twenty years of age. He was walking up and down; it was not yet quite broad daylight.

We got into conversation, and were soon talking of

England, which the young man informed me he was about to see for the first time. He realised from my conversation that I was already acquainted with it, and asked me all sorts of questions about the country and the people, which I answered to the best of my ability, until finally our conversation turned upon a subject with which I was quite peculiarly familiar—namely, my humble self. The dialogue continued thus :

HE (*after a short pause*) : Tell me, since you know England well, there is one point upon which you will certainly be able to enlighten me. Has the Bernstein question made much of a sensation in England ?

I : No, it hasn't aroused any interest.

HE (*astonished and almost disappointed*) : None whatever ?

I : Not the slightest.

HE : Is that possible ?

I : There are very few people in England who know that there is such a person as Bernstein.

HE : And they know nothing of his writings ?

I : Nothing whatever.

HE : But how is that ?

I : Because the questions which Bernstein has raised play no part whatever in the political life of England.

HE : Not even among the Socialists ?

I : Not even among the Socialists.

HE (*with increasing disappointment*) : Well, well !

I : But you are keenly interested in these questions ?

HE : Of course.

I : And may I ask what your attitude is ?

HE (*energetically*) : Naturally against Bernstein.

I : That goes without saying. In any case, it is proper that you should take an interest in these discussions.

HE : Tell me, am I likely to get a sight of Herr Bernstein in London ?

I: That depends. London is very big, and individual persons might live there for ten or twenty years without ever catching the least glimpse of one another. But, of course, if you attend Socialist meetings—for example, the meetings of the Communist Working-men's Society in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road—you might count with some certainty upon meeting Bernstein there one day, for he lectures there from time to time. Otherwise there is very little prospect of meeting him in London.

He: Really?

I: Yes, he lives very much to himself, in a rather outlying district in the south-east of London, and hardly ever goes to town, except to work at the British Museum or to call on a few personal friends.

Our conversation turned upon other subjects, and it was only when we were ashore, and rolling along towards London in the railway carriage, that I told the young Socialist to whom he was speaking.

I had told him nothing but the truth concerning my position in England. In the twelve years during which I had been living in London, I had never appeared in public except at Socialist meetings, most of which had their regular public. Although I was the London correspondent of *Vorwärts* from 1890 onwards, I remained unknown to the great London Press, and to the leading *bourgeois* politicians. The only leading journalist in a prominent position whose acquaintance I had made was the present editor of the *Nation*, H. W. Massingham, who at that time, having previously been editor-in-chief of the Radical evening paper, the *Star*, was on the staff of the Liberal morning paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, of which he soon became the editor. However, even this acquaintance, as long as I lived in England, was quite superficial. It was only after Massingham, who resigned his position on the *Chronicle* as an opponent of the Boer

War, had invited me to contribute regularly to the *Nation*, of which he had in the meantime become the editor, that I became at all known in non-Socialist circles through my political letters to this periodical ; for the *Nation* is read in all the political clubs in England.[1]

It is remarkable that in Germany, where education is almost the first word one hears, no political weekly of a serious nature has ever been able to maintain itself, as in England the Liberal *Spectator*, the democratic *Nation*, the Conservative *Saturday Review*, and the Socialist *New Statesman* have succeeded in doing. Years ago Theodore Barth, Dr. Paul Nathan, Theodor Mommsen, and others of their way of thinking attempted to run a Free Trade Liberal weekly, which was also called the *Nation*, but it entailed a considerable yearly loss, until in 1907 Barth lost patience and the journal ceased to appear. It was an ornament to German journalism, but compared with its English namesake its contents were poor. Among other things it lacked those contributions from its circle of readers which are customary in England, and which constitute an effective remedy against a decline into a didactic *ex cathedra* manner, giving the periodical something of the character of a debating club.

Of the highly developed club-life of the English I can add little to what is already known. The only middle-class club which I have occasionally visited is the National Liberal Club, whose magnificent building on

[1] I made the personal acquaintance of the present Prime Minister, Lloyd-George, about the year 1907, when I was back in Berlin. Lloyd-George was then Home Secretary in the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry, and visited Germany in order to inform himself upon the spot as to the nature and operation of the German Labour Insurance legislation. A letter from my friend and political comrade, J. Ramsay Macdonald, led to a meeting between Mr. Lloyd-George and myself at the Bristol Hotel. The conversation which I had with him was interesting enough, but it turned only upon questions of domestic politics and the *rapprochement* of the German and English nations.

Westminster Embankment is now taken over by the War Office. As its name denotes, the National Liberal Club, or National Club of the Liberals, to put it in other words, is the central club of the Liberal Party, but among its 6000 to 7000 members there are men of many ways of thinking, among them Socialists of every shade, who belong to it merely in order to enjoy its accommodation. Its palatial building contains a splendid library, all sorts of dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, and rooms for political meetings, as well as a terrace overlooking the Thames, which affords a very fine view. Situated in the centre of London, it is a convenient meeting-place for people who have something to discuss together. In the great hall there are sometimes meetings or conferences of members of the Liberal Party, or Liberal Members of Parliament, when their leaders deliver addresses, but as a rule the leaders are not to be seen in the National Liberal Club. It appears to them rather too mixed: many of them prefer the Reform Club, which is of much earlier date—in its rooms, at the end of the eighteenth century, Charles James Fox would surrender himself to his passion for gambling, and lose enormous sums; but to-day it is somewhat less lively there—or they belong to the Devonshire Club, the ancient home of the Whigs. The English Socialists of my days had no club building of their own; the clubs founded by them in order that those of their persuasion might have a regular meeting-place were obliged to make use of hired rooms, and none of them outlived its second year. The enormous distances of the great city, on the one hand, and the social differences between the different partisans of the young movement on the other, were fatal to all such institutions.

Only one Socialist Society, which indeed bore the name of club, though it made no pretensions to rooms of its own, nor did it collect subscriptions, enjoyed a

longer life. This was the Socialist Supper Club, which consisted of Socialists who met every fortnight in a private room in some previously appointed locality, in order to take supper together and enjoy unfettered conversation. As a rule the chosen meeting-place was in Soho, where more German, French, and Italian is spoken than English, and where the price of the supper was always such that even a moderately well-paid working man could afford it. However, the working-class element was always very sparsely represented in this Socialist "Club." Most of the habitués were middle-class "intellectuals." Men like William Morris, H. M. Hyndman, Belfort Bax, and other well-known personalities constituted the intellectual nucleus of these gatherings, which I attended regularly for a long time. It was a very easygoing affair; a friendly tone prevailed, and one made very sympathetic acquaintances. But the short-lived clubs put me more in mind of Germany; these were founded rather to include Socialists of all shades, without distinctions of class. In them that Socialist element preponderated which to-day constitutes the nucleus of the Independent Labour Party, while at the Socialist Supper Club the Social Democratic Federation was preponderant, and its intellectual chief, H. M. Hyndman, set the tone. Hyndman had a way of his own of getting the better of those who differed from him which I was never able to stomach. One had to be willing to forgive him many things for the sake of his undoubted honesty and devotion to the cause before one could put up with his company for long.

A member of a well-to-do middle-class family, well read, a gifted writer, and a very effective speaker, Hyndman had been of the greatest service in connection with the resurrection of Socialism in England. But while he knew how to enlist recruits, he was less successful in holding them together. A small body

of devoted admirers remained loyal to him; but even before it split in two as a result of the war he had not raised the membership of the organisation of which he was the head to any considerable figure, despite the inestimable propagandist zeal of its members. I once heard Hyndman allude with pride to the number of people who had passed through the books of the Social Democratic Federation. He mentioned an enormous figure, and although in this matter his fertile imagination may have outstripped the reality, yet one might without exaggeration speak of well over a hundred thousand temporary recruits. Nevertheless, Hyndman seemed quite incapable of realising the criticism of his methods that resided in the fact that of the hundred thousand who had entered the organisation over which he presided, only a few thousands had remained in it. The sense of moderation in particular is ill-developed in Hyndman, and his tendency to exaggerate is responsible for the fact that he has so often fallen into ill-repute as a politician. For a long time he was distrusted by his enemies as a secret Tory, which he never was; and those were equally in error who described him as a Socialist Jingo. On the contrary, he has repeatedly opposed England's foreign wars, and has broken many a lance for the rights of the enemy. If he has behaved otherwise during the present war, and has spoken in favour of continuing hostilities against Germany, he has been influenced by his enmity to institutions and tendencies which in his opinion were more fully represented by Imperial Germany than by any other country, but by no means by national vanity. Like many democratic Englishmen, he has a great affection for France and French culture, which still remained unshaken when, at the close of the last century, there was friction between France and England over various Colonial questions, and the two Western

nations appeared to be on the point of collision. That hostility to England was at the bottom of the increasing naval armaments of Germany during more or less the same period, was to him, on the contrary, an axiom which he, a Social Democrat, used to preach even in contributions to papers like the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, just as he was never weary, at international Congresses, before a public that understood nothing of such matters, of making immoderate attacks upon his own country in respect of its administration of India. In both cases the effect of his representations was very different from that which he aimed at. But his intentions would have survived the strictest Socialistic criticism.

Hyndman's counterpart in the world of proletarian Socialists is John Burns, originally, to a certain extent, his pupil, but then, for years, his embittered opponent, represented by him as a traitor. Burns also has the gift of making an unnecessary number of personal enemies, but he compels those whom he has offended by his rudeness to respect and even admire him for his capacity and reliability. As a speaker, no less than as a worker in the most varied spheres of activity, his natural gifts are far above the average, and he has the iron perseverance of genius. Even when he was still working as a mechanic, and was able to devote his leisure only to Socialistic agitation, he surprised the employers with whom he had to negotiate when a strike was afoot by his mastery of all the individual problems of their business as these affected the strikers. And in the same way, as President of the Local Government Board, at Congresses of sanitary engineers, architects, and other trades and professions, he displayed a knowledge and experience of their specialities which caused universal astonishment, and finally won him an honorary degree. The late Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman knew what he was doing when at the end of the year 1905, in forming his Liberal Cabinet, he made a Cabinet Minister of "the man with the red flag," as Burns was called in the days of the Trafalgar Square riot described in a previous chapter. He showed no lack of ability in the post confided to him.

On the other hand, he disappointed his admirers in some respects. Above all, he was not the man to play the part which it was particularly hoped that he would play, namely, that of mediator between democratic Liberalism and the Socialist Labour movement. If he had previously had many opponents and even enemies among the ranks of the Socialists, their number was considerably increased during the first year of his ministry. In the introduction of reforms in the sphere of municipal politics he made much slower progress than some of his Liberal colleagues in the Ministry. In replying to the inevitable criticism of Socialist members he was lacking in that urbanity which Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, and others observed toward them, being only too apt to assume the tone of a superior, which most people find extremely galling. When I once remarked to Engels, *à propos* of Ferdinand Lassalle, that his vanity seemed to me to have been so great that it soon ceased to provoke one, he suddenly exclaimed: "That's precisely what the Lupus said of Lassalle." (That is, Lassalle's fellow-countryman, Wilhelm Wolff, known as "Casemate" Wolff.) There is, in fact, a vanity which so often co-exists with a certain childlike quality that the unprejudiced observer is no longer irritated by it. This is the case with John Burns. He has not the faculty of cloaking his defects. He was very neatly characterised soon after he entered Parliament, by the witty author—if I mistake not, the present Lord Haldane—of an anonymous essay on "Statesmen Past and Future," in the following words:

" Mr. Chamberlain used to tell a good story of an old Parliamentary hand—not Mr. Gladstone—who advised him that if he broke down in his maiden speech the House would regard it as a compliment. Mr. Chamberlain never broke down ; apparently could not, even if he wanted to. A lack of self-confidence was not one of Mr. Burns's interesting attributes. The House of Commons had no terrors for him, and he would not affect an awe which he did not feel. His maiden speech was delivered with as much cool self-assurance as though he had been standing on the platform at a popular assembly in Battersea. Few people are listened to with greater respect and attention. Mr. Burns never speaks for the sake of speaking. When he addresses the House he has always something to say, and he knows how it ought to be said."

Three years before Burns was elected to Parliament he became a member of the London County Council, where he soon began to play a leading part, as one of the chief representatives of the Progressive majority, and treated the Conservatives, who were represented on the Council only by mediocrities, in a very disdainful manner. But in the House of Commons, our essayist continues, he soon noted, as a shrewd observer, that such a course would not be practicable there, for the opposition was ably and skilfully led.

" Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's impetuosity and Mr. Balfour's indolence, stand very high as Party leaders when they show themselves at their best. Mr. Burns is full of courage and fears no one. But he respects a strong adversary, and recognises a convincing argument. No public speaker excels him in hardiness, and is less addicted to flattering the masses. In the debate on the Featherstone Riot he

took a hazardous course indeed when he conceded that dangerous rioters must be fired upon, and even repudiated the employment of less deadly weapons than the Lee-Metford rifle."[1]

That Burns had no fear of telling the workers the unvarnished truth, I have had many opportunities of observing. On one occasion he helped, by his powerful influence, to ensure the triumph of a strike of London cab-drivers. A meeting in Hyde Park, with an address by John Burns, marked the conclusion of the strike. With the Austrian Socialist, Wittelshöfer, who was in London just then, and had asked me to accompany him, I went to the Park to hear Burns speak. It was on a week-day; only strikers surrounded the platform from which Burns was to speak. We, as observers, kept in the background. Wittelshöfer was almost in an ecstasy over the assured manner in which Burns addressed the cab-drivers. "Now do make a reasonable use of the higher wages which you have fought for," he shouted. "Don't drink it, but give the money to the missus." And as this evoked various interruptions, he continued: "Oh, I know you; you can't take me in. Your wives are worth more than you are. And this is certain, if I find out that the extra pay is being drunk, the next time you will have me against you, not for you."

Burns, as I mentioned in a previous chapter, is a

[1] In Featherstone, near Wakefield in Yorkshire, there was a strike of miners in 1893, and the strikers were attempting to demolish a coal-pit. They were fired upon after they had met the repeated warning to disperse by resistance, and had already begun to set fire to the buildings about the pit. The matter was taken up in Parliament, and an attack was made upon Mr. Asquith, who was then Home Secretary. At this Burns sprang to his feet and declared that the complaint was unreasonable. If working men give themselves up to rioting they must be well aware that they will be fired upon, and it is childish to expect that in such a case old-fashioned weapons should be employed.

strict abstainer. He sees in drink one of the chief hindrances to the cultural improvement of the English people. On all occasions he refers to the tremendous part which the expenditure on drink plays in the budget of the English people. "A nation which spends 180 millions yearly on alcoholic drinks, 70 millions on its armaments, and 50 millions on horse-racing and betting," he says in a pamphlet on the political dangers of Protection, which he wrote in 1903 as a criticism of Chamberlain's scheme of Imperial Preference, "does not need to tax the food of the poor, and exclude cheap foreign sugar from its markets, in order to obtain a few millions, or to assist its Colonies." Before this he had written :

"Moreover, the world exists for another purpose than the exploitation of foreign countries by British factory-owners and landlords who keep armies of workers at monotonous labour. England has more than her rightful share in the world's production, and the pity of it is that so much of the revenue from her industries is wasted upon purposes of armament when it is not squandered on drink and gambling, betting, and luxuries."

The man who wrote this, and makes similar assertions in his speeches, is assuredly no flatterer of the masses. He has often been accused by Socialist opponents of calumniating British Labour, and of prejudicing their fight for their own interests by laying an unfair stress upon their defects. Certainly he cannot be acquitted of a tendency to exaggerate. At the time of the Boer War, I had once some conversation with him on the subject of the war. It was in 1900, when the flood-tide of national excitement was at its highest point. No one could at that time come forward at a public meeting as an advocate of the Boers without risking his

limbs; but Burns, regardless of consequences, defended their cause, and stigmatised the proceedings of the British Government with the utmost vehemence, holding it entirely responsible for the war, while I, as correspondent of *Vörwarts*, regarded it as my duty, in view of the hostility which was springing up in Germany, to treat the question in a more dispassionate manner, and to point out the defects of Krüger's policy. Meeting Burns one day, towards the end of the year, in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, I proceeded, after our first words of greeting, to discuss these questions. I congratulated him on his courageous behaviour, but added that it seemed to me that in stigmatising the Home Government he was not paying as much attention to the international aspect of the question as it deserved, with the general situation what it was. He listened to me quietly, interposing a query here and there, and said, when I had concluded:

"I see perfectly well that you must do as you are doing, and if I were in your place I should probably do the same. But I have another duty. In this country I must fight with my whole undivided strength to prevent England from shedding blood for a gang of financiers, instead of offering the Boers an honourable peace."

This reply revealed the secret of the great and immediate efficacy of Burns as an agitator, but at the same time it laid bare the Achilles' heel of his policy as he had hitherto followed it. Since then his concepts appear to have gained breadth in an international sense. At that time he dealt with the problems of foreign, as of domestic politics, from the standpoint of the English anti-capitalist, democratic member of the Opposition. For this reason many of his speeches, in so far as they touched upon international polity, would hardly have stood the

test of objective truth, while their effect upon the hearer only gained by this quality of onesidedness.

After Burns had sent in his resignation, which was accepted, in August 1914, when the English Cabinet resolved by a majority to present an ultimatum to Germany, he would have been free, as in 1900, to loose his shafts upon the Government which had entered the war. However, he has refrained from doing so, and has been quite remarkably quiet for a long time. It appears, moreover, from occasional utterances which he has made since then, that the same reason which caused Graham Wallas and so many others, who at first advocated the neutrality of England, to alter their attitude to Germany, has brought him over to the side of his opponents. However, as may be seen from a mention of him in the *Daily Chronicle* of the 1st of June 1917, he is still far from repudiating the title of "the man who kept out of the war." The *Chronicle* describes him as bibliophile, and he has long been celebrated as such. He zealously searches the secondhand booksellers' shops, and the barrows on which old books are exposed for sale, for buried treasures. His collection of books, which, as has already been mentioned, was by no means inconsiderable, when he still had only the means of a proletarian worker, has grown enormously since he has become a Minister, and contains not a few unique examples.

The writer of the article in the *Chronicle* met him in Fleet Street, that centre of the newspaper world, with a parcel of books under his arm. Asked what its contents were, Burns replied: "Four editions of Sir Thomas More. I have over a hundred. I got this for tenpence; this cost me four guineas." "The great Sir Thomas," adds the writer, "is one of Mr. Burns' idols. John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, and Ruskin are a few others."

It may be by chance that he does not name Marx

and Engels. Perhaps the war had something to say to this, although England has not as yet gone to the length of extending the war to science and literature. In any case, Burns has the works of the authors of the *Communist Manifesto* in the English translation, and also those of Lassalle, and holds them in great esteem. But I doubt if they have made the same impression on him as the writings of Carlyle, Mill, Ruskin, and other British thinkers. Not that I should attribute any national prejudice to Burns; he assuredly has no such prejudice in these matters. We have rather to deal with the phenomenon which we may observe everywhere. Let us take a very narrow circle of scholars and lovers of literature, and a very limited number of books of a universal character: even the best writers upon social and political questions produce an immediate intellectual effect only in their own country. The different institutions and different rates of progress to be found in individual nations result in a different manner of looking at things and of conceiving ideas, so that men's minds are fully susceptible only to such literary creations as are born of the national genius. Indeed, the longer the individual nation has played an independent part in the progress of modern evolution, and the richer its own literature, the more fully does this statement apply. After all, it is only abstract theories that are in the full sense of the word international; any application of them to real life is more or less coloured, in this country or in that, by the national spirit. But where the people is concerned it is application that first gives life to theory.

Not only Burns, but almost all modern English Socialists have received their first decisive impetus towards Socialism from the writings of Carlyle, Mill, Ruskin, the Anglo-American land reformer Henry George, and the English Radical Neo-Malthusian, Drysdale,

afterwards adapting what they learned of Marx's doctrines to those of the first-named.

Among others who were converted to Socialism as pupils of Carlyle and Henry George was James Keir Hardie, who died a year ago. For many years the chairman of the Independent Labour Party, he was to the last regarded by the rank and file of the party with an affection which hardly any other member of the party enjoyed. And this affection was not undeserved. Keir Hardie was body and soul a party man; he spent himself in the service of the party and worked for it indefatigably. The restless desire for personal success which John Burns was able to gratify, and which brought him into antagonism with many of his comrades in arms, was unknown to Hardie. A Scot by birth and education, he had in him much of the character of the old Puritan Covenanters — not, indeed, the austerity in personal intercourse, but rather the identity of political thought and behaviour, and the strong sense of impersonal dogma. In the last connection there could hardly be a stronger contrast than that between Burns and Hardie. Burns, too, is of Scottish blood. He somehow traces his descent from the family of the famous Scottish poet, but he was born and grew up in London, and if he had certain natural talents and a certain inner restlessness in common with the author of "A man's a man for a' that," yet many things in him betrayed the Cockney who has grown to manhood within hearing of "Big Ben." When I made his acquaintance he even spoke English now and then with a trace of the Cockney accent; indeed, he still on occasion betrayed that uncertainty in the use of the aspirate which distinguishes the true Cockney, for whom houses are 'ouses, and eggs heggs.

This sort of transgression against the usages of speech, is, for that matter, a thing apart. We are very ready to regard it as the result of ignorance of the rules of ortho-

graphy or grammar. But it is by no means so in all cases. By no means every Berliner who says *mir* instead of *mich* is shaky as regards the precepts of the grammarian, or the uses of the dative and accusative cases. He chooses, consciously or unconsciously, to say *mir* in certain places because usage makes it sound more correct in that connection—indeed, many who do so would say that to them it sounds more agreeable and more expressive. I have noticed that parents who are of the people are almost offended if their children speak grammatically, and even seem inclined to forbid such an affectation; and in my own boyhood I remember that our family doctor, who was a medical officer in Berlin, shouted roughly to my brother, when he had to open an abscess for him: "Na, bespritz dir man nich!"

To what a degree certain ways of speech may be organically implanted, I was able to observe in the case of certain English boys of the lower classes with whom I was to some extent acquainted in the days of my youth. They belonged to an acrobatic troupe which displayed its skill in a large place of amusement in Berlin. Behind the wings and on the streets they soon picked up the German language. But although as regards the use of the aspirate they heard only the correct German pronunciation, two of them treated the aspirate in German as the Cockney treats it in his mother-tongue, so that they used to say 'Alle for Halle, ge'abt for gehabt, Heier for Eier, Hofen for Ofen, and so forth; a fact of which we then had no explanation. They had evidently been reared in or near London, so that the difficulty with the aspirate was natural to them. It was therefore not wonderful that when I first met Burns in the autumn of 1888, at which time he was still living in wholly proletarian surroundings, he should tell me of his exasperation over Mr. 'Yndman's attitude towards him, whereas he would certainly not have written the name of the

leader of the Social Democratic Federation without an *h*.

Keir Hardie spoke with a Scottish accent, which one soon learns to distinguish from the English on settling down in England and coming into contact with the inhabitants of the various parts of the United Kingdom. In general, the speech of the Scot is more musical than that of the Englishman, and his again is more musical than that of the German as spoken over the greater part of North Germany. But to my mind the distinctly sounded *r* and the clipped vowels give the Scottish accent a colouring that readily enables the listener to realise that he is dealing with the descendants of Protestant fanatics. I have had none but friendly relations with Keir Hardie, and have never seen anything in him that could prejudice me against his personality. Yet I have seldom been in his company without experiencing something of the feeling which comes over a cosmopolitan when he finds himself confronted by a religious penitent. One thinks of Heine's comparison of Nazarene and Hellene. Keir Hardie would undoubtedly have been described by Heine as a Nazarene. Without being sanctimonious, he had nevertheless a great deal of the ecclesiastic in his character.

This is a trait which one discovers in a great many British Socialists, particularly in those who come from the North of England, or from Scotland or Wales. The North and the West of the United Kingdom are Conservative in matters of religion, but as regards politics they are more Radical than the South; a phenomenon which is explained by the fact that the North and West are the strongholds of Protestant Dissent, of Nonconformity; that is, of the Churches which are unable to assent to the articles of faith of the Established Church of England. The adherents of the Church of England are largely opportunists in spiritual matters. They

swim with the current; they are place-hunters, and like to live as comfortably as possible. In politics, therefore, they are Conservatives in fact if not by name. Not so the Dissenters. Historically speaking, the Free Churches of Great Britain, as the Dissenting congregations are called, have from the time of their formation been in opposition to the State, and in several of them this spirit of opposition to the ruling powers has been propagated by inheritance. For generations Nonconformity has been the backbone of the political Liberalism of England, for which reason Liberalism has a deeper religious tincture in England than is elsewhere the case. For the Nonconformists adhere to their churches with the tenacity of one who cherishes a possession which he has won by strenuous fighting.

In his *English Sketches* Heine says that even the stupidest Englishman can find something sensible if one discusses politics with him, but if the conversation turns upon religion, even the cleverest Englishman can utter nothing but stupidities. As regards the bone of contention which Heine had in mind—namely, the question of Catholic Emancipation—Heine himself cited two speeches made in the English Parliament in which the fear of the Catholics was wittily derided, and a year after this passage was written the Catholic Emancipation Bill became law. Moreover, Heine, who was steeped in the spirit of the more progressive German philosophy, overlooked the fact that for the greater part of the English nation religion did, after its fashion, what in Germany, with her authoritative Churches, was done by philosophy —that is, it provided the ethical justification of the struggle against the powers of authority; and that religion, to a people which has won it for itself, is something very different from what it is to a people to whom it has been dictated from above.

The cohesive power of a Free Church makes greater

claims upon its members' sense of duty than does adherence to a State-imposed Church. This is one of the reasons why the union of political Radicalism with religious austerity is so often met with in England. When in addition one learns that the Free Churches draw their adherents principally from the lower strata of society, one understands why it is that so large a percentage of English Labour leaders have been drawn from the dissenting sects, and have introduced something of their spirit into the Labour movement.

This spirit not seldom appears in their rhetoric. At the meetings which I have attended in England, I have received the impression that the average speaker at these meetings is in various respects superior to our German speakers. This may be partly due to the fact that the English language has remained more colloquial than the German. The direct form of address and the more concise form of the verb consequent thereon gives the language a directness and a natural power of expression the want of which is often felt in German. Moreover, the development of the language from two great root languages, Germanic and Latin, affords the possibility of verbal contrasts and harmonies which are also lacking in German. Further, centuries of Parliamentarism and public agitation have made large sections of the population familiar with the various turns of speech by means of which an address can readily be sustained in a given tone; and lastly, German possesses neither the abundance of historical allusion which even the popular speaker has at his disposal in English, nor the wealth of imagery to which the Puritan movement has contributed to no small degree, with its return to the warlike pages of the Old Testament. The effect of all these factors taken together is that English working men have a much more plastic and facile means of self-expression than their German comrades, who are

so often so superior to them in the matter of education.

In Germany it has struck me how often even the few words which the chairman needs to utter at the opening and conclusion of a meeting occur to him with evident difficulty, so that he looks like a man redeemed once he has reeled off the stereotyped formulæ. In England a chairman seldom opens a meeting without a brief introductory address, in which he tells his audience various things about the importance of the subject under consideration, and makes all sorts of complimentary remarks about the speaker or speakers. Hence it is the custom, when announcing large meetings, to mention the name not only of the prospective speaker, but also that of the chairman. The chairman is regarded, as is the Speaker in the House of Commons, not only as the person in control of the meeting, but as standing in close intellectual relation to it. Hence during the course of the meeting the speaker will occasionally turn to the chairman as though the meeting were concentred in his person; and this change of address on the part of the speaker enhances the effect of his delivery, and thereby increases his power of influencing his audience.

Indispensable to any popular speaker in England are the gift of humour and the power of repartee. The man who has not a good store of humour at his disposal is lost as a popular speaker. To interrupt the speaker is regarded as the inalienable right of every free-born Briton, and to bowl out the interrupter with a witty rejoinder is almost obligatory upon the speaker. Most people listen to the speeches of the agitators who hold forth at street corners or in the parks in the hope of deriving amusement from the interruptions and rejoinders, and the skill of the agitator is displayed by the manner in which he incites his hearers to take exception

to his statements, until he has collected and interested a sufficient number of hearers to enable him to begin his real speech, his heart-to-heart talk, with some prospect of success. In this respect his opponents are not selected by hazard, for the stump agitator not infrequently appoints them himself. Needless to say, the public must not be allowed to guess that they are witnessing a preconcerted game, or the effect would be ruined. There is a literature of political repartees, many of which are really extremely witty. One which struck me particularly was the reply which Lord George Bentinck, the friend of Disraeli, made to a voter who, when Bentinck observed, in the course of his electoral address: "So I sincerely hope, worthy fellow-citizens, that you will give me your votes," interrupted him by the exclamation: "Rather to the Devil!" Bentinck, who had his wits about him, retorted: "But I presume *your friend* is not a candidate?" and the laugh was on his side.

The author of *Statesmen Past and Future* tells of a passage of arms between John Burns and the influential Conservative member, James Lowther, who was annoyed by the contemptuous manner in which Burns treated his opponents in his first Parliamentary speeches.

"The honourable member is not at the London County Council," remarked Mr. Lowther, with a greater approach to a dignified bearing. "And the right honourable gentleman is not on Newmarket Heath," was the prompt reply, which permitted of no rejoinder, or at all events received none. Since then Mr. Burns has not been interrupted. Newmarket Heath is, of course, one of the most important of English race-courses, and Mr. Lowther is a mighty sportsman before the Lord.

Keir Hardie, who was elected to Parliament in

1892, at the same time as John Burns, made his first appearance in the House of Commons something of a demonstration. He drove into the courtyard of the House of Commons, accompanied by a few of his comrades, not in a cab, but in a proletarian cart, and entered the House in an everyday suit, a cloth cap on his head. This was intended for an outward manifestation of the inexorable hostility to all middle-class parties which Keir Hardie, during his election campaign, had inscribed upon his banner. However, this sartorial demonstration did not produce the expected impression, and was not repeated. Nevertheless, it was really symbolical of Keir Hardie's entrance into Parliament. The class viewpoint of the Socialist Labour representative had never been represented in the House of Commons in a more blunt and direct manner than by Keir Hardie, and his Parliamentary tactics were sharply differentiated from those of John Burns, who had until then been on terms of friendship with him. While Burns, in the various divisions between Liberals and Conservatives, voted on principle with the Liberals, Keir Hardie acted upon the idea that the Socialist must not only refuse to differentiate between *bourgeois* parties, but must continually vote against the party which is in power, quite indifferent to the fact that he may for the time being stand in dangerous proximity to the Tories. This tactical antithesis gave rise at the time to very violent journalistic feuds, which became markedly personal. In the *Labour Leader*, edited by Keir Hardie, John Burns was contemned as a sycophant or lackey of the Liberals, and in those newspapers which supported Burns it was pretty plainly hinted that Keir Hardie or those who stood behind him must be secret agents of the Tories. The fall of Rosebery's Liberal Ministry in 1895 made this quarrel pointless, inasmuch as after the following General Election the

Conservative Unionist Coalition took the helm. Keir Hardie lost his own seat to a representative of this coalition, and Burns, who was re-elected, sat at attention on the Opposition benches. The 1900 Election brought Keir Hardie back to Parliament, where, since the Conservatives were still at the helm, he was now a political neighbour of John Burns. This assuaged their personal enmity, and when in 1905 the Liberals once more took office and Burns entered the Cabinet, so that he, looking from the Ministerial benches, saw Keir Hardie opposite to him, the political relations of the two men were so completely changed that they entirely swamped their personal relations.

But the question of political tactics which had arisen between them was not of course dependent upon personality, so that it continued to make itself felt. In the last resort it is the eternal conflict between the absolute and the relative method, which reveals itself in its countless modifications throughout the history of the human race, in religion as in politics, a constant source of intellectual estrangement. Absolutism is in this connection only another word for Radicalism—that is, the rejection of compromise, the rigid consideration of questions from a strictly limited point of view, whether they concerned the omnipotence of a dynasty, the rule of an oligarchy or of the multitude, the interests of the different classes, the validity of a dogma, or the principles of ethics. But for relativism one might just as well say Liberalism, inasmuch as this conception does not denote a party, but the tendency to toleration or mediation, which means, if it be abused, vagueness, eagerness to compromise, and opportunism. Important as it is to the champions of the working class, as the lowest and politically and socially the most backward class, to conceive their struggle in an absolute sense, yet throughout the entire history of the English Labour

movement there may be noted, together with the stream of Radical tendencies, and even in opposition to them, such of the advocates of a policy of arrangement with the *bourgeois* parties as have, on the one hand, a more or less definite conception of the course of social evolution, or, on the other hand, an estimate of the existing proportion of political forces, or the attitude assumed toward certain considerations arising out of the problems of the moment. Every reader of the German newspapers knows how this opposition, even to-day, during the war, is once more dividing the Labour movement in England.

When I arrived in England the Socialist movement was still opposed to the Labour movement, almost everywhere breaking away from its recognised leaders. The more influential of these leaders were followers or allies of the Liberal Party, and since the Socialists, for reasons which are easily understood, loosed their critical shafts principally against this party, this in itself caused the Labour leaders to regard them with hostile glances. They did not attempt any theoretical refutation of the Socialist doctrine. They rejected it, pointing to the fate of the earlier Socialist movement in England, as an unpractical speculation, which only led the workers astray. And now, by the more hot-blooded of the Socialist propagandists, they were stigmatised in their turn as the representatives of the interests of the middle classes: hence the inference was drawn abroad that they had allowed themselves to be lured away by material profit. Even to me the Trade Union leaders of those days were described as being "bought"; however, a more exact knowledge of the movement and its course of development taught me that the alliance of the Labour leaders with the Liberals was the natural consequence of the failure of earlier Socialist movements, on the one hand, and on the other hand of the inherited

peculiarities of the English party spirit, as well as those of the English electoral system established by the contest between the two great parties. The great defeats of the earlier movements had destroyed all faith in the political power of the working classes acting by themselves, and in their leaders it begat that scepticism which is the mother of opportunism. Those of them with whom I personally have come into contact impressed me as being by no means unintelligent or lacking in a certain degree of class-consciousness, but they had become accustomed, and even regarded it as their duty as Labour leaders, to keep their eyes fixed upon whatever could be immediately secured by fighting for it. Their defect was that they had not a large Labour Party at their backs.

Their task, therefore, was to induce English working men to form such a party. How difficult a task this was I have been able to convince myself by occasional conversations with working men. A working man of more than average intelligence with whom I had become acquainted, as he had an allotment near my house, where he used to work, replied to my question why he did not join the Socialist movement: "I have over and over again heard Socialist lectures, and I don't deny that there is a great deal in the Socialist doctrine that is good and true. But there's too much imagination about the Socialists for me: if I join the movement I shall have to take part in all the stupidities they hatch out, and I don't feel inclined to do so." That might have been the excuse of a Philistine, but it was not; for the man was a member of a Trade Union, and as such, as I convinced myself upon further intercourse with him, he was thoroughly loyal and ready to make sacrifices, and displayed, in connection with the election of Labour candidates to different representative bodies, all the qualities which in Germany are regarded as the preroga-

tive of the class-conscious worker. Undoubtedly many English working men thought as he did. What he lacked was faith in the solidity of the Socialist movement; for to understand the Socialist message is by no means too difficult for a working man of any intelligence.

The intellectual difference between the German and the English workers cannot be attributed to difference of temperament. So far as can be determined it results from a different history and different conditions of life. The English and the German Labour movements have taken different directions. The English movement came into existence earlier than the German, it had no model upon which it could form itself, it had not the advantages which proceed from universal elementary education; but it was also free from the political oppression which has long burdened the German movement, and has forced it into assuming different forms. The relation of the English Labour movement to the German may be compared with that of a primeval forest to an orderly plantation laid out upon virgin soil. It still lacks many advantages which a preconcerted system would ensure, and is hampered by many excrescences of early development. Yet it is for these reasons less governed by the tendency to standardise mentalities, and it gives free play to personality and creative work. In the English working men with whom I have had the opportunity of conversing, I have found less inclination to think according to programme than one meets with in the German working-class Socialists, though they certainly have no less ideology. But the ideology of the English worker is not the same as that of his German comrade.

We are too ready to forget—if we have ever thought about the matter—that ideologies do not fly down from heaven; they are historical phenomena which originate in given conditions and alter with these conditions.

German writers and speakers are always fond of praising Germany as the land of idealism, and the German nation is represented as surpassing all other nations in idealistic thought and feeling. But the time has gone by when this could justly be said. German idealism, as an individual possession, reached its finest and hardiest growth when there was a German people, but no German Empire. Since the foundation of the new Empire it has, we must unhappily admit, withered from year to year, and is to-day a barren tree in which we shall seek in vain for living sap. Unprejudiced foreigners have long been aware of this. An Englishman who is assuredly no enemy of Germany, but, on the contrary, resigned his office as Minister on the eve of the declaration of war, because he was unwilling to take any part in it—John Morley—in the nineties, in a review of national psychology, had already written on the chilling lack of idealism which constitutes the basis of the more recent German literature. It had always been believed that what the middle classes of Germany had lost had found a home among the working classes. But the war has destroyed this belief. The German worker has shown few signs of a loftier idealism than that of the workers of other countries.

The English working man has, as a rule, had less education hitherto than his German comrade. This fact, and the circumstance that he lives, as an islander, without that intercourse with other nations which has such fruitful results in Central Europe, explains much in his behaviour which is apt at first to repel the foreigner. He lacks a certain Continental polish. Although his country enjoyed the culture of the capitalist period earlier than Germany, he is in many respects a barbarian when compared with the German worker. But he has the virtues of a barbarian. "If you ever get into a hand-to-hand fight with any one," I was told, when I

first came to England, by a German friend of the same political views as myself, who had been living a long time in England, and knew the country and its people well—"if you ever get into a fight, the best thing to do, if you can't get the better of your opponent, is to let him knock you down. As long as you keep your feet no one will interfere. But any one who touched a man who was lying on the ground would be set upon by the people." I never had occasion to test this in my own person, and I have seldom enough been an eye-witness of a fight. But what I have seen of such matters, and what I have observed of the life of the people, has confirmed my friend's judgment. As an employer of English workers I have always found them reliable and accessible to reasonable treatment. For reasons arising out of my circumstances, I had fairly often to remove from one home to another while in London, and furniture removers are not usually the gentlest of men. But as regards the handling of my things I always had cause to be very well pleased with them in England, and I have never been subsequently overcharged as I have been elsewhere. What was agreed upon was adhered to. Of the English working man as a factory hand or a craftsman, I have no personal knowledge. When the *Times* once complained of the decreased output in the building trade I asked my landlord, who was a master-mason, what he had to say to it. "Bosh!" was his laconic reply. Things may therefore not have been so bad as the *Thunderer* represented them. As Trade Unionists the English workers have often disappointed their Continental comrades, inasmuch as when they have been appealed to for assistance during a strike their contributions have been so greatly inferior to the expectations founded upon their ability to help. This however, is almost entirely due to the bureaucratic spirit of their Trade Union rules; personally, the English

working man is always ready to offer assistance as soon as an appeal is made to his emotional side. What I call his barbarousness, the streak of primordial ingenuousness in his character, displays itself even in his readiness to allow himself to be influenced.

But this is a peculiarity which is not lacking in other classes of the English people : indeed, it may be called a national characteristic of the Englishman. Even in the members of the upper classes we may note a certain lack of balance. Side by side with the characteristics of a very high civilisation we may observe remnants of a primitive stage of culture which form a remarkable contrast to them. The self-discipline of the cultured Englishman has been developed to a degree hardly to be seen elsewhere ; but it is capable, when once it breaks down, of giving place to an extravagance which is likewise almost unique. A great deal in the novels of Charles Dickens, which to the German reader seems boundless exaggeration, strikes us as less unfamiliar when we have lived for some time in England. Dickens is in most things an excellent interpreter of English life. He scourges its weaknesses with a mastery of his art which won for him even the admiration of Karl Marx, and made him the favourite novelist of such a man as William Morris ; but he familiarises us with its lovable qualities as well.

The fact that melodrama still plays so great a part on the English stage has been the subject of much derision ; and it is certainly not a sign of high requirements in the matter of intellectual entertainment. But the cult of courage in danger and distress, which is almost always the keynote of melodrama, has nevertheless its good side. The talk of English prudery which is so usual in Germany has struck me, so far as my observations go, as greatly exaggerated. In many respects the intercourse of the sexes is subjected to less

restraint than with us. But undoubtedly sexual matters play a much more modest part in conversation and on the stage than is the case on the Continent. Whether this is a great disadvantage is as yet not very clear.

In general the Englishman is more reserved as regards personal intercourse than the Frenchman, German, or Italian; for which the different climate, and the almost universal custom of living in detached or at least private houses are to a great extent responsible. This reserve does not necessarily mean coldness and want of sympathy: it is quite compatible with living on good terms with one's friends and neighbours. For a long time political and personal associations made my exile from home and Fatherland hard to endure, and for these reasons it was years before my wife and I became acclimatised in London. But when one day I was told: "You are free to return to Germany"—and owing to the nature of my political situation the permit was in itself a categorical imperative—the first emotion that came over us was less joy than dismay, and the subsequent farewell to London was truly grievous to both of us.

. . . . . .

Even in our age of continual traffic the nations are only just beginning to know one another a little. It is only a small minority that pays more than a fleeting visit to foreign countries, and what a small percentage of this minority takes the pains or has the capacity to understand the foreigners in whose country they are travelling! Most of the opinions acquired are based on an insufficient knowledge of the mentality of the people concerned; yet to form a correct estimation of its customs and institutions, a knowledge of its history and its development is almost more important than a knowledge of its language. Every one is liable to be misled, in comparing foreign with domestic manners and

customs, by attributing an exaggerated importance to impressions based upon insufficient experience, and by generalising therefrom. Hence the contradictory statements to be found in literature and in the opinions which one nation holds of another.

I have tried as far as possible to avoid these defects, and to make remarks which pretend to be more than the mere reproduction of impressions only when they can be supported by diligent observation. The general opinion which I have acquired during my sojourn abroad, which lasted more than twenty years, is that those national characteristics which one is accustomed, in conformity with the traditional phraseology, to represent as national peculiarities, are, in the case of the more advanced nations of civilised Europe, losing force owing to the reaction of their common civilisation upon their social life. There are such distinctive characteristics, but they are national only in so far as they spring from great climatic differences or have their roots in the peculiar historical evolution of the various nations; hence they tend to diminish as the economic foundations of the cultural life of the different nations approximate. Such peculiarities as escape this process of approximation often differ more perceptibly between different provinces of the same country than between nation and nation, and persist most obstinately, as is generally recognised, for reasons which are plainly evident, in the rural populations, while in the industrial proletariat the similarity of work and of the conditions of work almost completely extinguish national distinctions.

Generally speaking, I think I may say that to gain an impartial opinion of a people one should see it at home. Torn away from their home surroundings, many people do not at once develop the best social characteristics, especially if they settle down abroad in separate groups or communities. At home all may have their particular

defects, and rub their corners off on one another. But generations of collective life as a nation give all a common conception of rights and duties, a mutual respect and understanding, which protect the life of the community from the defects of the individual and the reaction of individual disputes, and give it its definite character. As far as has been possible I have always endeavoured to inquire into this side of national life, and I can say, with full conviction, that I have never been disenchanted.

THE END

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PRINTED BY
MORRISON AND GIBB LIMITED
EDINBURGH